THE

European Magazine,

AND

LONDON REVIEW;

CONTAINING THE

LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS, ARTS, MANNERS, and AMUSEMENTS of the AGE;

By the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of *LONDON*;

For APRIL, 1788.

[Embelliſhed with, 1. A Portrait of Dr. SHIPLEY, BISHOP of ST. ASAPH: 2. A VIEW of a MOSQUE at MOUNHEER: 3. VIEW of MRS. NESBITT'S HOUSE in NORWOOD.]

CONTAINING

Page

Account of Dr. Shipley, Biſhop of St. Aſaph — 235

Original Letter relative to the Diſcovery of Mexico and other Matters — 236

Two original Letters reſpecting Spenſer the Poet. By Mr. Tho. Baker — 237

Account of a dreadful Inundation of the Sea at Ingeram, near Congeveram, on the Coaſt of Coromandel. In a Letter from Mr. Parſon to A. Dalrymple, Eſq. 238

An Ode on the Popular Superſtitions of the Highlands of Scotland, conſidered as the Subject of Poetry. By William Collins — — — 241

Hiſtorical and Biographical Anecdotes of the Earl of Stair and of William III. From Vol. II. of Sir J. Dalrymple's Memoirs of Great-Britain and Ireland 246

Deſcription of Mr. Sayer's new Print, entitled, "A Frontiſpiece for the Second Edition of Dr Johnſon's Letters." 248

Epitaph to the Memory of a young Gentleman of remarkable Talents, who, from Gaming, was drove to Suicide — 249

Tranſlation of a Letter from Mr De Voltaire to Madame la Comteſſe Du Barry ib.

Similar Paſſages in different Poets, &c. 250

Reflections on the Engliſh Drama—Tragedy—Comedy — — 252

Remarks on a Peruſal of Mrs. Piozzi's "Anecdotes of Dr. Johnſon" — 255

Thoughts on the Slave Trade — 256

Deſcription of a Moſque at Mounheer 257

The London Review, with Anecdotes of Authors.

Cowper's Leweſdon Hill, a Poem 258

Memoirs of the late War in Aſia 261

Dwight's Conqueſt of Canaan [conclud.] 266

Bibliotheca Legum Angliæ; in two ſmall Volumes, &c. &c. — 273

Theatrical Journal; including Greatheed's new Tragedy, entitled the Regent, with the Prologue and Epilogue to it.—Character of Lady Wallace's Comedy of the Ton, or, Follies of Faſhion; with the Prologue and Epilogue to it 274*

Account of the Trial of Warren Haſtings, Eſq. (late Governor-General of Bengal) before the High Court of Parliament, for High Crimes and Miſdemeanors, [continued] — — 278

Journal of the Proceedings of the Fifth Seſſion of the Sixteenth Parliament of Great-Britain: including an Account of the Net Produce of all the Taxes for the Years 1787 and 1788, &c. &c. 281*

Copy of a Letter from the late David Hume, Eſq. to the late Sir John Pringle, M. D. — 281

Advice to a new-married Man. By Mrs. Thrale (now Mrs. Piozzi) — 282

Appendix to the Account of the celebrated Athenian Stuart — 284

An Account of the late Mr. Jas. Collings 285

Account of the Life of Baron Trenk 287

Allegory. By the celebrated Dr. Franklin 289

The Streatham Album: or, Miniſterial Amuſements [continued] — 291

Poetry; including Fragments, imitated from the Greek. By R. Cumberland, Eſq.—The Morals of Cheſs—To ——. By Miſs Kemble——Verſes from the Spaniſh. By John Gifford, Eſq.—To Cloe. By the ſame—A Noſegay. &c. 293

Foreign Intelligence

Monthly Chronicle, Preferments, Births, Marriages, Obituary, Prices of Stocks, Grain, &c.

LONDON:

Printed for J. SEWELL, Cornhill;

And J. DEBRETT, Piccadilly.

[Entered at Stationers Hall.]

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS.

The Correſpondent who ſent his performance to another publication at the ſame time he tranſmitted it to us, may be aſſured we ſhall not inſert any thing further from him.

G. C. on recollection, will ſee no reaſon for his anger. The preſſure of temporary matter prevented our fulfilling our promiſe to him. His poem, with many others, was neceſſarily poſtponed. The length of the Tale is our only objection to it. We hope for his further correſpondence.

Bry. Waller in our next.

R.—Audi partem alteram—Ruſticus—Æquus—Roderick Random—Lines to the Muſical Knight, are received.

The anecdote of *Bonnel Thornton* has been ſo often publiſhed, that it affords no novelty.

The vulgarity of *Weſtmonaſterienſis*'s verſes is a ſufficient objection to them.

ERRATUM, p. 248, for *when I was in* the commiſſion of the peace, read, *myſelf was then* in the commiſſion of the peace.

The Reader will alſo pleaſe to alter the folios in Signature U from 148—152 to 156—160.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from April 14, to April 19, 1788.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d	s.	d.	s.	d.
London	5	9	3	3	2	7	2	1	2	9
COUNTIES INLAND.										
Middleſex	5	10	0	0	2	8	2	6	3	0
Surry	6	1	0	0	2	8	2	4	3	11
Hertford	5	11	0	0	2	9	2	2	3	5
Bedford	5	7	3	3	2	5	1	11	2	10
Cambridge	5	5	4	11	2	4	1	9	2	4
Huntingdon	5	5	0	0	2	4	1	9	2	6
Northampton	5	7	3	0	2	6	1	10	2	6
Rutland	5	6	3	3	2	8	1	9	2	9
Leiceſter	5	9	3	6	2	9	1	11	3	10
Nottingham	5	11	3	8	2	10	2	3	3	0
Derby	6	5	0	0	0	0	2	3	4	6
Stafford	5	10	4	5	3	0	2	4	4	9
Salop	5	11	3	11	3	0	2	1	4	7
Hereford	5	4	0	0	3	2	1	11	3	7
Worceſter	5	11	0	0	3	1	2	1	2	11
Warwick	5	5	0	0	2	10	1	11	3	4
Glouceſter	5	6	0	0	2	8	1	9	3	0
Wilts	5	7	0	0	2	7	2	0	3	8
Berks	5	10	0	0	2	7	2	2	2	11
Oxford	5	6	0	0	2	9	2	3	3	0
Bucks	5	9	0	0	2	7	2	0	2	11

COUNTIES upon the COAST.	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
Eſſex	5	8	0	0	2	5	2	1	2	11
Suffolk	5	5	3	0	2	4	2	0	2	8
Norfolk	5	5	3	0	2	2	2	0	0	0
Lincoln	5	6	3	0	2	6	1	10	2	11
York	5	10	3	6	2	9	2	0	3	6
Durham	5	9	0	0	2	10	2	1	4	2
Northumberl.	5	3	3	5	2	6	1	11	4	2
Cumberland	6	2	3	10	2	11	2	2	4	8
Weſtmorld.	6	5	0	0	3	2	2	3	0	0
Lancaſhire	6	3	0	0	3	1	2	4	3	7
Cheſhire	6	3	3	10	3	4	2	5	0	0
Monmouth	6	1	0	0	3	0	1	10	0	0
Somerſet	5	10	3	0	2	7	1	11	3	3
Devon	5	10	0	0	2	9	1	7	0	0
Cornwall	6	1	0	0	3	3	1	7	0	0
Dorſet	6	1	0	0	2	7	1	11	3	8
Hants	5	7	0	0	2	6	2	0	3	2
Suſſex	5	9	0	0	2	4	2	1	4	1
Kent	5	9	0	0	2	9	2	2	2	9

WALES, April 7, to April 12, 1788.

North Wales	5	9	4	4	3	1	1	10	4	2
South Wales	5	6	3	6	2	10	1	6	3	0

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

MARCH.

Barometer.	Thermom.	Wind.
30—29 — 95	53 —	S. S. W.
31—29 — 65	51 —	S. S. W.

APRIL.

1—29 — 67	54 —	N. W.
2—30 — 00	52 —	W.
3—29 — 61	52 —	W.
4—29 — 70	37 —	N.
5—29 — 98	39 —	N.
6—30 — 22	46 —	N. W.
7—30 — 26	49 —	W.
8—30 — 41	55 —	W.
9—30 — 56	54 —	N. W.
10—30 — 40	54 —	E.
11—30 — 15	55 —	E.
12—29 — 96	52 —	S.
13—30 — 28	50 —	W.
14—30 — 04	50 —	W.
15—30 — 03	45 —	N. N. W
16—30 — 12	50 —	N. W.
17—30 — 10	50 —	W.
18—30 — 06	51 —	W.
19—30 — 25	54 —	S. W.
20—30 — 28	60 —	S.
21—30 — 06	56 —	S. W.
22—29 — 70	50 —	W.
23—29 — 95	52 —	N. W.
24—29 — 92	56 —	W.
25—29 — 95	52 —	N W.
26—29 — 95	52 —	W.
27—29 — 95	55 —	N. W.
28—30 — 30	55 —	W.

PRICES of STOCKS,

April 28, 1788.

Bank Stock, ſhut, 173
½ 172 ¼
New 4 per Cent 1777, ſhut 94 ½ ⅝ ¼ ⅛ ⅜ ¼
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785, 113 7-8ths ⅛ ¼
3 per Cent. red. 74 ¾ ¼
3 per Cent Conſ. 75 1-half ⅛ ¼
3 per Cent. 1726,—
3 per Cent. 1751,—
3 per Ct, Ind. An.
South Sea Stock,—
Old S. S. Ann. —
New S. S. Ann. —
India Stock, —
India Bonds, 84s. pr.
New Navy and Vict. Bills
Long Ann. 22 ⅛
30 yrs. Ann. 1778, 13 7-16ths ⅜ 3-8ths.
Exchequer Bills, —
Lottery Tick. —
Iriſh ditto, 7l. 4s.
Prizes 3-4ths diſc.

Dr. JONATHAN SHIPLEY,
Biſhop of St. Aſaph.

Reading sculp.

Published by J. Sewd. N.o 32 Cornhill.

THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, AND LONDON REVIEW, For APRIL, 1788.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

An ACCOUNT of Dr. JONATHAN SHIPLEY, Biſhop of St. Aſaph.

[With a PORTRAIT of HIM.]

OF the Prelate whoſe Portrait graces the preſent Magazine, it has been ſaid, that he poſſeſſes learning without pedantry, patriotiſm without faction, and politeneſs without affectation. Should this eulogium to ſome appear overcharged, it ought to be recollected, that the virulence of party, even when it had attained its greateſt height, paid a particular reſpect to the character of his Lordſhip. When, at the ſame time, it is remembered, that his talents were acknowledged on all ſides; and whilſt one party triumphed in his aſſiſtance, the other wiſhed for his ſupport; it can be no flattery in a Literary Journal to repeat the public opinion, which certainly aſcribes to him the qualities we have above enumerated.

Dr. JONATHAN SHIPLEY was born, as we conjecture, about the year 1714. His education was liberal, and at a proper age we find him at Chriſt Church, Oxford, where, while he was Bachelor of Arts, he exhibited a talent for poetry, which with cultivation might have ariſen to excellence. On the death of Queen Caroline, he wrote ſome verſes in the Oxford Collection, and it is but ſmall praiſe to ſay, they are the beſt produced on that occaſion *. On the 24th of April 1738, he took the degree of Maſter of Arts, and in that year wrote the following lines on the death of a friend who died on his travels:—

LANGTON, dear partner of my ſoul,
Accept what pious paſſion meditates
To grace thy fate. Sad memory,
And grateful love, and impotent regret,
Shall wake to paint thy gentle mind,
Thy wiſe good-nature, friendſhip delicate
In ſecret converſe, native mirth,
And ſprightly fancy; ſweet artificer
Of ſocial pleaſure; nor forgot
The noble thirſt of knowledge and fair fame
That led thee far thro' foreign climes
Inquiſitive: but chief the pleaſant banks
Of Tiber, ever-honour'd ſtream,
Detain'd thee viſiting the laſt remains
Of antient art—fair forms exact
In ſculpture, columns, and the mould'ring bulk
Of theatres. In deep thought rapt
Of old renown, thy mind ſurvey'd the ſcenes
Delighted, where the firſt of men
Once dwelt—familiar Scipio, virtuous chief,
Stern Cato, and the patriot mind
Of faithful Brutus, beſt philoſopher.
Well did the generous ſearch employ
Thy blooming years by virtue crown'd, tho' death
Unſeen oppreſs'd thee, far from home,
A helpleſs ſtranger. No familiar voice,
No pitying eye chear'd thy laſt pangs.
O worthy longeſt days! for thee ſhall flow
The pious, ſolitary tear,
And thoughtful friendſhip ſadden o'er thine urn.

He ſoon afterwards entered into holy orders, and obtained a living. On May 27, 1743, he was inſtalled a Prebendary in the Cathedral Church of Winchester; and in March 1745 was appointed Chaplain to the Duke of Cumberland, to attend him abroad.

* Theſe verſes are printed alſo in The Union, and in Nichols's Collection of Poems.

On October 14, 1748, he took the degree of Doctor of Divinity; and on January 28, 1749, became Canon of Chriſt Church in Oxford. In the year 1760 he was advanced to the Deanery of Wincheſter, and at the ſame time was permitted by diſpenſation to retain the Livings of Silcheſter and Chilbolton. His laſt preferment took place in the year 1769, when he was promoted to the Biſhopric of St. Aſaph, in which See he has ever ſince remained.

When it is recorded, that Dr. Shipley gave an early and decided opinion againſt the coercive meaſures ſo fatally adopted towards America, his receiving no further advancement will create but little ſurprize.—In the year 1774 he publiſhed "A Speech intended to have been ſpoken on the Bill for altering the Charters of the Colony of Maſſachuſett's-Bay," 8vo.; a performance which Mr. Mainwaring, in the Introduction to his Sermons, page 28, 8vo. ſpeaks of in the following terms:—"If it were allowable for "a moment to adopt the poetical creed of "the antients, one would almoſt imagine, "that the thoughts of a truly elegant writer "were formed by Apollo, and attired by the "Graces. It would ſeem, indeed, that lan"guage was at a loſs to furniſh a garb adapt"ed to their rank and worth; that judge"ment, fancy, taſte, had all combined to "adorn them, yet without impairing that "divine ſimplicity for the want of which "nothing can compenſate." And in a note on this paſſage he ſays, "Amongſt all the "productions, antient or modern, it would "be difficult to find an inſtance of more "conſummate elegance than in a printed "Speech intended to be ſpoken in the Houſe "of Lords." It is to be lamented, that the benevolent ſuggeſtions of the Biſhop of St. Aſaph in this Speech were at that time unattended to. A different ſyſtem was adopted, and the event is too well known. During the whole American war his Lordſhip continued to be an opponent of Government.

Dr. Shipley is the author of two or three Sermons on public occaſions; but we are not informed of any other pieces. He is the father of the Dean of St. Aſaph (whoſe proſecution lately occaſioned ſo much controverſy both in the political and legal world), and of the Lady of Sir William Jones.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

ORIGINAL LETTER relative to the DISCOVERY of MEXICO, and OTHER MATTERS.

[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

May it pleaſe your Lordſhip,

MY laſt was by Henry Davis of the 9th of this preſent month, ſince when a corere is arrived here from Vienna, having bro[t] a very good report of S[r] Robert Anſtruther together with the copies of his propoſitions concerning the Palatinat whereof the Conde hath ſayd nothing to me as yet but from others I am told that the Emperor hath complained that his Majeſty's ſending of ſupplies of ſoldiers to the King of Sweden is the cauſe he cannot bring that King nor the Princes of Germany to any reaſon which otherwiſe he doubted not to do.

Some years paſt the Fryers of the Order of St. Francis diſcovered in America that land which lies Northward of New Spain and Weſtward of Florida, which is ſince planted with Colonyes of Spaniards and is called New Mexico. The Fryers have ever ſince continued theyr reſort to that Country from whence (with the laſt fleet that came from New Spain) the Provinciall and another Frier came to give an account to the King of the ſtate of that Country and to demand a ſupply of Religiouſe Men and an increaſe of maintenance. Among other propoſitions that he hath made he hath propounded it (as I am told) to the Counſell of the Indies that for as much as that plantation runs Northwardly and muſt at length come to the Weſtward of Virginia it will be neceſſary for the ſafety of the plantation and to them to paſs to it by the neereſt way to root out the Engliſh from that Continent. This I am told is reſolved on in the Counſell of the Indies but whether Order be given therein to Don Antonio de Oquenda who went with the laſt Armada or whether it ſhall be done by the next that goes or whether they intend to do it by a Fleet ſet out from the Indies I cannot informe your Lordſhip but am uſing dilligence to know it.

The Infante Cardinal going into Flanders is freſhly reported here, and at the Pallace they wo[d] have it believed for the Conde himſelf broke occaſion to tell me that his paſſage is reſolved on by the way of Italy.

The Queen Mother of France hath written to the King acquainting him that the cauſe of her eſcape was her ill uſage

in

Drawn on the Spot by W. Hodges

Engrav'd by Morris

A View of the Mosque at Mounheer from the S. E.

Publish'd April 1 1788 by I. Sewell Cornhill

in the time of her reſtraint; and that obſerving by the deſigns of the Cardinal that ſhe was invited there unto, ſhe doubted if ſhe ſho^d not lay hold thereof ſhe ſho^d be uſed worſe; ſhe proteſts never to have had it in her thoughts to treat with any foraine Prince to the prejudice of her Son's the King's Eſtate and that ſhe never meant more than to do the part of a mother in reconciling her two ſons. This Letter is eſteemed here very reaſonable and ſo (as I am told) ſhe is entreated to ſtay at Mont and there is aſſigned for her expence 10000 Ducats a month. The Duke of Terra nova is named for Embaſſad^r to go to her who intending therein to do a ſervice to this Queen hath undertaken it at his own charge and is preparing to do it very nobly.

Concerning the buſineſs of Italy I ſee no cauſe to vary from what I acquainted your Lordſhip in my laſt for although the inveſtiture be given by the Emperor to the Duke of Manteua yet by the laſt letters that came out of Italy we underſtand that nothing is really done in performance of the Treaty on neither ſide and it is certain that the Duke of Lerma remains with his forces in Valtoline ſo as I believe the next news we ſhall have concerning that buſineſs will be a proteſtation of the Emperor's againſt the inveſtiture as being conditionall for of that there is already a whiſpering.

There is a fleet of towards twenty ſhips ſetting out from the Groine for which there is yet no other ſervice known but to tranſport 2000 ſoldiers to Dunkerque. I ſhall trouble your Lordſhip with no more but humbly kiſs your Lordſhip's hand and wait your Lordſhip's moſt humble ſervant

ART. HOPTON.

Madrid Aug: 22 1631
St^o. n^o.

To the Lord Viſcount
Dorcheſter.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

The following LETTERS are copied from the ORIGINALS, and are at the ſervice of your very pleaſing and uſeful MISCELLANY.

I am, Sir, &c. C. D.

(COPY.)

WORTHY SIR, Cambridge Febr. 25th.

I TOLD you I would turn my Papers to ſee if any thing could be met with concerning Mr. Spenſer not extant in his printed Life which I have ſince done to no great purpoſe.

His age (of which there is ſome doubt) may be pretty nearly determin'd by his admiſſion in the Univerſity. Edmund Spenſar Aulæ Pembr. (Quadrantarius) admiſſus in Matriculam Academiæ Maii 20 1569: at which time we may ſuppoſe a Man of his ripe parts to have been about ſixteen years of age. You ſee by his admiſſion he was only ſizar and conſequently in no very opulent condition from the beginning. Somewhat may be found concerning him in his friend Gabr. Harvey's Engliſh pieces not very eaſy to be met with, unleſs by a man of your uncommon knowledge in Books.

One thing I remember I told Mr. Strype when he publiſhed Arch B^p. Grindall's Life that our poet bemoans the fall of that Prelate in his *Shepherd's Calendar* month of July under the name of Algrind the Biſhop's name (Grindal) inverted but as Mr. Strype did not ſeem to think it worth his notice, So it is much leſs worth my Lord's. The Moral, as it always pleaſed me, ſo I hope it will not diſpleaſe my Lord.

—But I am taught by Algrind's Ill,
To love the low degree, &c.

This the firſt editor of Spenſer's works did not underſtand, as appears by his notes. The late ed^n I have not by me.

But tho' I have little to add to his Life yet ſomewhat there ſayd, I can contradict upon pretty ſure grounds viz: the Competition betwixt Mr. Spenſer and Mr. Andrews. Mr. Iſaackſon of B^p Andrews's own College, and afterwards his Domeſtic, has wrote his life and gives an account of his being elected Fellow, the competition lay betwixt him and Mr. Dove (afterw^ds Biſhop of Petr:) who acquitted himſelf ſo well, that tho' there was roome for no more Fellows then one, to which the College elected Mr. Andrews, yet they choſe Dove *Tanquam Socius* and nothing is ſayd of any other Competitor,

Competitor, two only being put upon tryall by the College.

This is all that I can think of at preſent concerning Mr. Spenſer, not worth mentioning, were it not to ſhew my readineſs to ſerve my Lord if my power were anſwerable to my inclination. Whenever his Lordſhip has any Commands wherein I am more capable of ſerving his Lordſhip I ſhall be glad of every opportunity of approving myſelf

His Lordſhip's moſt obedient
humble ſervant
THO. BAKER.

That you may not
think I go purely by
conjecture Biſhop Wren
who was Fellow of
Pembr. Hall where Grindall
had been Maſter has theſe words
Spenſerus noſter Algrini
paſtoris perſonâ (metatheſis
nominis ea eſt) inter paſtorilia
caſum mæret hujus Præſulis. (viz. Grindalli)

To the ſweet memorie of my countryman England's chief Poet Mr. Edmund Spenſer.

Homer's the captain of Apollo's race,
Renowned Virgil claims the ſecond place:
Spenſer our glory, 'tis thy golden pen
Admits the third before all other men.
Sage Homer, Virgil, Spenſer laureat
Made a poeticall Triumvirat.
Greece, Rome, and England chaleng to your merits,
T' have nurſt the braveſt Heliconian ſpirits.
Only King David's Muſe, Jehovah's birth
Excells as much as Heaven excells the earth.
So conceives the Autor, J. H.

Apollinaris dux Homerus eſt Chori:
Teneas ſecundum Virgili merito locum:
Spenſere, Calamus cujus eſt auro rigens,
Capeſſe ſortem tertiam, noſtrum decus.
Spenſere Lauriger, Maro, Mæonides Senex
Vos fama celebret tres viros Phœbi ſacros.
Pelaſga terra, Roma, dulcis Anglia
Tres nutricaſtis optimos vates gregis,
Solum Davidis Muſa, de Cœlo fata
Superato, Cœlum ut ſuperat has terræ plagas.
Sic cenſuit Autor, J. H.

Wrote by BISHOP HACKET upon a Blank Leaf, before Spenſer's FAERIE QUEEN, given by that Biſhop to the Univerſity of Cambridge.

(COPY.)

Hon^d SIR,

I HAVE the favor of your letter by the poſt and ſince the favor of your book by the coach. I have only one other favor to beg, that you will let me know the price that I may take care not to be always in your debt, as I am already very ſhamefully

The rites and monuments of the church of Durham and Legend of St. Cuthbert are both printed. The antient and preſent ſtate of the county of Durham is no where printed that I know of. Large collections concerning that county have been made by one Mr. Middleton, but they are yet in Mſs.

What authority Mr. Wood has for Jo. Puttenham's being the author of the Art of Engliſh Poeſy, I do not know. Mr. Wanley in his catalogue of the Harley library, ſays, *he had been told that Edm. Spenſer was the author of that book wch came out anonymous*. But Sir John Harrington in his preface to Orlando Furioſo p. 2. gives ſo hard a cenſure of that book that Spencer could not poſſibly be the author. I have noted *The Art of Engliſh Poeſy by Rich. Field* 1589 4to being the ſame year wth the other.

I have not met wth Puttenham amongſt our Cambr. authors. By his poſt and ſtation he ſeems to have been of no Univerſity. I will look further, but being in haſt to return my thanks by the firſt poſt I have now no more to add but that I am

Hon^d Sir your moſt
obliged and h^ble ſerv^t
THO. BAKER.

Cambridge Apr. 1.

For the honourable James
Weſt Eſq at his Chambers in the Inner Temple
London.

ACCOUNT of a DREADFUL INUNDATION of the SEA at INGERAM, on the COAST of COROMANDEL, in the EAST-INDIES.

In a LETTER from Mr. WILLIAM PARSON to ALEXANDER DALRYMPLE, Eſq.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Ingeram, June 7, 1787.

YOU will, to have a juſt and circumſtantial account of the late calamity we have ſuſtained. It is no wonder the accounts you have ſeen, ſhould be incoherent and imperfect; for while the misfortune was recent, our minds were diſtracted

tracted with a thouſand fears and apprehenſions for the conſequences: indeed people leſs alarmed and leſs gloomy than ourſelves might have admitted the apprehenſion of peſtilence and famine; the former, from the air being tainted from ſome thouſands of putrid carcaſes both of men and cattle; and the latter, from the country around us being deſtroyed as well as our ſtock of proviſions and the fruit of the earth.

From the 17th of May, it blew hard from the N. E. but as bad weather is unuſual at ſuch a ſeaſon, we did not apprehend that it would become more ſerious; but on the 19th at night it increaſed to a hard gale; and on the 20th in the morning it blew a perfect hurricane, inſomuch that our houſes were preſently untiled, our doors and windows beat in, and the railing and part of the wall of our incloſures blown down. A little before eleven it came with violence from the ſea, and I preſently perceived a multitude of the inhabitants crowding toward my houſe, crying out that the ſea was coming in upon us. I caſt my eyes in that direction, and ſaw it approaching with great rapidity, bearing much the ſame appearance as the bar in Bengal river. As my houſe was ſituated very low, I did not heſitate to abandon it, directing my ſteps toward the old Factory, in order to avail myſelf of the Terrace: for in that dreadful moment I could not ſo far reflect upon cauſes or effects, as to account for the phænomenon, or to ſet bounds to its encreaſe. I had indeed heard of a tradition among the natives, that about a century ago the ſea ran as high as the talleſt Palmira trees, which I have ever diſregarded as fabulous, till the preſent unuſual appearance called it more forcibly to my mind. In my way to the old Factory, I ſtopped at the door of Mr. Boures' houſe, to apprize the reſt of the gentlemen of their danger, and the meaſures I had concerted for my ſafety: they accordingly joined me; but before we attained the place of our deſtination, we were nearly intercepted by the torrent of water. As the houſe is built on a high ſpot, and pretty well elevated from the ground, the water never ran above a foot on the firſt floor, ſo we had no occaſion to have recourſe to the Terrace. Between one and two o'clock the water began to ſubſide a little, and continued gradually decreaſing till the body of it had retired; leaving all the low places, tanks, and wells full of ſalt water. I think the ſea muſt have riſen fifteen feet above its natural level. About the time of the water ſubſiding, the wind favoured it by coming round to the Southward, from which point it blew the hardeſt. As the Factory-houſe was in a very ruinous ſtate, and ſhook exceedingly at every guſt, we were very anxious to get back to Mr. Boures' houſe. I attempted it twice, but found I had neither power nor ſtrength to combat the force of the wind, getting back with the greateſt difficulty to my former ſtation. About five o'clock, during a ſhort lull, we happily effected our remove. It blew very hard the greateſt part of the night: at midnight it veered to the weſtward, and was ſo cold, that I thought we ſhould have periſhed as we reclined in our chairs. The gale broke up towards the morning. I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe to you the ſcene that preſented itſelf to our view, when day-light appeared: it was dreary and horrid beyond deſcription. The trees were all blighted by the ſalt water, and the face of the country covered with ſalt mud; yet it had more the appearance of having ſuffered by a blaſt of hot wind, or by the eruption of volcanos, than by an inundation of water, ſuch an effect had it in deſtroying the herbage and foliage of every deſcription. Our houſes were found full of the inhabitants, who had taken refuge therein, ſtripped of doors and windows, and quite open to the weather at top; the godowns moſtly carried away, and ſeveral ſubſtantial tiled houſes ſo completely levelled, as ſcarcely to afford a mark of their ever exiſting: but our ſufferings were light, when compared with thoſe of *Coringa*, and the reſt of the villages nearer the ſea. At *Coringa*, out of four thouſand inhabitants, it is ſaid not more than twenty were ſaved, and thoſe moſtly on Mrs. Corſar's Terrace, and on the beams of Captain Webſter's houſe. Mr. Gideon Firth, Mr. George Day, and the Portugueze Padré were, I believe, the only Europeans that were drowned. At firſt the ſea roſe gradually, and as it came in with the tide the people were not much alarmed; but when they found it ſtill encreaſe ſo as to render their ſituation dangerous, they mounted on the top of their Cadjan-houſes, till the ſea impelled by a ſtrong Eaſterly wind ruſhed in upon them moſt furiouſly, when all houſes at the ſame awful moment gave way, and nearly four thouſand ſouls were launched into eternity. This tremendous ſcene was viſible from Mrs. Corſar's Terrace, over which

which the ſea ſometimes broke, and they were frequently in great danger from the drifting of veſſels and other heavy bodies, which muſt inevitably have brought down the houſe, had they come in contact. At the Dutch village of *Jaggernaickporan*, I hear the diſtreſs was very great, and that about a thouſand lives were loſt; many of the villages in the low country between *Coringa* and *Jaggernaickporan* were totally deſtroyed, and the inundation carried its dreadful effects as far to the northward as *Apparah*; but I do not hear that many lives were loſt at that place. The inundation penetrated inland about ten Coſs from the ſea in a direct line; but did little more damage to the weſtward of us than deſtroying the vegetation. It would be very difficult to aſcertain with any preciſion, the number of lives loſt in this dreadful viſitation; the moſt intelligent people I have conferred with on the ſubject, ſtate the loſs at from ten to twenty thouſand ſouls. This is rather an indefinite computation; but I think, if the medium be taken, it will then rather exceed than fall ſhort of the real loſs. They compute that a lack of cattle were drowned, and from the vaſt numbers I ſaw dead at *Nellapilla*, I can eaſily credit their aſſertion. For two or three days after the calamity ſuch was the languor of the inhabitants, that not a Cooley or workman was to be procured at any price; it required our utmoſt exertion to get the dead bodies and the dead cattle buried with all poſſible ſpeed, to prevent the air being impregnated with putrid effluvia. This, to be ſure, was a taſk we could not fully execute, except juſt in the villages. However, no bad effects have enſued, which I impute to the continual land winds that have blown ſtrongly for ſome time paſt. Theſe have the property of drying up the juices of dead bodies and preventing putrefaction, which muſt neceſſarily have been the conſequence in a damp air. It is extraordinary, that the vaſt tract of low ground on the ſouth-ſide *Guadavery*, from *Gotendy* to *Bundarmalanka*, ſuffered very little from the inundation, and ſcarcely a perſon periſhed. This country lies ſo exceedingly low, as to be flooded in many places by the common ſpring-tides, and a great deal of it is in conſequence covered with ſalt jungle. It is probable they owe their ſafety to thoſe ſmall iſlands at the mouth of the *Guadavery*, as well as *Point Guadavery* itſelf, which muſt have both contributed to break the force of the ſea.

When we had recovered from our conſternation on the 21ſt, we began to conſider how we ſhould be able to exiſt in ſuch a field of deſolation, as our wells were filled with ſalt water, our proviſions deſtroyed, and we found by digging in different places that no ſweet water was to be procured; when it was diſcovered that Providence had ſo far interfered in our favour, as to bring down the freſhes at a very early and unuſual ſeaſon. From what accounts we could haſtily gather, we were apprehenſive that the ſtores of rice were either much damaged or totally deſtroyed, as the rice godowns and gomarks are generally ſecured againſt an accident leſs formidable than this. However, the event has happily falſified our ſurmiſes, and proved our information fallacious, for rice has hitherto been plentiful and not dear. The generous ſupplies that have been ſent us from the Preſidency, will I truſt ſecure us from ſerious want. Our markets have not yet been attended by a perſon with an article for ſale; but this is not to be wondered at, as our ſupplies were generally furniſhed by the villages at no great diſtance inland; and theſe countries have been drenched ſufficiently in ſalt water to deſtroy their produce. The fiſhermen, a moſt uſeful body of people, inhabiting chiefly by the ſea-ſide, have been almoſt totally extirpated; and we are thereby deprived of a very material part of our ſubſiſtence. Time alone can reſtore us to the comforts we have loſt, and we have reaſon to be thankful that things have not turned out ſo bad as we apprehended. I have tired myſelf in attempting this narration, and I fear I have almoſt tired you in the peruſal of it. A great deal more might be ſaid upon the ſubject in a flowery garb: if it yields a moment's amuſement to my friend, my end is fully anſwered. The greateſt part of this intelligence you have already had in detail, but it is your deſire I ſhould bring it to one point of view. It is haſtily written and very inaccurate; but you will remember I was in a good deal of pain at the time of writing it, from an inflammation in my legs, ſo had not ſufficient eaſe or leiſure to correct or tranſcribe it.

Your's affectionately,

(Signed) WILLIAM PARSON.

An ODE on the POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS of the HIGHLANDS of SCOTLAND, considered as the SUBJECT of POETRY.

By WILLIAM COLLINS.

[From the TRANSACTIONS of the ROYAL SOCIETY of EDINBURGH, just published.]

To ALEXANDER FRASER TYTLER, Esq.

SIR,

I SEND you inclosed the original manuscript of Mr. Collins's poem, that, by comparing with it the copy which I read to the Society, you may be able to answer most of the queries put to me by the Committee of the Royal Society.

The manuscript is in Mr. Collins's hand-writing, and fell into my hands among the papers of a friend of mine and Mr. John Home's, who died as long ago as the year 1754. Soon after I found the poem, I shewed it to Mr. Home, who told me that it had been addressed to him by Mr. Collins, on his leaving London in the year 1749: That it was hastily composed and incorrect; but that he would one day find leisure to look it over with care. Mr. Collins and Mr. Home had been made acquainted by Mr. John Barrow (the *cordial youth* mentioned in the first stanza), who had been, for some time, at the university of Edinburgh; had been a volunteer along with Mr. Home, in the year 1746; had been taken prisoner with him at the battle of Falkirk, and had escaped, together with him and five or six other gentlemen, from the castle of Down. Mr. Barrow resided in 1749 at Winchester, where Mr. Collins and Mr. Home were, for a week or two, together on a visit. Mr. Barrow was paymaster in America, in the war that commenced in 1756, and died in that country.

I thought no more of the poem, till a few years ago, when, on reading Dr. Johnson's Life of Collins, I conjectured that it might be the very copy of verses which he mentions, which he says was much prized by some of his friends, and for the loss of which he expresses regret. I sought for it among my papers; and perceiving that a stanza and a half were wanting *, I made the most diligent search I could for them, but in vain. Whether or not this great chasm was in the poem when it first came into my hands, is more than I can remember, at this distance of time.

As a curious and valuable fragment, I thought it could not appear with more advantage than in the collection of the Royal Society.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

ALEX. CARLYLE.

I.

H——, thou return'st from Thames, whose Naiads long
Have seen thee ling'ring, with a fond delay,
Mid those soft friends, whose hearts, some future day,
Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song.
Go, not unmindful of that cordial youth †,
Whom, long endear'd, thou leav'st by Lavant's side;
Together let us wish him lasting truth,
And joy untainted with his destin'd bride.
Go! nor regardless, while these numbers boast
My short-liv'd bliss, forget my social name;
But think far off how, on the southern coast,
I met thy friendship with an equal flame!
Fresh to that soil thou turn'st, whose ev'ry vale
Shall prompt the poet, and his song demand:
To thee thy copious subjects ne'er shall fail;
Thou need'st but take the pencil to thy hand,
And paint what all believe who own thy genial land.

* This Stanza and a half, viz. the fifth and half of the sixth were supplied by Mr. Henry Mackenzie, of the Exchequer in Scotland.

† See the preceding letter from Dr. Carlyle.

II.

There muſt thou wake perforce thy Doric quill,
'Tis Fancy's land to which thou ſett'ſt thy feet;
Where ſtill, 'tis ſaid, the fairy people meet
Beneath each birken ſhade on mead or hill.
There each trim laſs that ſkims the milky ſtore,
To the ſwart tribes their creamy bowl allots;
By night they ſip it round the cottage-door,
While airy minſtrels warble jocund notes.
There every herd, by ſad experience, knows
How, wing'd with fate, their elf-ſhot arrows fly;
When the ſick ewe her ſummer food foregoes,
Or, ſtretch'd on earth, the heart-ſmit heifers lie.
Such airy beings awe th' untutor'd ſwain:
Nor thou, though learn'd, his homelier thoughts neglect;
Let thy ſweet Muſe the rural faith ſuſtain:
Theſe are the themes of ſimple, ſure effect,
That add new conqueſts to her boundleſs reign,
And fill, with double force, her heart-commanding ſtrain.

III.

Ev'n yet preſerv'd, how often may'ſt thou hear,
Where to the Pole the Boreal mountains run,
Taught by the father to his liſtening ſon
Strange lays, whoſe power had charm'd a Spenſer's ear.
At ev'ry pauſe, before thy mind poſſeſt,
Old Runic bards ſhall ſeem to riſe around,
With uncouth lyres, in many-colour'd veſt,
Their matted hair with boughs fantaſtic crown'd:
Whether thou bid'ſt the well-taught hind repeat *
The choral dirge that mourns ſome chieftain brave,
When ev'ry ſhrieking maid her boſom beat,
And ſtrew'd with choiceſt herbs his ſcented grave;
Or whether, ſitting in the ſhepherd's ſhiel †,
Thou hear'ſt ſome ſounding tale of war's alarms;
When, at the bugle's call, with fire and ſteel,
The ſturdy clans pour'd forth their bony ſwarms,
And hoſtile brothers met to prove each other's arms.

IV.

'Tis thine to ſing, how framing hideous ſpells
In Sky's lone iſle the gifted wizzard "fits ‡,"
"Waiting in" wintry cave "his wayward fits §;
Or in the depth ‖ of Uiſt's dark foreſt dwells:
How they, whoſe ſight ſuch dreary dreams engroſs,
With their own viſions oft aſtoniſh'd ¶ droop,
When o'er the wat'ry ſtrath or quaggy moſs
They ſee the gliding ghoſts unbodied troop.
Or if in ſports, or on the feſtive green,
Their "piercing **" glance ſome fated youth deſcry,
Who, now perhaps in luſty vigour ſeen
And roſy health, ſhall ſoon lamented die.

* Firſt written, *relate*.

† A kind of hut, built for a ſummer habitation to the herdſmen, when the cattle are ſent to graze in diſtant paſtures.

‡ Collins had written, *ſeer*.

§ Collins had written, *Lodg'd in the wintry cave with*—and had left the line imperfect: Altered, and the chaſm ſupplied by Dr. Carlyle.

‖ Firſt written, *gloom*.

¶ Firſt written, *affrighted*.

** A blank in the manuſcrip'. The word *piercing* ſupplied by Dr. Carlyle.

For

For them the viewleſs forms of air obey,
Their bidding heed ††, and at their beck repair.
They know what ſpirit brews the ſtormful day,
And heartleſs, oft like moody madneſs ſtare
To ſee the phantom train their ſecret work prepare.

V.

‡‡ " Or on ſome bellying rock that ſhades the deep,
" They view the lurid ſigns that croſs the ſky,
" Where, in the weſt, the brooding tempeſts lie,
" And hear their firſt, faint, ruſtling pennons ſweep.
" Or in the arched cave, where deep and dark
" The broad, unbroken billows heave and ſwell,
" In horrid muſings rapt, they ſit to mark
" The labouring moon; or liſt the nightly yell
" Of that dread ſpirit, whoſe gigantic form
" The ſeer's entranced eye can well ſurvey,
" Through the dim air who guides the driving ſtorm,
" And points the wretched bark its deſtin'd prey.
" Or him who hovers, on his flagging wing,
" O'er the dire whirlpool, that, in ocean's waſte,
" Draws inſtant down whate'er devoted thing
" The failing breeze within its reach hath plac'd—
" The diſtant ſeaman hears, and flies with trembling haſte.

VI.

" Or, if on land the fiend exerts his ſway,
" Silent he broods o'er quickſand, bog, or fen,
" Far from the ſhelt'ring roof and haunts of men,
" When witched darkneſs ſhuts the eye of day,
" And ſhrouds each ſtar that wont to cheer the night;
" Or, if the drifted ſnow perplex the way,
" With treach'rous gleam he lures the fated wight,
" And leads him ſtound'ring on, and quite aſtray."
What though far off, from ſome dark dell eſpied,
His glimm'ring mazes cheer th' excurſive ſight,
Yet turn, ye wand'rers, turn your ſteps aſide,
Nor truſt the guidance of that faithleſs light;
For watchful, lurking, 'mid th' unruſtling reed,
At thoſe mirk * hours the wily monſter lies,
And liſtens oft to hear the paſſing ſteed,
And frequent round him rolls his ſullen eyes,
If chance his ſavage wrath may ſome weak wretch ſurpriſe.

VII.

Ah, luckleſs ſwain, o'er all unbleſt indeed!
Whom late bewilder'd in the dank, dark fen,
Far from his flocks and ſmoking hamlet then!
To that ſad ſpot " his wayward fate ſhall lead †:"
On him enrag'd, the fiend, in angry mood,
Shall never look with pity's kind concern,
But inſtant, furious, raiſe the whelming flood
O'er its drown'd bank, forbidding all return.
Or, if he meditate his wiſh'd eſcape
To ſome dim hill that ſeems upriſing near,
To his faint eye the grim and griſly ſhape,
In all its terrors clad, ſhall wild appear.

†† Firſt written, *mark.*

‡‡ A leaf of the manuſcript, containing the fifth ſtanza, and one half of the ſixth, is here loſt. The chaſm is ſupplied by Mr. Mackenzie.

* Firſt written, *ſad.*

† A blank in the manuſcript. The line filled up by Dr. Carlyle.

Mean'time, the wat'ry ſurge ſhall round him riſe,
Pour'd ſudden forth from ev'ry ſwelling ſource.
What now remains but tears and hopeleſs ſighs?
His fear-ſhook limbs have loſt their youthly force,
And down the waves he floats, a pale and breathleſs corſe.

VIII.

For him, in vain, his anxious wife ſhall wait,
Or wander forth to meet him on his way,
For him, in vain, at to-fall of the day,
His babes ſhall linger at th' uncloſing ‡ gate.
Ah, ne'er ſhall he return! Alone, if night
Her travell'd limbs in broken ſlumbers ſteep,
With dropping willows dreſt, his mournful ſprite
Shall viſit ſad, perchance, her ſilent ſleep:
Then he, perhaps, with moiſt and wat'ry hand,
Shall fondly ſeem to preſs her ſhudd'ring cheek §,
And with his blue ſwoln face before her ſtand,
And, ſhiv'ring cold, theſe piteous actions ſpeak:
Purſue ‖, dear wife, thy daily toils purſue
At dawn or duſk, induſtrious as before;
Nor e'er of me one hapleſs thought renew,
While I lie welt'ring on the ozier'd ſhore,
Drown'd by the Kaelpie's ¶ wrath, nor e'er ſhall aid thee more!

IX.

Unbounded is thy range; with varied ſtile
Thy Muſe may, like thoſe feath'ry tribes which ſpring
From their rude rocks, extend her ſkirting wing
Round the moiſt marge of each cold Hebrid iſle,
To that hoar pile which ſtill its ruin ſhows *:
In whoſe ſmall vaults a pigmy-folk is found,
Whoſe bones the delver with his ſpade upthrows,
And culls them, wond'ring, from the hallow'd ground!
Or thither where beneath the ſhow'ry weſt
The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid †:
Once foes, perhaps, together now they reſt.
No ſlaves revere them, and no wars invade:
Yet frequent now, at midnight's ſolemn hour,
The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the monarchs ſtalk with ſov'reign pow'r
In pageant robes, and wreath'd with ſheeny gold,
And on their twilight tombs aerial council hold.

‡ Firſt written, *cottage*.

§ Firſt written, *Shall ſeem to preſs her cold and ſhudd'ring cheek.*

‖ Firſt written, *proceed*.

¶ A name given in Scotland to a ſuppoſed ſpirit of the waters.

* On the largeſt of the *Flannan Iſlands* (iſles of the Hebrides) are the ruins of a chapel dedicated to St. Flannan. This is reckoned by the inhabitants of the Weſtern Iſles a place of uncommon ſanctity. One of the Flannan Iſlands is termed the *Iſle of Pigmies*; and Martin ſays, there have been many ſmall bones dug up here, reſembling in miniature thoſe of the human body.

† The iſland of *Iona* or *Icolmkill*. See Martin's Deſcription of the Weſtern Iſlands of Scotland. That author informs us, that forty-eight kings of Scotland, four kings of Ireland, and five of Norway, were interred in the church of St. Ouran in that iſland. There were two churches and two monaſteries founded there by St. Columbus about A. D. 565. Bed. *Hiſt. Eccl.* l. 3. Collins has taken all his information reſpecting the Weſtern Iſles from Martin; from whom he may likewiſe have derived his knowledge of the popular ſuperſtitions of the Highlanders, with which this Ode ſhews ſo perfect an acquaintance.

X.

But O! o'er all, forget not KILDA's race ‡.
On whoſe bleak rocks, which brave the waſting tides,
Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides.
Go, juſt as they, their blameleſs manners trace!
Then to my ear tranſmit ſome gentle ſong
Of thoſe whoſe lives are yet ſincere and plain,
Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
And all their proſpect but the wint'ry main.
With ſparing temp'rance, at the needful time,
They drain the fainted ſpring; or, hunger-preſt,
Along th' Atlantic rock undreading climb,
And of its eggs deſpoil the Solan's neſt.
Thus bleſt in primal innocence they live,
Suffic'd and happy with their frugal fare,
Which taſteful toil and hourly danger give.
Hard is their ſhallow ſoil, and bleak, and bare,
Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there!

XI.

Nor need'ſt thou bluſh, that ſuch falſe themes engage
Thy gentle mind, of fairer ſtores poſſeſt;
For not alone they touch the village breaſt,
But fill'd in elder time th' hiſtoric page.
There SHAKESPEARE's ſelf, with ev'ry garland crown'd §,
In muſing hour, his wayward ſiſters found,
And with their terrors dreſt the magic ſcene.
From them he ſung, when 'mid his bold deſign,
Before the Scot afflicted and aghaſt,
The ſhadowy kings of BANQUO's fated line
Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant paſt.
Proceed, nor quit the tales which, ſimply told,
Could once ſo well my anſwering boſom pierce;
Proceed, in forceful ſounds and colours bold
The native legends of thy land rehearſe;
To ſuch adapt thy lyre and ſuit thy powerful verſe.

XII.

In ſcenes like theſe, which, daring to depart
From ſober truth, are ſtill to nature true,
And call forth freſh delight to Fancy's view,
Th' Heroic Muſe employ'd her TASSO's art!
How have I trembled, when at TANCRED's ſtroke,
Its gaſhing blood the gaping cypreſs pour'd;
When each live plant with mortal accents ſpoke,
And the wild blaſt upheav'd the vaniſh'd ſword ‖!
How have I ſat, when pip'd the penſive wind,
To hear his harp by Britiſh FAIRFAX ſtrung.
Prevailing poet, whoſe undoubting mind
Believ'd the magic wonders which he ſung!

‡ The character of the inhabitants of St. Kilda, as here deſcribed, agrees perfectly with the accounts given by Martin and by Macauley, of the people of that iſland. It is the moſt weſterly of all the Hebrides, and is above 130 miles diſtant from the main land of Scotland.

§ This ſtanza is more incorrect in its ſtructure than any of the foregoing. There is apparently a line wanting between this and the ſubſequent one, *In muſing hour*, &c. The deficient line ought to have rhymed with *ſcene*.

‖ Theſe four lines were originally written thus:

How have I trembled, when at Tancred's ſide
Like him I ſtalk'd, and all his paſſion felt;
When charm'd by Iſmen, through the foreſt wide,
Each plant in each plant a talking ſpirit dwelt!

Hence

Hence at each ſound imagination glows;
Hence his warm lay with ſofteſt ſweetneſs flows;
Melting it flows, pure, numerous, ſtrong and clear,
And fills th' impaſſion'd heart, and wins th' harmonious ear *.

XIII.

All hail, ye ſcenes that o'er my ſoul prevail,
Ye ſpacious † friths and lakes which far away
Are by ſmooth ANNAN fill'd, or paſt'ral TAY,
Or DON's romantic ſprings, at diſtance hail!
The time ſhall come when I, perhaps, may tread
Your lowly glens, o'erhung with ſpreading broom,
Or o'er your ſtretching heaths by fancy led:
Then will I dreſs once more the faded bow'r,
Where JONSON ‖ ſat in DRUMMOND's ſocial ‡ ſhade,
Or crop from Tiviot's dale each "claſſic flower,"
And mourn on Yarrow's banks "the widow'd maid §."
Meantime, ye pow'rs, that on the plains which bore
The cordial youth, on LOTHIAN's plains attend,
Where'er he dwell, on hill, or lowly muir,
To him I loſe, your kind protection lend,
And, touch'd with love like mine, preſerve my abſent friend.

HISTORICAL and BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES.

[From the Second Volume of Sir J. DALRYMPLE's "Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland," lately publiſhed.]

EARL OF STAIR.

WHEN all his offices and honours were taken from him by Sir Robert Walpole, for voting in parliament againſt the exciſe-ſcheme, he retired to Scotland, and put his eſtate into the hands of truſtees, to pay bills drawn by him in his magnificent embaſſy at Paris, which Adminiſtration had refuſed to accept, reſerving only a hundred pounds a-month for himſelf. During this period, he was often ſeen holding the plough three or four hours at a time. Yet on receiving viſits of ceremony, he could put on the great man and the great ſtyle of living; for he was fond of adorning a fine perſon with graceful dreſs; and two French horns and a French cook had refuſed to quit his ſervice when he retired. When the meſſenger brought the late King's letter for him to take the command of the army, he had only ten pounds in the houſe. He ſent expreſſes for the gentlemen of his own family, ſhewed the King's letter, and deſired them to find money to carry him to London. They aſked how much he wanted, and when they ſhould bring it; his anſwer was, "the more the better, "and the ſooner the better." They brought him three thouſand guineas. The circumſtance came to the late King's ears,

* Theſe lines were originally written thus:

Hence, ſure to charm, his early numbers flow,
Though ſtrong, yet ſweet,——
Though faithful, ſweet; though ſtrong, of ſimple kind.
Hence, with each theme he bids the boſom glow,
While his warm lays an eaſy paſſage find,
Pour'd through each inmoſt nerve, and lull th' harmonious ear.

† A blank in the manuſcript. The word *ſpacious* ſupplied by Dr. Carlyle.

‖ Ben Jonſon undertook a journey to Scotland a-foot in 1619, to viſit the poet Drummond, at his ſeat at Hawthornden, near Edinburgh. Drummond has preſerved, in his works, ſome very curious heads of their converſation.

‡ A blank in the manuſcript—*ſocial* ſupplied by Dr. Carlyle.

§ Both theſe lines left imperfect; ſupplied by Dr. Carlyle. This laſt ſtanza bears more marks of haſtineſs of compoſition than any of the reſt. Beſides the blanks which are ſupplied by Dr. Carlyle, there is apparently an entire line wanting after the ſeventh line of the ſtanza. The deficient line ought to have rhymed with *broom*.

who

who expreſſed to his Miniſters the uneaſineſs he felt at Lord Stair's difficulties in money-matters. One propoſed that the King ſhould make him a preſent of a ſum of money when he arrived. Another ſaid, Lord Stair was ſo high-ſpirited, that if he was offered money, he would run back to his own country, and they ſhould loſe their General. A third ſuggeſted, that to ſave his delicacy, the King ſhould give him ſix commiſſions of Cornets to diſpoſe of, which, at that time, ſold for a thouſand pounds a-piece. The King liked this idea beſt, and gave the commiſſions blank to Lord Stair, ſaying, they were intended to pay for his journey and equipage. But in going from Court to his own houſe, he gave all the ſix away.

As the following anecdote marks the manners of the age during the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and the character of another ſingular man, I ſhall hazard it. Lord Mark Ker and Lord Stair were at play in a coffee-houſe, when a ſtranger overlooked their game, and diſturbed them with queſtions. Lord Mark ſaid, "Let us throw the dice which of us ſhall "pink (a cant word of the time for "fighting) this impudent fellow." They threw, Lord Stair won. Lord Mark Ker cried out, "Ah, Stair, Stair, you have "been always more fortunate in life than "me."

When Lord Stair was Ambaſſador at Paris, during the Regency, he gave orders to his coachman to give way to nobody except the King, meaning that an Engliſh Ambaſſador ſhould take the paſs, even of the Regent, but without naming him. The Hoſt was ſeen coming down a ſtreet through which the coach paſſed. The late Colonel Young, from whom I had the ſtory, who was Maſter of Horſe, rode to the window of the coach, and aſked Lord Stair if he would pleaſe to give way to God Almighty. He anſwered, "By all means, but to none elſe;" and then ſtepping out of the coach, paid reſpect to the religion of the country in which he was, and kneeled in a very dirty ſtreet.

Lewis XIV. was told, that Lord Stair was one of the beſt bred men in Europe. "I ſhall ſoon put that to the teſt," ſaid the King; and aſking Lord Stair to take an airing with him, as ſoon as the door was opened, he bade him paſs and go in: The other bowed and obeyed. The King ſaid, "The world is in the right in the "character it gives: another perſon would "have troubled me with ceremony."

During the rebellion in the year 1745, the clan of Glenco were quartered near the houſe of Lord Stair. The Pretender being afraid they would remember that the warrant for the maſſacre of their clan had been ſigned by the Earl's father, ſent a guard to protect the houſe. The clan quitted the rebel army, and were returning home: the Pretender ſent to know their reaſon. Their anſwer was, that they had been affronted; and when aſked what the affront was, they ſaid, the "greateſt of any; for they had been "ſuſpected of being capable of viſiting "the injuries of the father upon the in-"nocent and brave ſon." He w s brave indeed; a ſure proof of which was, that he uſed all the influence and power he poſſeſſed, to obtain mercy for thoſe rebels againſt whom he had commanded one of the armies which guarded Engl nd.

WILLIAM III.

IN cold countries, in which the mind freezes when the body freezes, men of parts are generally lovers of wine. King William at his private parties drunk ſometimes to exceſs. Perhaps the two following Anecdotes, which the late Mr. Stone told me he had from the Duke of Newcaſtle, may refer to a period, when his mind, waſted with vexation, might recruit itſelf with wine.

In one of his parties with Lord Wharton, whom he always called Thom Wharton, he ſaid, "Thom, I know what you wiſh ſo; "you wiſh for a republic." Lord Wharton anſwered, "And not a bad thing, Sir, "neither." "No, no," ſaid the King, "I ſhall diſappoint you there, I will "bring over King James's ſon upon "you." Lord Wharton making a very affected low bow, ſaid, with a ſneer, "That is as your Majeſty pleaſes." Yet the King took neither the manner nor the anſwer amiſs.

At another time, having invited the Earl of Pembroke to one of his parties, he was told that the Earl was quarrelſome in his cups: He laughed, and ſaid, he would defy any man to quarrel with him, as long as he could make the bottle go round. What was foretold however happened; and Lord Pembroke was carried from the room and put to bed. When told the next morning what he had done, he haſtened to the palace, and threw himſelf upon his knee. "No apologies," ſaid the King; "I was told "you had no fault in the world but one, "and I am glad to find it is true, for I

"do

" do not like your faultleſs people." Then taking him by the hand, added, " Make not yourſelf uneaſy: theſe acci- " dents over a bottle are nothing among " friends."

A proviſion ſhip of the firſt colony of Scots that attempted to ſettle at Darien, in which were thirty gentlemen paſſengers, ſome of them of noble birth, having been ſhipwrecked at Carthagena, the Spaniards believing, or pretending to believe, that they were ſmugglers, caſt them into a dungeon, and threatened them with death. The company deputed Lord Baſil Hamilton from Scotland, to implore King William's protection for the priſoners. The King, at firſt, refuſed to ſee him, becauſe he had not appeared at Court when he was laſt in London. But when that difficulty was removed by explanation, an expreſſion fell from the King, which ſhewed his ſenſe of the generous conduct of another, although, influenced by the Engliſh and Dutch Eaſt-India Companies, he could not reſolve to imitate it in his own. For Lord Baſil's audience having been put off from time to time, but, at laſt, fixed to be in the Council-chamber after a Council was over, the King, who had forgot the appointment, was paſſing into another room, when Lord Baſil placed himſelf in the paſſage, and ſaid, " That he came commiſſioned by a great " body of his Majeſty's ſubjects to lay their " misfortunes at his feet, that he had a " right to be heard, and would be heard." The King returned, liſtened with patience, gave inſtant orders to apply to Spain for redreſs, and then turning to thoſe near him, ſaid, " This young man " is too bold, if any man can be too " bold in his country's cauſe." I had this Anecdote from the preſent Earl of Selkirk, grandſon to Lord Baſil.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

Amongſt the JEUX D'ESPRITS occaſioned by Mrs. PIOZZI's late Publication, the following deſerves to be preſerved from Oblivion.

DESCRIPTION OF MR. SAYER's NEW PRINT, ENTITLED, " A FRONTISPIECE FOR THE SECOND EDITION OF DR. JOHNSON's LETTERS."

SCENE, a room furniſhed with books, and hung with portraits.—Firſt, that of Mr. Boſwell.—Second, the veracious Egotiſt Sir John Hawkins.—N. B. The oval in which his graceful, benignant, and knightly countenance might have been expreſſed, is occupied by the characteriſtic diſſyllable — MYSELF. Our egregious Biographer, opening alſo his own ponderous volume, diſplays the words— " *When I was in the Commiſſion of the* " *Peace.*"—The third perſonage is Mr. Courteney, who, from certain attendant ſymbols, ſhould ſeem to have broken both the head of Priſcian, and the neck of Pegaſus. Under theſe repreſentations is a landſcape, with Mr. Boſwell conducting his fellow-traveller about the Hebrides.

At a table ſits Mrs. Piozzi, who had been tranſcribing Dr. Johnſon's letters, but is now looking round with terror towards his ghoſt, which appears in the act of offering her a deprecatory purſe of gold. Overhead is a picture of Mr. Thrale, her firſt huſband. His face is obſcured by a fiddle and fiddleſtick, with this label near them, " *Thralia, me miſeræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!*"

At the bottom of the plate are the following verſes:

" Madam (my debt to nature paid),
" I thought the grave with hallow'd ſhade
" Wou'd now protect my name:
" Yet there in vain I ſeek repoſe,
" My friends each little fault diſcloſe,
" And murder Johnſon's fame.

" Firſt, Boſwell, with officious care,
" Shew'd me as men would ſhew a bear,
" And call'd himſelf my friend;
" Sir John with nonſenſe ſtrew'd my hearſe,
" And Courteney peſter'd me with verſe;
" You torture without end.

" When Streatham ſpread its plenteous board,
" I open'd Learning's valued hoard,
" And as I feaſted proſed.
" Good things I ſaid, good things I eat,
" I gave you knowledge for your meat,
" And thought th' account was cloſ'd.

" If obligations ſtill I owed,
" You ſold each item to the croud,
" I ſuffer'd by the tale:
" For God's ſake, Madam, let me reſt,
" Nor longer vex your quondam gueſt—
" I'll pay you for your ale."

To

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IF the incloſed Epitaph to the memory of a young Gentleman of remarkable talents, who, from a fatal addiction to Gaming, was drove to the crime of Suicide, is not improper for your publication, by inſerting it you will oblige

Your's, &c. R.

March 17, 1788.

POSSESSED
Of talents ſuperior to moſt,
As uſeful as elegant, had they been
properly applied,
Mr. B———,
in an evil hour, fell a victim to the
DÆMON of SUICIDE.
Drove
to deſpair by his extravagant mode of life,
and wanting fortitude to encounter the
taunts of a world
which had ſeen his more proſperous days,
in the 29th year of his age,
and on the 30th day of June,
178—,
he dared,
uncalled, to ruſh into the preſence of his
CREATOR.
With proſpects as fair, and with hopes as
ſanguine, as e'er glowed in the breaſt
of youth, he began his career of life;
but blinded by the deluſive phantom,
PLEASURE,
ere that life had reached its meridian,
he fell a ſacrifice to complicated evils,
the offſpring of his own
Miſconduct.
READER,
whoe'er thou art,
whether poſſeſſed by a vain curioſity to
contemplate this record;
or, led by the ſympathy of a feeling
boſom, to drop a tear on this (alas!)
unhallowed * turf:
Let the untimely FATE of this young man
warn thee to ſhun that pernicious,
that fatal VICE,
GAMING.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

CONSCIOUS of your taſte for ſo famous an author as Mr. Voltaire, I take the liberty of ſending you a letter which I have tranſlated from the French, and which, I truſt, never before appeared in print.

I ſhall eſteem myſelf particularly happy if it meets your approbation, as well as that of a generous public.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

J. D.

France, March 12, 1788.

TRANSLATION of a LETTER from MR. DE VOLTAIRE to MADAME LA COMTESSE DU BARRY.

Ferney, Jan. 3, 1774.

Madam,

MRS. De la Borde told me you ordered her to embrace me twice for you.

§ Quoi! deux baiſers a la fin de ma vie,
Quel paſſeport daignez m'envoyer,
Deux c'en eſt trop, adorable Egerie †,
J'en ſerois mort de plaiſir le premier.

She ſhewed me your Miniature: do not be offended, Madam, when I took the liberty of returning the two Kiſſes.

§ Vous ne pouvez empêcher cet homage,
Foible tribut de quiconque a des yeux,
C'eſt aux mortel d'adorer votre image,
L'original étoit fait pour les Dieux.

I have heard many airs in Pandora, of Mrs. de la Borde's compoſition: they appear, Madam, worthy of your protection ‡. The reward you give to merit adds to that luſtre with which you already ſhine.

Vouchſafe, Madam, to accept the profound reſpect of an old hermit, whoſe heart poſſeſſes ſcarcely any other ſentiment than that of gratitude.

I am, &c.

DE VOLTAIRE.

* He was buried in a croſs-way.

§ Theſe verſes cannot by any means be tranſlated, or even imitated, to retain their original beauty.

† The nymph Egerie inſpired Numa in his wiſe diſtribution of Roman juſtice.

‡ Mrs De la Borde compoſed the muſic to the words of the opera of Pandora, written by Mr. De Voltaire, who was eager of having it performed under the protection of Madame la Comteſſe du Barry. Mrs. De la Borde was chambermaid to the Counteſs du Barry.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

BEING an admirer of dramatic writings, and obſerving, in the courſe of my reading, an analogy exiſting in many paſſages of our Poets, wherever I found a thought or metaphor ſimilar to any I had before peruſed, I inſtantly compared them, and without deliberation condemned the latter of *plagiariſm*.

The diſingenuouſneſs of this accuſation I ſoon became ſenſible of. Conſcious to myſelf that though literary theft is too prevalent with the ignorant, who, infected with the deſire of being thought men of literary merit, have uſed theſe clandeſtine means to impoſe on their friends and the public; yet the authors from whom the following paſſages are ſelected (for the amuſement of your readers) are men of ſuch approved abilities, and real natural geniuſes, that their reputation is increaſed by the ſimilarity of many thoughts that occur in their writings. Falſe critics endeavour only to find out faults; but leave fine imagery and pure effuſions of natural imaginations to remain unobſerved. Many productions of real merit, in which the beauties have predominated over the imperfections, when judged by theſe rules, have been condemned as unworthy public inſpection. To thoſe, therefore, who are of that opinion, (which I myſelf *once* entertained) I take the liberty of recommending the following remark of Dr. Johnſon on thoſe critics who imagined that Shakeſpeare was deeply read in ancient authors, and, therefore, not only borrowed thoughts but even plots from *their* models.

"Some have imagined that they have "diſcovered deep learning in many imi"tations of old writers; but the examples "which I have known urged were drawn "from books tranſlated in his time; or "were ſuch eaſy coincidences of thought "as will happen to all, who conſider the "ſame ſubjects; or ſuch remarks on "life, or axioms of morality, as float "in converſation, and are tranſmitted "through the world in proverbial ſen"tences. I have found it remarked, that "in this important ſentence, *Go before, "I'll follow*, we read a tranſlation of "*I præ, ſequar*. I have been told, that "when Caliban, after a pleaſing dream, "ſays, *I cried to ſleep again*, the au"thor imitates Anacreon, who had, like "every other man, the ſame wiſh on the "ſame occaſion."—This applicati on is equally appoſite to the following authors.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

PHILODRAMATICUS.

Dean's Yard, Weſtminſter,
March 8, 1788.

SIMILAR PASSAGES.

But curſes ſtick not: could I kill with curſing? Venice Preſerv'd, Act II.

But what are curſes? curſes will not kill—
Alexander the Great, Act V.

Pax quæritur Bello.
Motto to the Commonwealth's Great Seal.

Yet ſought not fame but *peace* in fields of *blood*.
Prologue to Tamerlane.

From this auſpicious day the Parthian name
Shall date its birth of empire, and extend
Ev'n from the dawning Eaſt to *utmoſt Thule*,
The limits of its ſway.
Tamerlane, Act II, Scene 2.

That the Antients thought *Thule* was the extreme boundary of the world, or the north-weſt, appears from Virgil, Georg. I. line 30.

Tibi ſerviat *ultima Thule*.

There ſpoke at once the Hero and the Son.
Brothers, Act III.

How ſpoke a Hero, and how mov'd a God.
Slavery of Greece, *verſes in the Microcoſm.*

An analogy exiſts between the latter part of the preceding verſe and one of Mr. Broome's, in an epiſtle to Mr. Pope.

——and like a God he moves. Line 66.

By Heaven, you ſhall not ſtir.
Brothers, Act IV.

By Heaven, you ſtir not, I muſt be heard.
Venice Preſerv'd.

Speak of mercy,
Mercy, the darling attribute of Heaven.
Brothers, Act IV.

The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd:
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath, &c. &c.
The attribute to awe and majeſty, &c. &c.
It is an attribute to God himſelf.
Merchant of Venice.

An

I am Perſeus' Wife, &c.
Brothers, Act V.

An inſtance ſomewhat of this nature occurs in the Orphan, when Monimia acquaints Caſtalio that Polydore has enjoyed her under the character of Caſtalio.

Erixene.—Earth, open and receive me!
Demetrius.—Heaven ſtrike us dead!
Brothers, Act V.

Either Heaven with lightning ſtrike the murderer dead,
Or Earth gape open wide and eat him quick.
Richard III.

Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiſcat;
Vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras. Virgil, Æn. IV. 24.

— Τὸν μοι χανοι ευρεῖα χθων.
Hom. Il. IV. 182. & multis aliis locis.

Hear how with ſhouts they rend the ſkies.
Brothers, Act II.

——ferit æthera clamor.
Vir. Æn. V. 140, & ubique paſſim.

Cowards in ill, like Cowards in the field,
Are ſure to be defeated: to ſtrike home
In both is prudence. Guilt begun muſt fly
To guilt conſummate to be ſafe.
Brothers, Act III.

And guilt but ſerves to goad his tortur'd mind
To blacker crimes.
Grecian Daughter, Act IV.

- - - - - - - - - - But I am in
So far in blood, that ſin will pluck on ſin.
Richard III. Act IV. Scene 2.

Mr. Steevens in his Note on this paſſage ſays the ſame reflections occur in Macbeth.

- - - - - - - - - - I am in blood
Stepp'd in ſo far, that ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious, &c.

Again:

Things bad begun make ſtrong themſelves by ill.

Demetrius.—Even as an aged oak
Puſh'd to and fro, the labour of the ſtorm,
Whoſe largeſt branches are ſtruck off by thunder,
Yet ſtill he lives, and on the mountain groans,
Strong in affliction, awful from his wounds,
And more rever'd in ruin than in glory.
Brothers, Act III.

Ac veluti annoſo validam cum robore quercum
Alpini Boreæ, nunc hinc, nunc flatibus illinc
Eruere inter ſe certant; it ſtridor, & altè
Conſternunt terram concuſſo ſtipite fronde:
Ipſa hæret ſcopulis: & quantum vertice ad auras
Ætherias, tantum radice in tartara tendit.
Æn. IV. 441.

Guards there, ſeize the Prince—
The man you menace you ſhall learn to fear.
Brothers, Act IV.

—— nor he who threatens Edward.
You may repent it, Sir. My Guards there,
Seize this Traitor; convey him to the Tower;
There let him learn obedience.
Earl of Warwick.

My eyes are dry—Alas!
Quite parch'd—my lips—quite parch'd—they cling together.
Grecian Daughter, Act III.

The ſituation of a dying Man is beautifully deſcribed by Ovid in the ſixth Book of the Metamorphoſis, line 304.

In vultu color eſt ſine ſanguine: *lumina mœſtis*
Stant immota genis: nihil eſt in imagine vivi.
Ipſa quoque interius cum duro lingua palato
Congelat, et venæ deſiſtunt poſſe moveri.
Nec flecti cervix, nec brachia reddere geſtus,
Nec pes ire poteſt.

We fought thy life. I am by birth a Greek,
An open foe, in arms. I meant to ſlay
The foe of human kind.—With rival order
We took the field: one voice, one mind, one heart;
All leagued, all covenanted. In yon camp
Spirits there are who aim like us at glory.
Whene'er you ſally forth, whene'er the Greeks
Shall ſcale the walls, prepare thee to encounter
A like aſſault. By me the youth of Greece
Thus notify the war they mean to wage.
Grecian Daughter, Act III.

The reader, by comparing the preceding ſpeech with the following one of Mucius Scævola to King Porſenna, from Livy—but which (for the ſake of your unlatinized readers) I have rendered into Engliſh—will find a great ſimiliarity exiſting between them.

I am a Roman citizen—my name is Mucius—My intent was to have ſlain an enemy: nor am I leſs prepared to ſuffer that puniſhment you think proper, than I was to perpetrate the deed. A Roman's part is to act and ſuffer magnanimouſly. I am not the only perſon thus affected towards your perſon.—There are many candidates for this glorious act. If you chuſe to incur the hazard of endangering your perſon every hour, prepare: adverſaries are now at the very porch of your palace. All the young men of Rome are now your enemies: you have nothing to dread in the field: you alone are the object of their enmity. *Livy.*

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

REFLECTIONS on the ENGLISH DRAMA.

TRAGEDY.

IT has long been diſputed between the French and Engliſh Theatres, which of them has been moſt ſucceſsful in its advances towards perfection; and the inhabitants of either of theſe countries have ſeldom been willing to yield the palm to the other. The character moſt agitated in this controverſy has been that of Shakeſpeare. While the Engliſh have ſeen nothing in him but abſolute perfection; have almoſt imagined that his language and his figures have every where been eaſy and natural; and that the ſmalleſt thought of regularity would but have deformed his nobleſt productions; the French have too often ſeen in this illuſtrious poet nothing but a maſs of confuſion and extravagance. The truth is, that though there is ſcarcely any one of his pieces that does not frequently diſguſt us with forced conceits and unmeaning tumidity, or tire us with diſjointed ſcenes and uſeleſs digreſſion; yet was never poet ſo intimately acquainted with all the receſſes of human nature, did never man underſtand the genius of his fellows in ſo great variety, or ſo entirely loſe the idea of deſcription and narrative in the aſſumption of the perſon and adoption of the circumſtances of his characters. Accordingly, of all the poets that ever exiſted, his peculiarities are beſt deſcribed by the epithet *Dramatical*. And does not this ſeem to give him the palm in this ſpecies of compoſition?

What then is the value of regularity? It has long ſince been agreed, that that object which can be taken in by the eye at once, and of which the ſize and the nature are immediately perceived, impreſſes us moſt ſtrongly with the idea of magnificence. Beauty, by its very definition, conſiſts in ſymmetry and proportion; and when the unity of deſign is perfectly maintained, the full effect of the compoſition is preſerved, and nothing intervenes to turn the current of our paſſions. For theſe reaſons, perhaps, ſome of the nobleſt dramas of Racine would not be inferior in their effect as a Whole to thoſe of Shakeſpeare.

Racine is very much the poet of the heart. There was a gentleneſs in his perſonal character, as well as a richneſs in his imagination, that rendered the pathetic very congenial to him. His language is not merely tranſparent, it is ſweet and harmonious. It has a thouſand nameleſs graces; and it has a uniform dignity and ſweeping majeſty that has never been equalled. His characters are drawn with as much vigour as accuracy; and though in the pathetic he be moſt at home, there is a ſimplicity and elegance in his ſublime that renders it particularly ſplendid. He never fails beneath himſelf. He is the Virgil of the theatre. And ſhould we adventure to prefer dramatical to heroic poetry, this is to ſay, that he is greater than Virgil.

But I place Virgil, Shakeſpeare, Racine, and all the poets that ever exiſted, below Otway in this one attribute, the maſtery of the paſſions. It is impertinent to ſay, this is but one excellence. The writer who has reached the ſupremeſt pitch of an excellence ſo important as this, is certainly to be ranked in the very firſt claſs of poets.

The Orphan is not inferior to any production of human genius. When poor Monimia fills the theatre with her moan; when ſhe wears the countenance of diſtraction and deſpair, what eye is not ſwoln with tears? what breaſt does not burſt with ſighs? what ſoul is not frozen with horror? what heart does not crack with overwhelming grief?

But why did I apologize for Otway, as if the pathetic were his only excellence? His language, though unpruned by art, is rich and ſonorous. He can repreſent equally well the fire of ambition, the roughneſs of the ſoldier, and the honeſt inflexibility of one unhackneyed in the ways of men. Chamont, Caſtalio, and Polydore, though not all of them drawn very much at large, are yet drawn with juſtneſs and fire.

It is common to prefer Venice Preſerv'd even to the Orphan, and to conſider it as the chef d'œuvre of this writer. The mournful complaints of Belvidera are but a ſmall part of this work. Never was a character drawn with more richneſs of imagination, or that gave greater ſcope to the actor, than that of Jaffier. And if the part of Pierre be inferior to that of his friend, it would yet be ſufficient whereon to build the reputation of a meaner name.

One only remaining poet has riſen to great diſtinction in the Engliſh drama. It is Rowe. He has not indeed ſufficient boldneſs and originality of thinking for

that

that purpoſe, otherwiſe his ornamented and rhetorical ſtile would have better qualified him for the Epic walk. He is the very poet of eloquence. His verſification is particularly noble and harmonious. He poſſeſſes, however, no nice diſcrimination of paſſions, or accurate knowledge of the human heart. He always entrenches himſelf in generals. He continually ſacrifices paſſion and character to a beautiful ſimile or extraneous embelliſhment. While deſcription ſweeps along in all the pomp of words, nature and life ſleep. But theſe faults are chiefly conſpicuous in his meaner performances. In Tamerlane, a tragedy that has had its day, they are particularly diſguſting. In his two moſt admired productions, if he does not always ſhake them off, he riſes above them, and we loſe ſight of them in a conſtellation of the moſt vigorous beauties.

They are particularly excellent as being founded upon the ſtory of private and domeſtic woes, and ſo being equally directed to the heart of every ſpectator. The mind of mere ſenſibility is tired with the continual repetition of the diſtreſſes of kings and emperors, and loves to come home to thoſe ſcenes that are common to every claſs of humanity. For this reaſon the Fair Penitent is a tragedy equally if not more univerſally reliſhed than any of thoſe of the Engliſh Theatre. It has been complained of as a miſhomer; and certain it is that Caliſta excites but little comparatively of our pity. Her character, however, is drawn with conſiderable warmth of conception. And indeed the leading perſonages in general of this piece are painted with a much bolder pencil than Rowe in any other inſtance would ſeem to have been capable of. Lothario and Horatio are ſo much the characters of real life, that they ſeem even to entrench upon the higher ſpecies of comedy. The tenderneſs of Altamont has juſtly been cenſured by the common voice as partaking of the ſpiritleſs and the witol. The pathos of the play reſts entirely with Sciolto. Perhaps this perſonage may not be of the firſt rate. But I remember to have been ſo much ſtruck with it, in the performance of that maſter of every tender emotion of the ſoul, the incomparable Mr. Barry, that I am ſatisfied I ſhall never be able coolly to decide reſpecting it; or perfectly to ſeparate the merit of the poet and the actor. Jane Shore is uſually conſidered as the chef d'œuvre of Rowe. It may well admit of a queſtion; but upon the whole I give the palm to the Fair Penitent.

Shore certainly is, what Caliſta perhaps is not, a real penitent. Real penitence, eſpecially when the crime was ſurrounded with all temptation's magic, has the ſtrongeſt claim upon our compaſſion. And the meek repentance of Shore, put into the harmonious verſification of this writer, infallibly draws tears from every eye.

Dr. Johnſon, the monarch of the critic realm, has told us, that Alicia is a character of empty noiſe, without either natural paſſion, or real madneſs. This is ſurely to puſh the matter too far. It is to concentrate the characteriſtic defect of this poet into a charge againſt a ſingle picture. A thouſand times in the courſe of the tragedy, dramatic excellence is made to give place to epic deſcription, and more than epic amplification. In the mean time, were I to point out that perſonage of the drama in whoſe mouth are the greateſt number of admirable paſſages, I know not but it would be the very perſonage that has fallen ſo ſeverely under the critic laſh. No perſonage ever gave greater ſcope to the performer; and it is ſaid, that the nobleſt reputation of the immortal Cibber was founded upon this baſis, her Alicia. The great defect of this poem is its want of ſtory. It never racks the ſpectator with ſuſpence. It never agitates with any ſudden change of fortune. And the end is almoſt certainly foreſeen from the beginning. The misfortunes of maternal tenderneſs or of virtuous love, in the hands of a ſkilful painter, will agitate the ſoul even to phrenzy. In every diſtreſs, to be truly poetical, there ſhould be a mixture of the ſublime and the diſintereſted. In pitying ſuch a woe, we are ſoothed and elevated in the very moment in which we are melted. But the diſtreſs of Shore is entirely perſonal, which tends exceedingly to weaken its pathos. And then the diſtreſs of famine is pure ſinking and miſery, without one ſpring by which for the ſoul to recover its elaſticity; and borders too much upon the ſimple regions of pain, to be a proper ſubject for poetry. The writer probably felt ſomething of this, and has therefore endeavoured to complicate and expand the intereſt by introducing the character of the huſband. But he takes too little room in the canvas to be able to contribute much to remove the objection.

COMEDY.

COMEDY.

THE firſt writer that deſerves our notice, or indeed whoſe attempts in the comic line are almoſt at all remembered by us, is the immortal Shakeſpeare. The attention of this eagle genius was principally directed to the ſerious drama, and it is not by his comedies that his reputation is to be eſtimated. His happieſt production in this kind, the As You Like It, is almoſt entirely paſtoral, and therefore, though it certainly does not yield in beauty to any poem in the world, it does not properly fall under our preſent conſideration. His comic fame in its ſtricteſt ſenſe muſt indeed be wholly reſted upon theſe two performances, The Merry Wives of Windſor, and the Much Ado About Nothing. The former of theſe contains ſeveral excellent characters, and many ſtrokes of the trueſt humour; but its plot is cold and unintereſting. The idea of founding a drama upon the pranks by which a lecherous old man is puniſhed for ſo prepoſterous a taſte, is in itſelf ſufficiently barren; and it is rendered ſtill leſs intereſting by the regular declenſion of the pranks in point of ſpirit and invention. The affair of the buck-baſket, though it cannot boaſt much of what the French require under the term *bienſeance*, is infinitely ridiculous, and is very highly painted. But the Fairy ſcheme, with which the piece is concluded, is ſurely one of the moſt miſerable conceits that ever entered into the mind of man. The character of Falſtaff is certainly one of the happieſt pictures that ever graced the comic ſcene. But it is generally allowed to have been written with much more wit and ſpirit than here, in the piece in which it was originally introduced, the Firſt Part of King Henry IV.

The Much Ado, &c. is a moſt excellent and extraordinary performance. Comedy, and eſpecially genteel comedy, is juſtly conſidered as, of all the different ſpecies of poetry, that whoſe production is lateſt to be expected. It is very long ere the manners of any people are carried to their higheſt pitch of refinement. And till that time arrives, there are a thouſand delicacies incident to this ſpecies of compoſition, of which it is ſcarcely poſſible for the poet to have any idea. In the mean time we may challenge the world to produce a more ſpirited picture of high life than is contained in this comedy.

The reputation of Ben Jonſon has been very great, and has, in my opinion, much exceeded his merits. The characters chiefly preſented by this writer and his contemporaries, Beaumont and Fletcher, are ſo truly ſingular, and ſo much out of the road of our preſent manners, that, though in general very faintly ſketched, it is yet frequently poſſible for an actor of a vigorous conception, and great art of repreſentation, to make them highly entertaining. Hence it is that many pieces which appear inimitably tedious and dull in the cloſet, are great favourites upon the theatre. They reſemble a heap of dead bodies, the ſight of which in themſelves yields little more than ſimple pain and diſguſt. But a man who, like Fadhalla's derviſe in the Arabian Nights, poſſeſſes the ſecret of injecting his ſoul into them, can make them riſe upon their feet, and go hither and thither, to the amuſement and ſurpriſe of every ſpectator. The Silent Woman, however, muſt be excepted from this charge, and does indeed contain a very conſiderable portion of the *vis comica*.

But the firſt writer in this country who has entitled himſelf to a conſiderable degree of reputation, merely by the production of comedies, is Wicherley. He is indeed far from ſhaking off entirely the *veſtigia ruris*; and partly from the time in which he lived, and partly from his perſonal diſpoſition, his characters are univerſally marked with a particular harſhneſs and aggravation of feature. His Plain Dealer has certainly, however, great merit, and is ſuperior to almoſt all the comedies that had been produced in the Engliſh language before his time. As a proof of its extenſive reputation, it may be obſerved, that Voltaire has paid it the compliment of tranſlating it for the French theatre.

But the writer who has carried this ſpecies of compoſition to the higheſt perfection it has yet reached among us, is Congreve. His genius is rich and inexhauſtible. In the mean time, his comedies are diſfigured by a uniform obſcurity and complication of plot. His wit is ſcattered upon us with unlimited profuſion, and it is too often put indiſcriminately into the mouth of any of his perſonages, without a ſufficient regard to the truth of character. What Lord Dorſet is reported to have ſaid of Love for Love, may be adopted as well for blame as praiſe, That his pieces generally contain wit enough for ſeven comedies. The character, however, of Sir Sampſon Legend will not probably yield to any comic picture that

was ever produced. His laſt production, the Way of the World, is more chaſte in this reſpect than any of the reſt. And in ſpite of a few errors that cold penetration might diſcover in it, the more it is read, and the oftener it is ſeen, the more will it be admired.

The ſketches of Farquhar have much vigour and ſpirit; but he ſeems to have been of too indolent a turn ever to have produced a finiſhed work.

The ſame remark may with ſome accommodation be applied to Mr. Foote, who was one of the happieſt geniuſes in this line, that the preſent age has produced.

Thus far an impartial critic muſt acknowledge that we have produced no writer ſo accompliſhed as Moliere among the French. But there is an author, now living, who ſeems not to yield in point of abilities to any comic writer that ever exiſted. I need not ſay that I mean Mr. Sheridan. The Suſpicious Huſband of Hoadley is equal in merit to any comedy in the language; but unfortunately for his country, its author never produced another. Muſt we learn to tremble leſt this example ſhould be repeated among us? I have nothing to do with Mr. Sheridan's political purſuits. May their ſucceſs be equal to the greatneſs of his abilities and the integrity of his views! but I could wish him to remember one thing. The obſtacles are innumerable, if indeed they can at all be ſurmounted, in the way of his making a principal figure in the political world. In the line that he firſt chalked out to himſelf he may reign without a rival. And I remember Cæſar obſerved, as he paſſed among a few ſcattered cottages in Gaul, "I had "rather be the firſt man in this village, "than the ſecond man in Rome." T.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

If the following Remarks, which occurred on a peruſal of Mrs. PIOZZI's "Anecdotes of the late Dr. Samuel Johnſon," are worth your acceptance, you are heartily welcome to them.

P. 27. "I DID not reſpect my own mother, though I loved her; and one day, when in anger ſhe called me a puppy, I aſked her if ſhe knew what they called a puppy's mother."

This thought appears to have been adopted from Shakeſpeare's Timon of Athens, Act I. Sc. 1.

Poet. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: What's ſhe, if I be a dog?

P. 63. "I have read that the Siameſe ſent ambaſſadors to Louis Quatorze, but I never heard that the King of France thought it worth his while to ſend ambaſſadors from his court to that of Siam."

Dr. Robertſon might have humbled his antagoniſt, by informing him, that in the year 1685 Louis XIV. actually did ſend the Chevalier de Chaumont and the Abbé de Choiſy as his ambaſſadors to the King of Siam; and that the latter, and the Chevalier de Forbin, publiſhed relations of the voyage, &c.

P. 163. "Seu vir curas pia nupta mulcet,

"Seu fovet mater ſobolem benigna,

"Sive cum libris novitate paſcit

"Sedula mentem."

Theſe ideas occur in Ovid de Triſtibus, III. 7.

Aut illam invenies dulci cum matre ſedentem,

Aut inter libros, Pieridaſque ſuas.

Dr. Johnſon, however, ſeems indebted to Milton's amplification of the ſame images, in his fourth elegy:

Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte ſedentem,

Mulcentem gremio pignora parva tuo;

Forſitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum

Verſantem, aut veri biblia ſacra Dei.

P. 205. "When Mrs. Montague ſhewed him ſome China plates, which had once belonged to Queen Elizabeth, he told her, "that they had no reaſon to be aſhamed of their preſent poſſeſſor, who was ſo little inferior to their firſt."

This compliment is only a paraphraſe on Virgil, Æn. VI. v. 170. Miſenus had attended on Hector, and afterwards belonged to Æneas:—*Non inferiora ſecutus.*

P. 208. "Mr. Thomas Tyers ſaid, he

he was like the ghoſts, who never ſpeak till they are ſpoken to."

This compariſon was borrowed from Fielding's Tom Jones, Book XI. Chapter 2.—"The other who, like a ghoſt, only wanted to be ſpoke to, readily anſwered, &c.—"

The character of Tom Reſtleſs in the Idler, No. 48, was meant by Dr. Johnſon for Tom Tyers.

P. 210. "We muſt not ridicule a paſſion [Love] which he who never felt was never happy, and he who laughs at deſerves to feel;—a paſſion which has cauſed the change of empires, and the loſs of worlds;—a paſſion which has inſpired heroiſm, and ſubdued avarice."

Surely there is ſome contradiction between this ſentiment and another of the ſame author, in his Preface to Shakeſpeare, p. 6. Mr. Reed's edition.

"Love is only one of the many paſſions; and as it has no great influence on the ſum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a Poet who caught his ideas from a living world, and exhibited only what he ſaw before him."

And yet, perhaps, a third of the Plays of Shakeſpeare impoſe a flat negative on this laſt aſſertion of their editor.

P. 265. "Walking in a wood when it rained, was, I think, the only rural image he pleaſed his fancy with."

His partiality for this circumſtance perhaps was occaſioned by a paſſage in Milton, which is thus paraphraſed in his obſervations on the Penſoroſo of that great poet.——"When the morning comes, a morning gloomy with wind and rain, he [the penſive man] walks into the dark trackleſs woods."—Who, that was intimate with Dr. Johnſon, can expreſs ſurprize on finding him adopt an amuſement appropriated by Milton to *Il Penſoroſo?*

I am, Sir,
Your very humble ſervant, &c.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE infatuation ſo prevalent of late, reſpecting the Slave Trade, and the many arguments which have been uſed to make it appear in the moſt odious light, have induced me to hint a few remarks, that ſeem to have eſcaped the generality of its numerous enemies, who, led away by a miſtaken humanity, would ſacrifice every thing to a blind impulſe, without once conſidering the fatal conſequences that might too probably enſue on its ſuppreſſion. They have certainly carried on their endeavours with every degree of reſolution and perſeverance; and had they choſe a properer object, would have been entitled to much praiſe: but their humanity has no cauſe to be baulked. If they will look around them, they will find calamities and diſtreſſes ſufficient to exerciſe their bounty upon; and thoſe ſums they have gathered for the purpoſe of carrying on their favourite project, will be much more beneficially employed in relieving the wants of the honeſt, the laborious poor of our own country. But to proceed to the buſineſs. The Slaves purchaſed by the Captains of veſſels on the Coaſt of Guinea, are perſons who have forfeited their lives to the laws of their country, or elſe captives that are taken in their wars. In either caſe the life of the victim is preſerved. But it is argued, that the Slave Trade is the cauſe of thoſe wars among the natives; (if the cauſe is removed, I ſhould preſume the effect muſt likewiſe ceaſe) but will any one affirm this ſeriouſly? Let me aſk, Why do the European powers make war with each other? We are endowed with a greater portion of reaſon—we profeſs the Chriſtian religion — we have no market for our priſoners—and yet we may mangle and butcher each other in bloody and continued wars. And would it not be unjuſt that the native of Africa, who acts under the immediate impulſe of his paſſions, (uncumbed by either Reaſon or Religion) ſhould be debarred from the ſame privilege? Conſider the extent of country,—the many tribes that inhabit it; and if in the ſmall iſland of Otaheite two powers are continually at variance, is it reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that where they are ſo numerous, they are likely to live on amicable terms? Their wars would be more bloody, as all priſoners would be undoubtedly ſacrificed; but I will be bold enough to affirm that they would not be leſs frequent. The Captains of ſhips have been ſaid (as another argument) to treat the Slaves, while in their poſſeſſion, with the greateſt barbarity. Tales of this ſort, we may know from experience, never loſe any thing by the way. But let it be remembered (as an anſwer to this) that it is by no means

the

the Captain's intereſt to uſe them with *unneceſſary ſeverity*. I ſay unneceſſary, becauſe a ſtrict diſcipline is not to be diſpenſed with, and as we may be ſure they are not backward in uſing every means for the recovery of their liberty. This probably is the cauſe of moſt of the diſmal tales which are related of this trade; when neceſſity has compelled them to enforce obedience by acts that, to an indifferent reciter or hearer, might appear unjuſt and cruel. By the ſame reaſoning we are taught to believe, that the Planter who gives a great price for a Slave, uſes every means in his power, by his ſeverity and oppreſſion, to make an end of him as ſoon as he poſſibly can; or at leaſt he gives him up to thoſe who he is conſcious will do it for him. Is this credible? No, no more than that a man ſhould give a great ſum for a horſe, and then entruſt him with thoſe who he knows will ſoon diſable him. It is impoſſible, but that were they ever ſo inattentive to their concerns, the knowledge of any unmerited ſeverity committed by their ſervants, cannot be long hid from them; and whether it is their intereſt to tolerate them, I have endeavoured to ſhew. But the Planters are not, all, ſuch inattentive beings; there are among them men of as much humanity as there are in any other department, who treat their Slaves with almoſt as much tenderneſs as their children. After all, an Act might be made to regulate this buſineſs, which might have beneficial conſequences both to the Planter and Slave; and alſo to limit the Captains of ſhips from bringing more than a certain number at a time, proportionate to the ſize or burthen of their veſſels, and with which our humane countrymen muſt reſt contented. If we turn our eyes to a political view of the conſequences of its abolition, we ſhall find ample matter to ſhew the abſurdity of ſuch an attempt. When we conſider the preſent balance of power in Europe, and the increaſing ſtrength of our natural enemies, we may perceive that we are in no condition to give up the ſmalleſt advantage that might be any way beneficial to them: the conſequences might prove fatal to this nation; and the perſons who could adviſe ſuch a meaſure, may rank with the worſt of its enemies. I am rather of opinion, indeed, that French policy will be diſcovered at the bottom of all theſe humane proceedings.

It is well known what immenſe quantities of our manufactures are annually exported, what large returns are made from the Weſt-Indies, and, above all, what numbers of ſeamen are employed in it; at a moderate computation, 130 ſhips from different parts of England, and 5000 men! Should the abolition take place, what is to become of theſe? The conſequence is obvious: Rather than return home and ſtarve, or become an incumbrance on the nation, they would enter into the French ſervice, to obtain that bread they were denied at home—who we may be ſure would receive them with open arms;—it would be a moſt glorious acquiſition to them; and if a war ſhould ſoon break out between the two nations, they would prove of infinite ſervice; while their mother country, with this principal ſource and nurſery of hardy ſeamen entirely taken away, would doubly feel the loſs of every man.

I am, Sir, yours

B.

The VIEW *mentioned by this Writer will be acceptable.*

VIEW of a MOSQUE at MOUNHEER.

THE Town of Mounheer is ſituated on the banks of the river Soane, at about two miles from its conflux with the great Ganges. This View of a Moſque at Mounheer is in the centre of the town, at ſome ſmall diſtance from the river, and is famous for its beauty. It was built in the year 1617, in the reign of Shah Jehangier, the ſon of the Emperor Akbab, by a then Soubah of the Diſtrict, both as a mauſoleum for himſelf and family, as well as a moſque or religious houſe. In the various revolutions of property in this part of India from one hand to another, ſince the erecting of this building, that which was left for the repair and ſupport of this moſque is now loſt; and this building, like moſt in India, ruined by ſuperſtition, is falling rapidly into the duſt.

THE LONDON REVIEW; AND LITERARY JOURNAL.

Quid ſit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.

Leweſdon Hill, a Poem. Oxford: at the Clarendon Preſs. 1788.

THIS manly Poem is thus elegantly dedicated to a moſt reſpectable character:

To the
Right Reverend Father in God
JONATHAN
Lord Biſhop of St. Aſaph
Who in a learned free and liberal Age
Is himſelf moſt highly diſtinguiſhed
By extenſive uſeful and elegant learning
By a diſintereſted Support of Freedom
And by a truly Chriſtian Liberality of mind
THIS POEM
With all Reſpect is dedicated
By his Lordſhip's moſt obliged
And moſt obedient Servant
THE AUTHOR.

It is prefaced by the Poet by the following advertiſement:

'The Hill which gives title to the following Poem is ſituated in the weſtern part of Dorſetſhire. This choice of a ſubject, to which the Author was led by his reſidence near the ſpot, may ſeem perhaps to confine him to topics of mere rural and local deſcription. But he begs leave here to inform the reader, that he has advanced beyond thoſe narrow limits to ſomething more general and important. On the other hand he truſts, that in his fartheſt excurſions the connexion between him and his ſubject will eaſily be traced. The few notes which are ſubjoined he thought neceſſary to elucidate the paſſages where they are inſerted. He will only add in this place, from Hutchins's Hiſtory of Dorſetſhire, (Vol. I. p. 366.) what is there ſaid of Leweſdon (or, as it is now corruptly called, Lewſon): "This and Pilleſdon Hill "ſurmount all the hills, though very high, "between them and the ſea. Mariners "call them the *Cow and Calf*, in which "forms they are fancied to appear, being "eminent ſea-marks to thoſe who ſail upon "the coaſt."

'To the top of this Hill the Author deſcribes himſelf as walking on a May morning.'

Denham's COOPER'S HILL, that prolific parent of Poems where a Hill is the ſubject, has been praiſed for containing no thought or imagery but what may naturally be ſuppoſed to ariſe from the objects which ſurround the place where its author deſcribes himſelf as in contemplation. This praiſe, however, our preſent author does not claim, but "begs leave to inform the reader, that he has advanced beyond thoſe narrow limits to ſomething more general and important." In this we think him both commendable, and worthy to be followed. For the fact is, that when one climbs a Hill to indulge "the muſing mood," the Fancy, if it has any vigour at all, will naturally make moral excurſions, beyond "mere rural and local deſcription."

Some local deſcriptions, however, our author has given us; but he has not in theſe, as ſome others would and have done, been too laviſh, and laboured in the picturеſque. For his manner of deſcription, take the following:

From this proud eminence on all ſides round
Th' unbroken proſpect opens to my view;
On all ſides large; ſave only where the head
Of Pilleſdon riſes. Pilleſdon's lofty Pen:
So call (ſtill rendering to his ancient name
Obſervance due) that rival Height ſouth-weſt,
Which like a rampire bounds the vale beneath.
There woods, there blooming orchards, there are ſeen
Herds, ranging, or at reſt beneath the ſhade
Of ſome wide-branching oak; there goodly fields

Of

Of corn, and verdant paſture, whence the kine
Returning with their milky treaſure home
Store the rich dairy: ſuch fair plenty fills
The pleaſant vale of Marſhwood; pleaſant now,
Since that the Spring has deck'd anew the meads
With flowery veſture, and the warmer ſun
Their foggy moiſtneſs drain'd; in wintry days
Cold, vapouriſh, miry, wet, and to the flocks
Unfriendly, when autumnal rains begin
To drench the ſpungy turf: but ere that time
The careful ſhepherd moves to healthier ſoil,
Rechaſing, leſt his tender ewes ſhould coath*
In the dank paſturage. Yet not the fields
Of *Evesham*, nor that ample valley nam'd
Of the *White Horſe*, its antique monument
Carv'd in the chalky bourne, for beauty and wealth
Might equal, though ſurpaſſing in extent,
This fertile vale; in length from Lewesdon's baſe
Extended to the ſea, and water'd well
By many a rill; but chief with thy clear ſtream,
Thou nameleſs rivulet, who from the ſide
Of Lewesdon ſoftly welling forth, doſt trip
Adown the valley, wandering ſportively.
Alas, how ſoon thy little courſe will end!
How ſoon thy infant ſtream ſhall loſe itſelf
In the ſalt maſs of waters, ere it grow
To name or greatneſs! Yet it flows along
Untainted with the commerce of the world,
Nor paſſing by the noiſy haunts of men;
But through ſequeſter'd meads, a little ſpace,
Winds ſecretly, and in its wanton path
May cheer ſome drooping flower, or miniſter
Of its cool water to the thirſty lamb:
Then falls into the ravenous ſea, as pure
As when it iſſued from its native hill.

But though pious and moral reflections, and warm ſentiments in favour of Liberty, form the moſt prominent and intereſting features of this elegant and ſpirited Poem, our author has the art to make them as moſtly reſulting from the local objects before him.

The "nameleſs rivulet," ſo beautifully apoſtrophiſed in the above lines, leads our author to the death of a child, moſt probably a near relation.

So to thine early grave didſt thou run on,
Spotleſs Franceſca, ſo, after ſhort courſe,
Thine innocent and playful infancy
Was ſwallow'd up in death, and thy pure ſpirit
In that illimitable gulph which bounds
Our mortal continent. But not there loſt,
Not there extinguiſh'd, as ſome falſely teach,
Who can talk much and learnedly of life,
Who know our frame and faſhion, who can tell
The ſubſtance and the properties of man,
As they had ſeen him made; aye and ſtood by
Spies on Heav'n's work. They alſo can diſcourſe
Wiſely, to prove that what muſt be muſt be,
And ſhew how thoughts are jogg'd out of the brain
By a mechanical impulſe; puſhing on
The minds of us, poor unaccountables,
To fatal reſolution. Know they not,
That in this mortal life, whate'er it be,
We take the path that leads to good or evil,
And therein find our bliſs or miſery?
And this includes all reaſonable ends
Of knowledge or of being; farther to go
Is toil unprofitable, and th' effect
Moſt perilous wandering. Yet of this be ſure;
Where Freedom is not, there no Virtue is:
If there be none, this world is all a cheat,
And the divine ſtability of Heaven
(That aſſured ſeat for good men after death)
Is but a tranſient cloud; diſplay'd ſo fair
To cheriſh virtuous hope, but at our need
Eludes the ſenſe, and fools our honeſt faith,
Vaniſhing in a lie. If this be ſo,
Were it not better to be born a beaſt,
Only to feel what is, and thus to ſcape
The aguiſh fear that ſhakes the afflicted breaſt,
With ſore anxiety of what ſhall be;
And all for nought? ſince our moſt wicked act
Is not our ſin, and our religious awe
Deluſion; if that ſtrong Neceſſity
Chains up our will. But that the mind is free,
The Mind herſelf, beſt judge of her own ſtate,
Is feelingly convinced; nor to be moved
By ſubtle words, that may perplex the head,
But ne'er perſuade the heart. Vain argument,

* 'To *coath*, Skinner ſays, is a word common in Lincolnſhire; and ſignifies, to *faint*. He derives it from the Anglo-Saxon, CODE, a *diſeaſe*. In Dorſetſhire it is in common uſe, but is uſed of ſheep only: a *coathed* ſheep is a *rotten* ſheep; to *coath* is to *take the rot*. *Rechaſing* is alſo a term in that country appropriated to flocks: *to chaſe and rechaſe* is to drive ſheep at certain times from one ſort of ground to another, or from one pariſh to another.'

That with falſe weapons of Philoſophy
Fights againſt Hope, and Senſe, and Nature's ſtrength!

The alluſion of the death of a promiſing child to that of a pure *infant ſtream* almoſt immediately loſt in the "ſalt maſs of waters," is, we believe, new, and as ſtrikingly poetical as it is affecting and tender. The philoſophical reflections which naturally follow are manly, and are, with the following lines, greatly ſuperior, in point of energetic reaſoning, to the diffuſe manner of the Night Thoughts of Dr. Young.

Above the noiſe and ſtir of yonder fields
Uplifted, on this height I feel the mind
Expand itſelf in wider liberty.
The diſtant ſounds break gently on my ſenſe,
Soothing to meditation: ſo methinks,
Even ſo, ſequeſter'd from the noiſy world,
Could I wear out this tranſitory being
In peaceful contemplation and calm eaſe.
But conſcience, which ſtill cenſures on our acts,
That awful voice within us, and the ſenſe
Of an hereafter, wake and rouſe us up
From ſuch unſhap'd retirement; which were elſe
A bleſt condition on this earthy ſtage.
For who would make his life a life of toil
For wealth, o'erbalanc'd with a thouſand cares;
Or power, which baſe compliance muſt uphold;
Or honour, laviſh'd moſt on courtly ſlaves;
Or fame, vain breath of a miſjudging world;
Who for ſuch periſhable gaudes would put
A yoke upon his free unbroken ſpirit,
And gall himſelf with trammels and the rubs
Of this world's buſineſs; ſo he might ſtand clear
Of judgment and the tax of idleneſs
In that dread audit, when his mortal hours
(Which now with ſoft and ſilent ſtealth pace by)
Muſt all be counted for? But, for this fear,
And to remove, according to our power,
The wants and evils of our brother's ſtate,
'Tis meet we juſtle with the world; content,
If by our ſovereign Maſter we be found
At laſt not profitleſs: for worldly meed,
Given or with-held, I deem of it alike.

In both the above paſſages, it is evident that *Hamlet*'s celebrated ſoliloquy has been cloſe under our author's eye, though he has not fallen into ſervile imitation. The *fry* of inſect critics are ever on the watch to find a moſt diſtant reſemblance between a former and a later writer, and paſs their confident ſentence, as if the later one neither would nor could have written ſo, if the former had not led the way; which is juſt as good as to aſſert, that a man cannot have a *ſerious* thought riſing in his own breaſt, becauſe *Confucius* or ſome other philoſopher thought *ſeriouſly* before him. There are ſentiments and reaſonings common to all men. A roſe is a roſe, a tree is a tree, and a ſtream a ſtream, in all ages; and he is the true poet who can place both ſentiment and the beauties of nature in the moſt forcible and pleaſing views, which, with all their ſameneſs with former poets, *may* bear no mark of *ſervile* imitation. He were a fooliſh painter who would draw roſes as blue and black, becauſe others had deſcribed thoſe flowers as red and white. But our ſpirited author has another ſort of imitation of which we cannot approve: we mean his frequent uſe of eliſion, after the manner of Milton; and alſo his freedom of adopting phraſes, and in a manner paraphraſing whole paſſages from that great poet. Even in Milton, a poet of the laſt century, the eliſion is a blemiſh; it cannot, therefore, be a beauty in a poem of the preſent day. When we read in our author ſuch paſſages as theſe,

——————— homeward bound
From Havre or the Norman iſles—

and,

——————— in fields of blood
Hail'd victors, thence renown'd, and call'd on earth
Kings, heroes, demigods; but in high heaven
Thieves, ruffians, murderers——

Milton comes rather too full on our eye; nor are theſe the only paſſages in our poet liable to this objection.

The following animated lines muſt pleaſe every reader of manly and true claſſical taſte:

——————— Half way up,
Or nearer to the top, behold a cot,
O'er which the branchy trees, thoſe ſycamores,
Wave gently: at their roots a ruſtic bench
Invites to ſhort refreſhment, and to taſte
What grateful beverage the houſe may yield
After fatigue, or duſty heat; thence call'd
The *Traveller's Reſt*. Welcome, embower'd ſeat,
Friendly repoſe to the ſlow paſſenger
Aſcending, ere he takes his ſultry way
Along th' interminable road, ſtretch'd out
Over th' unſhelter'd down; or when at laſt
He has that hard and ſolitary path
Meaſured by painful ſteps. And bleſt are they,
Who in life's toilſome journey may make pauſe
After a march of glory: yet not ſuch

As riſe in cauſeleſs war, troubling the world
By their mad quarrel, and in fields of blood
Hail'd victors, thence renown'd, and call'd on earth
Kings, heroes, demi-gods, but in high Heaven
Thieves, ruffians, murderers; theſe find no repoſe.
Thee rather, patriot Conqueror, to thee
Belongs ſuch reſt: who in the weſtern world,
Thine own deliver'd country, for thyſelf
Haſt planted an immortal grove, and there,
Upon the glorious mount of Liberty
Repoſing, ſit'ſt beneath the palmy ſhade.
And thou, not leſs renown'd in like attempt
Of high atchievement, though thy virtue fail'd
To ſave thy little country, Patriot Prince,
Hero, Philoſopher, (what more could they
Who wiſely choſe thee, PAOLI, to bleſs
Thy native iſle, long ſtruggling to be free?
But Heaven allow'd not) yet may'ſt thou repoſe
After thy glorious toil, ſecure of fame
Well-earn'd by virtue: while ambitious France,
Who ſtretch'd her lawleſs hand to ſeize thine iſle,
Enjoys not reſt or glory; with her prey
Gorged but not ſatisfied, and craving ſtill
Againſt th' intent of Nature.

Ancient and modern bards have long vied with each other in their deſcriptions of Morning and Evening; and next to theſe perhaps *Time* has been moſt often perſonified in poetry. Our manly and genuine bard, however, has added both vigour and novelty to this ſubject. With the following beautiful lines we ſhall conclude our remarks on this truly claſſical Poem; a Poem, on the whole, moſt nobly different from the light and trivial favourites of the preſent day.

How is it vaniſh'd in a haſty ſpleen,
The Tor of Glaſtonbury! Even but now
I ſaw the hoary pile creſting the top
Of that north-weſtern hill; and in this Now
A cloud hath paſt on it, and its dim bulk
Becomes annihilate, or if not, a ſpot
Which the ſtrain'd viſion tires itſelf to find.
And even ſo fares it with the things of earth
Which ſeem moſt conſtant: there will come the cloud
That ſhall infold them up, and leave their place
A ſeat for emptineſs. Our narrow ken
Reaches too far, when all that we behold
Is but the havoc of wide-waſting Time,
Or what he ſoon ſhall ſpoil. His out-ſpread wings
(Which bear him like an eagle o'er the earth)
Are plumed in front ſo downy ſoft they ſeem
To ſoſter what they touch, and mortal fools
Rejoice beneath their hovering: woe the while!
For in that indefatigable flight
The multitudinous ſtrokes inceſſantly
Bruiſe all beneath their cope, and mark on all
His ſecret injury; on the front of man
Gray hairs and wrinkles: ſtill as Time ſpeeds on
Hard and more hard his iron pennons beat
With ceaſeleſs violence; nor overpaſs,
Till all the creatures of this nether world
Are one wide quarry: following dark behind,
The cormorant Oblivion ſwallows up
The carcaſſes that Time has made his prey.

Memoirs of the late War in Aſia, with a Narrative of the Impriſonment and Sufferings of our Officers and Soldiers. By an Officer of Colonel Baillie's Detachment. 2 Vols. 8vo. Murray, 1788.

THE object of theſe volumes is explained by the writer of them in an addreſs to the reader. "The relations "already publiſhed of the late military "tranſactions in India, compiled chiefly "from Gazettes, are too partial to give "an adequate idea of the ſkill and exertions of our opponents, and too "general to record the merit and the "fate of individuals in our own fleets "and armies. It is the object of "theſe Memoirs, at the ſame time that "they illuſtrate the connection of military affairs with politics, the nature "and the relations of different actions "to one another, and the general reſult "of the war, to deſcribe not only our "own, but the valour and addreſs of "our enemies, and to particulariſe the "merits and the hardſhips of our "countrymen, and others in our ſervice; "for the promotion of their intereſt, if "they have ſurvived their ſufferings; "for perpetuating their names, if they "have not; and in both caſes for the "ſatisfaction or conſolation of their "anxious relations and friends."

Nor is it to theſe only, as the author obſerves, that the fate of men diſtinguiſhed by merit, or ſuffering, or both, will

will be intereſting. "All mankind naturally enter by ſympathy into the "ſituation of one another, but particularly into that of the generous, the "brave, and the unfortunate. The particulars relating to our officers and ſoldiers, who fell at different times into "the hands of Hyder-Ally-Khan, and "Tippo Sultan Bahander, communicated "by certain of thoſe ſufferers, and for "the moſt part by one gentleman who "perſevered in the midſt of the utmoſt "danger in keeping a journal of what "paſſed from day to day in the principal "priſon of Seringapatam, impreſs the "mind with all the force of a deep tragedy :—a tragedy continued by too "perfect an unity of time and place, and "of *ſuffering* if not of *action*, for the "ſpace of near four years; while Death, "according to the image of our great "claſſical poet, ſhook his dart over their "heads, but delayed to ſtrike."

The writer of the Memoirs alſo hints at ſundry important inſtances, in which the very particular and circumſtantial narrative of the captivity and ſufferings of our men that the memorandums and converſation of different officers have enabled him to preſent to the public, open intereſting views of the moral œconomy of human nature. As natural convulſions, ſays he, diſcover the ſudden ſtrata of the earth and ocean, ſo violent moral ſituations tear up and diſplay the paſſions and powers of the human ſoul. The ſenſibility of our captive countrymen was powerfully excited, and the energy of their minds called forth in moſt ingenious contrivances to beguile the languor of inoccupation, to ſupply conveniences and comforts, and, on ſome occaſions, to elude ſudden aſſaſſination. In the priſons on the coaſt of Malabar, particularly that of Seringapatam, we ſee the condition of human nature, as it were, inverted. Man, with unbounded liberty, and the world for materials, becomes acquainted with the qualities and relations of things, and advances in the arts by ſlow degrees. Our countrymen, and others who followed their fortune, immured in a narrow priſon, with a very limited command of inſtrumentality and matter, ſupplied the deficiency of theſe by knowledge and invention. The ſtrength of their ſympathy with one another; the natural connection between ſtrong paſſion and poetry; the longing of the circumcised ſlave-boys to join their countrymen, tho' in bonds and in danger of death; that ſudden impatience under confinement, and vehement deſire of liberty, which ſeized on the minds of all the priſoners, on the certain and near proſpect of a releaſe; the excitement of their joy, incapable of compoſure, and carried to painful exceſs; the impreſſion that was made on their minds, after ſo long a confinement in the gloomy jail, by external objects, and the fair face of nature; theſe, with other intereſting circumſtances and conſiderations, juſtify the publication of a narrative, which, tho' it be very particular and minute, is nevertheleſs intereſting throughout. The moſt trivial facts and circumſtances derive an intereſt from their relation to perſons in whom we are concerned, and in whom they were not indifferent.

With regard to the matter, then, of the Memoirs of the Late War in Aſia, it may be affirmed without danger of contradiction, that it is in the higheſt degree important and intereſting. An hundred thouſand men employed in daring enterprizes or courageous defence, in different parts of Hindoſtan, on the ſide of the Engliſh, unſupported by a ſingle ally; theſe oppoſed to almoſt all the powers of India, encouraged by ſuccours from France, and contending often with ſucceſs, but always with glory againſt Aſiatic ſubtlety, and numbers confirmed in no ſmall degree by European diſcipline and inſtruments of war; form a ſcene the moſt ſplendid that can well exiſt. The prize is the preponderating dominion in India, the richeſt and the moſt venerable country in the world. Courage, genius, and the pomp of war are diſplayed on either ſide in the difficult conteſt. The ocean which divides the Indian nations from Britain and France, unites their arms; and while ſquadron after ſquadron from Europe brings freſh ſupplies of men and warlike ſtores to the numerous bands of Aſia, fleets co-operate with armies in all the various attempts and ſtratagems of war, and bring forward into important action the valour, the abilities, and the reſources of the two greateſt nations in the world.

The moſt prominent feature in this range of matter, the difficulties with which Great Britain was forced to contend in the Eaſt, and the means by which ſhe ſurmounted them, is the great bond by which the writer of the Memoirs has given an unity of deſign to his compoſition, and by which he paſſes by eaſy tranſitions from one ſcene of action to another;

another: and while he purſues this courſe, he is at pains to ſhew all the reſources of Britain on the one hand, and the means by which Europeans were, and may be oppoſed by Aſiatic enemies on the other.

Manners, characters, cuſtoms, opinions, and political intereſts and intrigues, fill up the interſtices between the great outlines of treaties and of actions, and give variety and relief to details which would otherwiſe be ſomewhat dry and barren. The author has been enabled, by communications and intercourſe, not only with Engliſh officers, but certain gentlemen in the French regiments in the ſervice of Hyder Ally, to bring to light a great number of facts highly intereſting and important. And he has been faithful to his deſign, of ſpecifying the merit and the ſuffering of individuals, and of relating the valour and addreſs of our enemies, as well as thoſe of our friends and countrymen. While the difficulties with which the Engliſh had to ſtruggle, and the means by which they ſurmounted them, form the general chain of aſſociation among the facts that enter into the Memoirs, the end or upper link of that chain is Mr. Haſtings. His great mind is the centre, around which other agents appear in action. He, amidſt the changes, the confuſion, and the alarms of war, rides in the whirlwind, and directs the ſtorm.

Having ſtated the troubles of Great Britain in 1780, and traced them, without the leaſt regard to the favour or frown of any, to errors and miſconduct in all parties, our author proceeds to give an account of the country, the manners, the hiſtory and the reſources of the Marrattas, the moſt powerful of the aſſociates that had entered into a confederate war againſt the Engliſh. He goes over the firſt and the ſecond Marratta war with a clearneſs that ſhews a full comprehenſion of the ſubject. He gives an account of the ſucceſsful expedition, and of the political as well as military talents of General Goddard. The exertions of Major Abington at Tellicherry are alſo particularly deſcribed: "Had a detachment, the author obſerves, "been formed in Gohud, previouſly to "the reduction of Gualior by Major "Popham, as General Goddard had re"peatedly adviſed, and Mr. Haſtings "had propoſed in the Supreme Council, "a diverſion of the troops under Scin"diah from Guzzarat, might have been "effected by an invaſion of the province "of Malva, and the chiefs with whom "we contended, reduced to the neceſſity "of accepting terms of accommodation. "But this opportunity of humbling the "Marrattas being loſt, their hoſtility to "our countrymen was confirmed by the "ſucceſſes of Hyder Ally's arms in the "Carnatic; and the exertions of Mr. "Haſtings were called from ſucceſſes "which he had not been permitted to "improve, to the reparation of misfor"tunes which he had not occaſioned."

This leads the writer to the hiſtory of the war with Hyder-Ally-Cawn. As this extraordinary perſonage and his ſon Tippoo Saib have rendered themſelves intereſting objects to the Engliſh nation, the reader will perhaps be entertained by the following extract.

Hyder-Ally-Cawn was regent of the kingdom of Myſore, a dignity to which he had raiſed himſelf by abilities and by crimes; by valour and policy in arms, by intrigue, by treachery, and by blood. He was the ſon of a Mahommedan ſoldier of fortune, who commanded a fort on the confines of Myſore, and followed, of courſe, the profeſſion of arms. When he firſt entered into the Rajah of Myſore's ſervice, he was diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Hyder Naig*, or *Corporal Hyder*. He roſe by degrees to the command of the Rajah's army; and, on the death of that Prince, he ſeized the reins of government, under the title of Guardian to the young prince, whom he confined in Seringapatam, together with the whole royal family; exhibiting them only at certain ſtated ſeaſons, in order to ſoothe and pleaſe the people. He poſſeſſed great vigour of body and mind: but his manners were ſavage and cruel; and he frequently inflamed the natural ferocity of his temper by intoxication. Like many other chiefs in India, with whom it is not accounted any diſgrace to be ignorant of letters, he could not either read or write; ſo that he was obliged to make uſe of interpreters and ſecretaries. The method he contrived for aſcertaining whether his interpreters made faithful reports of the letters they read, and if his ſecretaries expreſſed in writing the full and the preciſe meaning of what he communicated, diſplays, at once, that ſuſpicion which was natural to his ſituation, and that ſubtlety which belonged to his nature. He confined three different interpreters in ſeparate apartments, who made their reſpective reports in their turns. If all the three ſhould make different reports, then he would puniſh them by a cruel death. If two ſhould coincide in their report, and one differ from theſe two, then that one would ſuffer death. But the interpreters, knowing their fate if they ſhould

ſhould depart in one ſingle inſtance from the truth, explained, as might be expected, the letters committed to their inſpection with the utmoſt fidelity. As to the method by which he diſcovered whether his amanuenſes were faithful or no, he placed three of them, in like manner, in three ſeparate places of confinement, and to each of them apart he dictated his orders. Their manuſcripts he put into the hands of any of thoſe that were about him who could read, from whom he learned whether his clerks had faithfully expreſſed his meaning. When he paſſed ſentence of death, he was on ſome occaſions, like the Dey of Algiers and other barbarian deſpots, himſelf the executioner: for though he affected to conſider his army as his guards, he well knew that he reigned in their hearts not from love, but fear, mixed indeed with an admiration of his ſingular addreſs and intrepidity. The force of this man's mind, ſuch is the advantage of nature over art! burſt through the prejudices of education and the reſtraints of habit, and opened his mind to whatever European improvements he deemed the moſt fitted to ſecure his government, to extend his empire, and to render his name immortal. He invited and encouraged every uſeful and ingenious manufacturer and artiſan to ſettle in his dominions; he introduced the European diſcipline in his army; and laboured, not altogether without ſucceſs, for the formation of dock-yards, and the eſtabliſhment of a navy.

At the ſame time that he was ſublime in his views, he was capable of all that minute attention which was neceſſary for their accompliſhment. His ends were great; his means prudent. A regular œconomy ſupplied a ſource of liberality, which he never failed to exerciſe, whenever an object, which he could render in any ſhape ſubſervient to his ambition, ſolicited his bounty. He rewarded merit of every kind, but he was particularly munificent to all who could bring important intelligence. He had his eyes open on the movements of his neighbours, as well as on every part, and almoſt on every perſon within his dominions.—Hence he knew where to anticipate hoſtile deſigns, and where to take advantages; where to impoſe contributions without drying up the ſprings of induſtry; and where to find the moſt proper inſtruments for his purpoſes, whether of policy or war. He inſpected, in perſon, every horſeman or Sepoy that offered himſelf to his ſervice; but with every officer of any note, he was intimately acquainted. He made a regular diſtribution of his time: and, although he ſacrificed to the pleaſures of life, as well as to the pomp of ſtate, in buſineſs he was equally deciſive and perſevering.

With regard to the perſon of Hyder's Ally, for every circumſtance relating to ſo diſtinguiſhed a character becomes intereſting, he was of a middling ſtature, inclined to corpulency, his viſage quite black, the traits of his countenance manly, bold, and expreſſive; and, as he looked himſelf with a keen and piercing eye into every human face that approached him, ſo he judged of men very much from their phyſiognomy, connecting in his imagination a baſhful, timid, and wandering eye, with internal conſciouſneſs of guilty actions, or pravity of intention; but a bold and undaunted look, on the other hand, with conſcious innocence and integrity.

With ſuch qualities, and by ſuch arts as theſe, Hyder-Ally-Cawn raiſed a ſmall ſtate into a powerful empire; and converted into a race of warriors, an obſcure, peaceable, and timid people. By alluring to his ſtandard military adventurers, of all nations and tribes, but chiefly Europeans, whenever it was in his power, and by training through their means his Myſorean ſubjects to the uſe of arms, he extended his dominions, which were bounded on the eaſt and the ſouth by the Carnatic, and the plains of Combitore, and on the weſt and north by the Malabar regions, and the country of Ghutta and Bednore, acroſs the peninſula to the territories of Palnaud and Gunjam, on the coaſt of Coromandel, and on the Malabar ſea as far north as Goa.

The population of Hyder's dominions has not been calculated on any principles, by which it could be aſcertained with any tolerable preciſion. It is computed, that he could raiſe an army of three hundred thouſand men, and that his annual revenue was not leſs than five millions of Britiſh pounds. Emboldened by internal proſperity, as well as continued ſucceſſes in the field, Hyder ventured to encounter not only the Marrattas, but the Engliſh; his wars with whom, though not ſo productive of advantage and triumph as his conteſts with other Indian powers of inferior conſequence, yet improved him in the art of war, and nouriſhed in his breaſt a paſſion for conqueſt.

Of the military ſpirit and abilities of Tippoo Saib, the reader will be enabled to form ſome eſtimate from the ſubſequent quotation.

In the year 1780, Hyder, influenced by the repreſentations, and encouraged by the hopes of military ſuccours from the French, was not unwilling to avail himſelf of the ſcattered ſtate of the Company's troops, the reduction of the Nabob of Arcot's army, and the impoveriſhed ſtate of his finances and country, in order to gratify his inveterate reſentment againſt the Nabob, revenge former hoſti-

hoſtilities and infractions of treaties, and recent injuries as well as acts of contempt on the part of the Preſidency of Madras. But ſtill there was room for heſitation.

The Engliſh government in India, inſtead of ſhrinking from the dangers of war, had attacked the French among their other enemies in that quarter, even before hoſtilities, though announced, had actually commenced in Europe. Chandernagore had yielded to the Engliſh arms in Bengal; Mahee on the coaſt of Malabar; and Pondicherry, notwithſtanding the exertions of Mr. Bellecombe, in the Carnatic. The ſhips of the French were ſeized, and their fleet, under Monſ. de Tronjolly, put to flight by the Britiſh ſquadron commanded by Sir Edward Vernon. The diſgrace at Worgaum had been effaced by ſubſequent ſucceſſes, and the Engliſh name was yet an object of dread to moſt nations in India.

In ſuch circumſtances as theſe, Hyder-Ally, whoſe characteriſtical caution, it may reaſonably be preſumed, was not diminiſhed by his advancement in years, was divided between doubt and inclination. But in this ſtate of mind he liſtened with fond partiality and pride to the conſtant ſuggeſtions of his eldeſt ſon Tippoo, into whoſe breaſt Hyder had inſpired an early love of glory, and hatred of the Engliſh. The ardour of this youth, who had aſſumed the title of Warrior, re-acted with energy and with ſucceſs on the ſoil from whence it originally ſprung, and reſtored the vigour of fading nature.——Prudence was quickened by courage, and courage was tempered with prudence.——Whether the quadruple alliance, mentioned above, was firſt propoſed by Nizam-Ally-Cawn, Soubah of the Deccan, as has been here ſtated, on that prince's own authority, or that it originated, as has been affirmed by others, in the court of Hyder-Ally; certain it is, that a negociation for that purpoſe began to be carried on ſo early as the ſiege of Pondicherry. At this time it was generally believed throughout India, that Hyder meditated an attack on the Carnatic. But that political warrior ſuſpended the execution of his deſign until a treaty was framed and ratified, by which, at the ſame time that he ſhould invade the Carnatic, the Nizam ſhould attack the northern Circars: Mooſtajee Booſſah, Bengal; and the Marrattas, commanded by Madajee Scindiah and Tukajee Holkar, continue the war againſt the Engliſh.

In the month of May 1779, an invaſion of the Carnatic was determined, and, at Hyder's Durbar, became the ſubject of common converſation. An army was aſſembled in June 1780, horſe and foot, to the number, as has been computed, of an hundred thouſand. Hyder now made no ſecret of their deſtination, but endeavoured to inſpire into the breaſts of his officers and ſoldiers the ſame vengeance which fired his own breaſt: he talked of the pride and the perfidy of the Engliſh, expatiated on the diſſentions by which they were torn, and the dangers with which they were threatened, and vowed that againſt the next monſoon there ſhould not be a white face in the Carnatic. Breathing ſuch ſentiments, and uſing ſuch expreſſions as theſe, he moved onward, with his troops, to the Ghauts, or Paſſes, that open a communication, on either hand, between the high lands that divide the peninſula of Hindoſtan and the Low Countries, here and there indenting the hills on the courſes of great rivers, and expanded and united in vaſt plains towards the ocean.—The boundary by which nature had marked the land, recalled to the mind of Hyder all the dangers attending an expedition into the country of ſuch an enemy as the Engliſh. He halted for ſeveral days, and held frequent councils with his chiefs, or cawns, in which he deliberated whether he ſhould enter the Carnatic now, or wait till another ſeaſon, when he ſhould be ſtrengthened by additional forces from France. The chiefs attempted to diſſuade him from war at that time, mixing with the concluſions of reaſon many ſentiments of ſuperſtition. But Tippoo Saib conſtantly urged, in this military ſenate, the ſpirit of the troops, the courage that animates offenſive operations, the advantages of ſurprize, the defenceleſs ſtate of the Carnatic, the difficulties which the Engliſh would find in aſſembling their army, the power of the Marrattas and their other allies, and the obligation of a ſacred treaty. With regard to the ſuccours promiſed and expected from France, that advantage would, in all probability, be balanced by ſuccours ſent from Great Britain to the Engliſh. That there was difficulty and danger in the paths they were about to tread, he readily allowed; "But when," he aſked, "were they to wage war with their ene-"mies if they avoided danger?" At this ſentiment, expreſſed by Tippoo with a noble and faſcinating air, which touched every heart, and tranſfuſed his ardent zeal into the minds of all who ſaw and heard him, Hyder embraced his ſon with tears of joy, in the preſence of the whole aſſembly. He now ordered the laſt letters which he had received from his Vakeel at Madras to be read aloud in the hearing of his chiefs and principal officers, in which he confirmed, with many additional circumſtances, what he had before reported: the diſcordant ſentiments that prevailed among the Engliſh, the rapacity of

their diſpoſitions, the ſelfiſhneſs of their views, their unconcern about the public welfare, their diſregard to military preparation, an their boaſts that Hyder-Ally durſt not ſo much as meditate an invaſion of the Carnatic. All were unanimous that the troops ſhould proceed.'

(To be continued.)

The Conqueſt of Canäan. A Poem. By Timothy Dwight. 1785. 12mo.

(*Concluded from p.* 178.)

THE Second Book opens with an aſſembly of the Gibeonites met to worſhip the Sun, in which Mina, a virgin, refuſes to join. *(See the Argument in our laſt.)* This Book concludes with the following lines:

' The monarch ſpoke; and o'er the circling throng
Bright ſmiles broke forth, and pleas'd applauſes rung;
A beauteous ſemblance of the fields around,
Starr'd with young flowers, and with gay verdure crown'd,
Where airy ſongs, ſoft proof of raptur'd love,
Wav'd on the gale, and echo'd thro' the grove;
While the clear ſun, rejoicing ſtill to riſe,
In pomp roll'd round immeaſurable ſkies.'

Here again is ſtrange confuſion of idea and language. In proſe it is exactly thus: *Bright ſmiles and pleaſed applauſes broke forth from the circling throng; a beauteous* ſemblance *of the fields*, ſtarred with young flowers, *and crowned with gay verdure, where* (alias, among which) airy ſongs, the ſoft proofs of raptured love, *waved on the gale, and echoed through the grove, while the clear ſun*, &c.—

Indeed, indeed, Mr. Dwight, ſuch jumble will never paſs for poetry on this ſide of the Atlantic.

The Third Book opens with deſcribing various characters. The converſation of the two lovers, *Irad* and *Selima*, on the juſtice of the war, deſerves particular notice. Selima expreſſes herſelf according to the tenderneſs of her ſex.

' As now through well-known paths retir'd I ſtray,
And ſeek accuſtom'd beauties round my way,
At every turn, the ſeeming trump alarms,
Pale corſes riſe, and groans, and claſhing arms;
From my pain'd boſom heaves th' unbidden ſigh;
The ſtill tear trembles in my labouring eye;
Loſt, but to grief, my feet bewilder'd rove,
And my heart deadens to thyſelf, and love.
O fatal, hapleſs combat! cauſe unjuſt!
That blends the nobleſt heroes with the duſt;
From ſad Canäan's ſons their wealth demands,
The flocks they tended, and their cultur'd lands;
Bids o'er their peaceful domes deſtruction flame,
And blots with deep diſhonour Iſrael's name.
' The Prince rejoin'd: By all-creating Heaven
To Abraham's ſons theſe fruitful fields were given.
Whate'er he made, the Maker claims his own;
Gives and reſumes, adviſ'd and rul'd by none.
By him beſtow'd, a righteous ſword demands
Theſe flocks, theſe cities, and theſe promis'd lands;
Yet not 'till crimes, beyond long-ſuffering great,
Had fill'd their cup, and fix'd their changeleſs ſtate,
Would Heaven permit our race its gift to claim,
Or ſeal the glory of th' Almighty name.
In vain mild Mercy hop'd their hearts to gain,
And Patience look'd for penitence in vain.
As rolling ſtreams one courſe eternal keep,
All ruſh impetuous down the guilty ſteep.
' The maid return'd: The nation's foul diſgrace,
Stain'd with black guilt, I grant Canäan's race.
But not alike are all from virtue driven;
Some, more than others, claim the ſword of Heaven;
Yet undiſtinguiſh'd falls the general doom,
The beſt, the worſt, we deſtine to the tomb.
' Where Hazor's hundred towers majeſtic riſe,
Frown o'er her plains, and dare avenging ſkies;
In all that elegance of artleſs charms,
Which prompts mild love, and rival hate alarms;
In that ſweet union of ſerene deſires,
Which blows with fragrant breath unmingled fires;
Young, beauteous fair-one, through her regions known,
Outvie the maid thou lov'ſt to call thy own.
To theſe bright virgins choſen Irads bow,
Leſs wiſe, leſs virtuous, and leſs fair than thou;

But

But crown'd with many a grace; of thoughts refin'd,
Of pleaſing perſon, and of dauntleſs mind.
Shall this bleſs'd train, ſo young, ſo fair, ſo brave,
Fall with black wretches in a fiery grave?
Or round wild regions muſt they hapleſs roam,
Exil'd from joy, and forc'd from cheerful home?
To hunger, thirſt, and ſorrow, ſink, and pray,
And breathe, with ling'ring death, their lives away.
'Should'ſt thou, when war to Salem drives her courſe,
Seize the keen ſteel, and join the conquering force,
While thy bold breaſt with glory's warmth beats high,
And wreaths well twin'd approach thy raviſh'd eye,
To ſome lone hamlet looſely wandering come,
Where ſimple ſwains had built their peaceful home,
Where care in ſilence ſmoothly paſs'd away,
And home-bred happineſs deceiv'd the day;
Should there ſweet, helpleſs children meet thy view,
Fair as young roſebuds look thro' early dew,
With infant wonder on thine armour gaze,
And point, with artleſs hands, the ſteely blaze;
Say, could thy heart one angry purpoſe know,
Or doom ſuch cherubs to a ſingle woe?
Charm'd by ſoft ſmiles, I ſee thy heart retire,
And mild compaſſion breathe a gentler fire;
Thy love paternal o'er them kindly yearn,
Prompt pleaſing hope, and all their wiſhes learn;
Thy bounteous hand each needed bliſs beſtow,
And in the angel loſe th' intended foe.
'Yet ſhould dread war o'er theſe fair regions fly,
Unnumber'd virgins bright as theſe muſt die;
To flames unnumber'd babes reſign their breath,
And ere life bloſſoms meet untimely death.
'To thee, O Prince! without a bluſh I own,
Such woes tremendous freeze my heart to ſtone.
Ere Irad's arm ſuch precious lives deſtroy,
Let me, far guiltier, ceaſe from every joy;
Quick to the dreary grave my form deſcend,
Our love all vaniſh, and our union end.
'The Prince replied: Bleſs'd gentleneſs of mind!
The grace, the glory of a heart refin'd!
When new-born, helpleſs beings meet our eyes,
In noble minds ſuch thoughts reſiſtleſs riſe:
Ev'n brutes, when young, our tender wiſhes try,
And love forbids the infant whelp to die.
Yet oft this kindeſt impulſe of the ſoul
Bids wild deſire in murm'ring tumults roll,
And blames the Power, whoſe love alone to earth,
And all earth's drear and dark events gave birth.
'In thy pure boſom, angels muſt approve
For ſad Canäan's youth this generous love.
But once as fair, as young, as ſoft as they,
As white with innocence, with ſmiles as gay,
Were thoſe black throngs, whoſe crimes as mountains riſe,
And wipe out pity from th' all-bounteous ſkies.
As eggs innoxious, oft in meadows ſtrew'd,
Break into aſps, and pour the viper's brood,
Nurs'd in rank ſoils, to ſtrength the reptiles grow,
Reſound the hiſs, the ſting of vengeance throw,
Uprear the creſt, inroll the ſnaky ſpire,
Light the keen eye-ball with terrific fire,
From fields, and foreſts, death and poiſon gain,
And ſcatter wide deſtruction round the plain;
So, harmleſs once, by vile affections lur'd,
In guilt and years thoſe babes alike matur'd;
Athirſt for ſin, all patterns left behind,
The form all putrid, poiſon'd all the mind;
To every crime, to every madneſs driven,
Curs'd the ſad world, and hiſs'd the name of Heaven.
There the ſot reels, the murderer prowls for blood,
There the ſtarv'd orphan ſues in vain for food;
For man man burns with Sodom's tainted flame,
And the world ſickens with inceſtuous flame.
Ev'n nature's ties their boſoms bind no more,
Wives wade in nuptial, ſires in filial gore;
To howling Moloch blooming babes expire,
And mothers round them dance, and light the funeral fire.
'Should then theſe infants to dread manhood riſe,
What unheard crimes would ſmoke thro' earth and ſkies!
What hoſts of demons ſin's dark realm would gain!
How Hell gape hideous round Canäan's plain!

'This ſcene of guilt unmeaſur'd to prevent,
Our choſen race Eternal Juſtice ſent,
At once the bright poſſeſſion to reclaim,
And 'gainſt its victims point the vengeful flame.
Thus crimes their due and dire reward ſhall know;
Thus God be witneſs'd ſin's unchanging foe;
From land to land Jehovah's glory ſhine,
And fear and homage wait the Name Divine.
'But, O unrivall'd maid! the kindeſt doom
Theſe babes may deſtine to an early tomb.
To manhood riſen, their guilt, beyond controul,
Would blot their names from life's celeſtial roll;
Now, in fair climes, their ſouls, for ever bleſs'd,
May bloom in youth, and ſhare immortal reſt;
And hail the boundleſs grace that ſnatch'd its foes
From ſins unnumber'd, and from laſting woes.'

The character of Selima is here well ſupported, and Irad's appeal to Divine gift and commandment is in the ſpirit of Homer and Virgil's epic poetry. But to murder innocent babes by way of ſending them to Heaven, by ſaving them from the guilt of their future lives, has ſomething in it unſpeakably ſhocking, and is truly nonſenſical; for in ſome degree it may apply to the whole race of men, and is at every point horrible.

Selima's part in the above is our author's principal attempt at the pathetic. We ſhall now enable our readers to judge of his powers of deſcription. He thus paints the beauties of an evening after a ſtorm. Zimri, one of the Iſraelitiſh heroes, is contemplating it:

'To him, deep pondering, blew the ſtorm in vain;
Scarce heard the peals, or mark'd the battering rain.'

This is rather anti-climax. Our author proceeds:

'Then gentler ſcenes his rapt attention gain'd,
Where God's great hand in clear effulgence reign'd;
The growing beauties of the ſolemn even,
And all the bright ſublimities of Heaven.
Above tall weſtern hills, the light of day
Shot far the ſplendors of his golden ray;
Bright from the ſtorm, with tenfold grace he ſmil'd,
The tumult ſoften'd, and the world grew mild.
With pomp tranſcendent, robe'd in heavenly dies,
Arch'd the clear rainbow round the orient ſkies;
Its changeleſs form, its hues of beam divine,
Fair type of truth and beauty, endleſs ſhine;
Around th' expanſe, with thouſand ſplendors rare,
Gay clouds ſail'd wanton through the kindling air;
From ſhade to ſhade unnumber'd tinctures blend,
Unnumber'd forms of wonderous light extend;
In pride ſtupendous, glittering walls aſpire,
Grac'd with bright domes, and crown'd with towers of fire;
On cliffs, cliffs burn; o'er mountains, mountains roll;
A burſt of glory ſpreads from pole to pole:
Rapt with the ſplendor, every ſongſter ſings,
Tops the high bough, and claps his glittening wings;
With new-born green reviving nature blooms,
And ſweeter fragrance freſhening air perfumes.
'Far ſouth the ſtorm withdrew its troubled reign;
Deſcending twilight dimm'd the duſky plain;
Black night aroſe; her curtains hid the ground;
Leſs roar'd, and leſs, the thunder's ſolemn ſound;
The bended lightning ſhot a brighter ſtream,
Or wrapp'd all Heaven in one wide mantling flame;
By turns, o'er plains and woods, and mountains ſpread
Faint-yellow glimmerings, and a deeper ſhade.
'From parting clouds the moon outbreaking ſhone,
And ſat ſole empreſs on her ſilver throne;
In clear, full beauty, round all nature ſmil'd,
And claim'd o'er heaven and earth dominion mild;
With humbler glory ſtars her court attend,
And bleſs'd, and union'd, ſilent luſtre blend.
'All theſe bright ſcenes revolv'd his raptur'd mind,
With ſweet tranſition Heaven in all divin'd;
Where round the proſpect grandeur, beauty glow'd,
They ſhone the grandeur, beauty of a God;
God look'd through all, as, with reſplendence gay,
They rais'd, and bore him from himſelf away.'

The above is infinitely inferior to many deſcriptions of the Evening in our Engliſh poets. It is mere commonplace, and is wanting in that arrange-

ment

ment which produces the pictureſque; and the two laſt lines afford a ſtriking inſtance of that want of perſpicuity ſo often to be met with in our author. By the conſtruction, at firſt reading, it is God that is *borne away from himſelf*, but Mr. Dwight certainly meant Zimri.

For the Fourth Book we refer our readers to the Argument cited at p. 83, only giving a few ſpecimens of ſome of our author's worſt manner:

'Brothers on brothers caſt a *ſide-long* eye—'

'Mid the wide concourſe great Eleazar ſhone—'

'And the world *ſmokes* beneath th' approaching God—'

'Where two *huge heathens* ſtruggling Helon led—'

'Where two *fell heathens* bore their hapleſs prey—'

'On the *fled* heathens ſtretch'd his raging courſe,
O'ertook, and ſingly drove the gather'd force:
Three fierce he ſlew; the reſt, in devious ways,
Fled o'er the field, and 'ſcap'd the hero's *chace*.

In the Fifth Book the action of the Poem makes very little progreſs. It opens with a long diſcourſe between Irad and Selima on the creation and ſtate of Man, which has nothing to do with the action; but it contains one of our author's very beſt parts, which we are glad to lay before our readers.

'Oft on the flow'r, emboſom'd in perfume,
Thou ſeeſt gay butterflies in beauty blown;
With curious eye the wond'rous inſect ſcan,
By Heaven ordain'd a three fold type of man.
Firſt from the dung'hill ſprang the ſhining form,
And crawl'd to view a hideous, loathſome worm;
To creep with toil, his inch-long journey's curſt;
The ground his manſion, and his food the duſt:
To the next plant, his moment o'er, he drew,
And built his tomb, and turn'd to earth anew.
Oft, from the leaf depending, haſt thou ſeen
Their tombs, with gold bedropp'd, and cloth'd in green;
There ſlept th' expectant, 'till the plaſtic beam
Purg'd his vile droſs, and bade his ſplendors flame.
Then burſt the bonds: at once in glory riſe
His form etherial, and his changing dies;
Full on the lucid morn his wings unfold,
Starr'd with ſtrong light, and gay in living gold;
Through fields of air at large the wonder flies,
Wafts on the beams, and mounts th' expanded ſkies;
O'er flowery beauties plumes of triumph waves,
Imbibes their fragrance, and their charms out-braves;
The birds his kindred, Heaven his manſion, claims,
And ſhines and wantons in the noon-day flames.
'So man, poor worm! the nurſling of a day!
Springs from the duſt, and dwells in humble clay;
Around his little mole hill doom'd to creep,
To drag life's load, and end his toil with ſleep.
In ſilence to the grave his form deſcends,
And waits the trump that time and nature ends:
There ſtrength imbibes, the beam of Heaven to bear;
There learns, refin'd, to breathe its fragrant air;
Of life the bloom, of youth the ſplendor, gains,
And, cloth'd in beauty, hopes empyreal plains.
Then wing'd with light, the deathleſs man ſhall riſe,
Sail thro' yon ſtars, and ſoar from ſkies to ſkies;
See Heavens o'er Heavens beneath him leſſening roll,
And feel the Godhead warm his changing ſoul;
From beauty's fount inhale th' immortal ray,
And grow from light to light in cloudleſs day;
'Mid Morn's fair legions, crown'd with grace, be known,
The peer of angels, and of God the ſon.'

But this idea is old. The ancients gave the butterfly as the ſymbol of the ſoul.

The Sixth Book contains a great deal of buſtle and killing, and little or no progreſs of epic action. *See the Argument of it in our laſt.*

The Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth Books are in the ſtrain of the Sixth: a great deal of buſtle and killing, and little gradation towards a general cataſtrophe. The death of Irad, a favourite hero, and the grief and lamentation of Selima, are affecting.

The

The Tenth Book, which contains 1112 lines, is wholly employed in a viſion ſhewed to Joſhua by an angel. This conſiſts of ſcriptural hiſtory, down to the preaching of the apoſtles; to which our author adds that of their ſucceſſors, proſpect of *America*, ſlavery of the eaſtern continent, and glory of the weſtern millennium, &c. *(See the Argument in our laſt.)* Our author's high and enthuſiaſtic ideas of what America is *to be*, cannot fail of being a curioſity to our readers.

'Far o'er yon azure main thy view extend,
Where ſeas and ſkies in blue confuſion blend,
Lo, there a mighty realm, by Heaven deſign'd
The laſt retreat for poor oppreſs'd mankind!
Form'd with that pomp which marks the Hand Divine,
And clothes yon vault where worlds unnumber'd ſhine,
Here ſpacious plains in ſolemn grandeur ſpread;
Here cloudly foreſts caſt eternal ſhade
Rich vallies wind, the ſky tall mountains brave,
And inland ſeas for commerce ſpreads the wave;
With nobler floods the ſea-like rivers roll,
And fairer luſtre purples round the pole.
Here, warm'd by happy ſuns, gay mines unfold
The uſeful iron, and the laſting gold
Pure, changing gems in ſilence learn to glow,
And mock the ſplendors of the covenant bow:
On countleſs hills, by ſavage footſteps trod,
That ſmile to ſee the future harveſt nod,
In glad ſucceſſion plants unnumber'd bloom,
And flowers unnumber'd breathe a rich perfume.
Hence life once more a length of days ſhall claim,
And Health, reviving, light her purple flame.
'Far from all realms this world imperial lies;
Seas roll between, and threatening ſtorms ariſe;
Alike unmov'd beyond ambition's pale,
And the bold pinions of the venturous fail;
Till circling years the deſtin'd period bring,
And a new Moſes lifts the daring wing,
Through trackleſs ſeas an unknown flight explores,
And hails a new Canäan's promis'd ſhores.
'On yon far ſtrand, behold that little train
Aſcending, venturous, o'er th' unmeaſur'd main.
No dangers fright; no ills the courſe delay;
'Tis virtue prompts, and God directs the way.
* Speed, ſpeed, ye Sons of Truth! let Heaven befriend,
Let angels waft you, and let peace attend!
O ſmile, thou ſky ſerene! ye ſtorms retire!
And airs of Eden every ſail inſpire!
Swift o'er the main behold the canvas fly,
And fade, and fade, beneath the fartheſt ſky.
See verdant fields the changing waſte unfold;
See ſudden harveſts dreſs the plains in gold:
In lofty walls the moving rocks aſcend,
And dancing woods to ſpires and temples bend!
'Mean time, expanding o'er earth's diſtant ends,
Lo, Slavery's gloom in fable pomp deſcends!
Far round each Eaſtern clime her volumes roll,
And pour, deep ſhading, to the ſadden'd pole.
How the world droops beneath the fearful blaſt,
The plains all wither'd, and the ſkies o'ercaſt!

From

* *Speed, ſpeed, ye Sons of Truth.*—Mr. Dwight in a note informs us, that this alludes to "the ſettlement of North America by the Engliſh, for the enjoyment of religion." But other motives peopled many parts of it. That which chiefly may claim Mr. Dwight's compliment, is New England, and its capital, Boſton. That they left England that they might enjoy their own mode of worſhip is true, and no people were ever more clamorous againſt reſtrictions on the conſcience than they were. But that was when they themſelves were the objects of it. For no ſooner had they formed their religious and civil eſtabliſhments at Boſton, than they moſt cruelly perſecuted the poor inoffenſive Quakers, hanging many of them for the ſole crime of their own claim, the liberty to worſhip God according to their conſcience. The abſurdity, glaring injuſtice, and horrid cruelty of this perſecution, are a deep diſgrace to human nature. It was at laſt ſtopped by Charles II. But the apprehenſive Quakers betook themſelves to Rhode Iſland, and firſt peopled it. Nor were the internal religious diſſentions of the Boſton ſaints much leſs diſhonourable, in impriſoning, fining, and baniſhing their once moſt popular preachers, juſt as religious fury impelled the groſs and obſtinate multitude. Such were Mr. Dwight's *Sons of Truth*. But it is the duty of every good man, when proper occaſion offers, to execrate the memory of ſuch obnoxious zealots.

From realm to realm extends the general groan,
The fainting body ſtupifies to ſtone!
Benumb'd, and fix'd, the palſied ſoul expires,
Blank'd all its views, and quench'd its living fires;
In clouds of boundleſs ſhade the ſcenes decay;
Land after land departs, and nature fades away.

'In that dread hour, beneath auſpicious ſkies,
To nobler bliſs yon weſtern world ſhall riſe.
Unlike all former realms, by war that ſtood,
And ſaw the guilty throne aſcend in blood,
* Here union'd choice ſhall form a rule divine;
Here countleſs lands in one great ſyſtem join,
The ſway of law unbroke, unrivall'd grow,
And bid her bleſſings every land o'erflow.

'In fertile plains behold the tree aſcend,
Fair leaves unfold, and ſpreading branches bend!
The fierce, invading ſtorm ſecure they brave,
And the ſtrong influence of the creeping wave;
In heavenly gales with endleſs verdure riſe,
Wave her broad fields, and fade in friendly ſkies.
There ſafe from driving rains, and battering hail,
And the keen fury of the wintry gale,
Freſh ſpring the plants; the flowery millions bloom,
All ether gladdening with a choice perfume;
Their haſtening pinions birds unnumber'd ſpread,
And dance, and wanton in th' aerial ſhade.

'Here empire's laſt, and brighteſt throne ſhall riſe,
And peace, and right, and freedom, greet the ſkies:
To morn's far realms her ſhips commercing ſail,
Or lift their canvas to the evening gale;
In wiſdom's walks her ſons ambitious ſoar,
Tread ſtarry fields, and untried ſcenes explore.
And hark what ſtrange, what ſolemn breathing ſtrain
Swells wildly murmuring, o'er the far, far main!
Down time's long, leſſening vale the notes decay,
And, loſt in diſtant ages, roll away.'

The deſcription of the *weſtern* Millennium is, like Pope's Meſſiah, a paraphraſe on ſeveral paſſages of Iſaiah, and contains ſome of our author's ſmoothеſt and beſt verſification. We cannot ſay ſo much for his deſcription of the reſurrection, general judgment, and proſpect of heaven, with which he winds up this Book.

The Eleventh and laſt Book is greatly ſuperior, in the deſcription of the battles, to our author's other attempts in that way. In his laſt Book Virgil has collected all his force, and his fire increaſes in juſt gradation to the cataſtrophe. Mr. Dwight, in like manner, has ſummoned up all his powers in his Eleventh and laſt Book, which, in point of gradation and intereſt, riſes moſt properly over the foregoing Ten.

As this epic poem is hitherto hardly known in England, as it is in itſelf a novelty, and has merit which claims notice, we have been the more particular in our account of it, and ample in our extracts. We ſhall now ſum up our cenſures and commendations of it.

Long before it was written, the ſubject was ſeverely condemned by Lord Shafteſbury.

"It would be in vain, ſays his Lordſhip, for any poet or ingenious author to form his characters after the models of our ſacred penmen. And whatever certain criticks may have advanced concerning the ſtructure of a heroic poem of this

* *Here union'd choice*—Mr. Dwight is always very ſanguine when he talks of America. But much better political philoſophers than he ſeems to be, are afraid that the time when America's

——— union'd choice ſhall form a *rule divine*—

and her

——— countleſs bands in one great ſyſtem join——

is at an immenſe diſtance.

Nor can we paſs over uncenſured the illiberal ſpirit which breathes through the paragraph immediately preceding. It is not enough, it ſeems, that America muſt be complimented as a ſecond Paradiſe, the land of *Milleniums*, but, to ſtrengthen the contraſt, the great Eaſtern Continent, and its iſlands, muſt be doomed by our bard to the moſt deplorable ſlavery and miſery. But all this will come to paſs, we ſuppoſe, when the prophecy of America's *union'd choice joining in one great ſyſtem, and forming a rule divine*, ſhall be fulfilled.

this kind, I will be bold to prophesy, that the success will never be answerable to expectation.

"It must be owned, that in our sacred history we have both leaders, conquerors, founders of nations, deliverers and patriots, who, even in a human sense, are no way behind the chief of those so much celebrated by the ancients. There is nothing in the story of Æneas which is not exceeded by a JOSHUA or a Moses. But as illustrious as are the acts of these sacred chiefs, 'twould be hard to copy them in just heroic, 'twould be hard to give to many of 'em that grateful air, which is necessary to render 'em naturally pleasing to mankind, according to the idea men are universally found to have of heroism and generosity.

"Notwithstanding the pious endeavours which, as devout christians, we may have used in order to separate ourselves from the interests of mere heathens and infidels; notwithstanding the true pains we may have taken to arm our hearts in behalf of a chosen people against their neighbouring nations, of a false religion and worship; there will be still found such a partiality remaining in us towards creatures of the same make and figure with ourselves, as will hinder us from viewing with satisfaction the punishments inflicted by human hands on such aliens and idolaters.

"In mere poetry, and the pieces of wit and literature, there is a liberty of thought and easiness of humour indulged to us, in which perhaps we are not so well able to contemplate the divine judgments, and see clearly into the justice of those ways, which are declared to be so far from our ways, and above our highest thoughts and understandings. In such a disposition of mind, we can hardly endure to see heathen treated as heathen, and the faithful made the executioners of the Divine wrath. There is a certain perverse humanity in us which inwardly resists the Divine commission, though ever so plainly revealed. The wit of the best poet is not sufficient to reconcile us to the campaign of a JOSHUA, or the retreat of a Moses by the assistance of an Egyptian loan. Nor will it be possible by the Muses art, to make that royal hero appear amiable in human eyes, who found such favour in the eyes of Heaven. Such are mere human hearts, that they can hardly find the least sympathy with that only one which had the character of being after the pattern of the Almighty's."

This, however, is but shallow criticism, and equally militates against Virgil's subject. The treachery of Eneas to Dido, and his invasion of, and naturally unjust war in Latium, all commanded by Divine authority and the Fates, place Virgil exactly under his Lordship's censure; which in reality is only one of his *flings* at Revelation. But indeed, little regard is due to the judgment of an author, who long after Shakespeare and Milton had written, and while Dryden was quite recent, could have the weakness to say, that "the English Muses were as yet only lisping in their cradles."—If they were then only *lisping*, when may we expect them to get out of their *cradles*, and speak plain?

But, however we condemn the partial bias of his Lordship's censure, we cannot altogether cordially approve of Mr. Dwight's choice of subject; though, no doubt, his shadowing the late American war under it, will give it interest on that continent.

In his versification, Mr. Dwight, on the whole, is far from being unhappy, though in energy he is often deficient, and almost always wanting in that variety of construction which constitutes imitative harmony, and is so pleasing in some of our best poets. Though we do not mean to say that Mr. Dwight is entirely destitute of variety, or a few not unhappy attempts at imitative harmony, these are so thinly scattered, that his versification may justly be accused, for the far greatest part, of monotony.

A strongly marked variety with peculiarity of characters, as in Homer and Tasso, is not to be found in our author. That of Hanniel, who opposes Joshua, and advises at every opportunity the return to Egypt, is by much the best drawn of any in our author.

In the conduct of his fable, he often falls into egregious faults. His theological excrescences are often unpleasing, (witness Irad's defence of the slaughter of infants, already cited) and always tedious. The death of every hero of note in Homer and Virgil, has an evident tendency to the production of the catastrophe. But Mr. Dwight kills his heroes most unmercifully, without any such necessary tendency; and we have already observed, that in conducting his fable a proper gradation is often much wanted.

Mr. Dwight has certainly a happy talent at description; but it is still in its puerility, and wants much cultivation and correction. His pictures are ill grouped, and repetitions of the same imagery often

often occur in the ſame deſcription, by which he often falls into the anti-climax, and want of perſpicuity, that *ſine qua non* in claſſical poetry. We are often obliged to read many paſſages in our author twice over, ere we can catch his exact meaning; and the pleaſure inſpired by poetry is always loſt in ſuch drudgery.

Invention we can hardly diſcover. We cannot conceive that original genius or the powers of invention are neceſſary to form ſuch a fable as Mr. Dwight's; tho' in his execution ſome parts diſplay true poetical imagination. In this, the dream of Irad in the night before he is ſlain, in the beginning of the Seventh Book, and the burning of the foreſt which ſeparates the combatants, at the end of the ſame, are particularly happy; though even in theſe we are tired with repetitions of the ſame imagery.

Mr. Dwight informs us in his motto, (ſee page 81.) and his poem evinces that he is a young man. As he is undoubtedly poſſeſſed of poetical powers much above mediocrity, it may juſtly be hoped, that experience and cultivation will one day render him truly claſſical. At preſent his work is a promiſing bloſſom of polite literature ſprung up on the American continent, and as citizens of the world we rejoice to ſee it, and ſincerely hope that Mr. Dwight will improve by our ſtrictures. He may be aſſured, that had we not thought his Muſe capable of improvement, we would by no means have been ſo particular, or paid her the attentions we have done.

A Sermon preached on the 22d of Auguſt 1787, at the Ordination of the Rev. John Love, Miniſter of the Goſpel at Criſpin-Street, Spitalfields. By the Rev. Thomas Rutledge. To which is added, The Charge. By the Rev. William Smith, A. M. 8vo. 1s. Elliot. 1787.

A Very ſenſible, moderate, and pious diſcourſe, which has afforded us great pleaſure, and we hope profit in the peruſal. The author's modeſty and candour appear ſo ſtrongly in his Dedication to the congregation, at whoſe deſire it was publiſhed, that they would diſarm us at once, if we were even diſpoſed to attack him. His words are, "I am ſenſible of having advanced little new, perhaps nothing but what has been previouſly ſaid on the ſubject: and as to the language with which it is clothed, I can only ſay, I hope it is perſpicuous and ſcriptural. Upon reviewing this diſcourſe, I find many defects which might have been ſupplied, and many inaccuracies which might have been rectified: but as the doing ſo would have made it, in ſome meaſure, different from that which was delivered to the auditors, and which you deſired to be printed, I have omitted ſuch otherwiſe neceſſary additions and amendments; humbly hoping that you, and others into whoſe hands it may fall, will view this my firſt publication with candour and indulgence; and examine it more with the ſpirit of Chriſtian benevolence, than that of ſtrict criticiſm."

We take leave to recommend this diſcourſe very ſtrongly.

Bibliotheca Legum Angliæ; in two ſmall Volumes. Price 6s. bound. Brooke.

THE FIRST PART of this article conſiſts of a republication of a uſeful compendium, which has been long in the hands of the gentlemen of the profeſſion of the law, having been found of approved aſſiſtance in their ſtudies, by furniſhing information of all the publications that have been written on the laws of England, and a valuable guide in their purchaſes, by noticing the ſeveral editions and uſual prices of the books in this ſcience. The preſent publication is improved with the addition of the new publications that have appeared within the laſt ſix years, and of others which had before eſcaped notice, and the advantage of a new and more methodical arrangement, into which the numerous articles of which this catalogue now conſiſts is diſtributed; forming a more convenient reference to information on the ſeveral branches of law, as alſo a progreſſive view of the treatiſes upon many of the moſt important ſubjects of our law and conſtitution. The SECOND PART contains a general account of the laws and law-writers of England, from the earlieſt times to the reign of Edward III. as alſo of the public records and authentic law manuſcripts, and of the ſtatutes; the ſeveral collections and editions of them, with remarks thereupon; of the reports, or collections of the adjudged caſes in the courts of law and equity; concluding with an account of the principal publications on the law and conſtitution,

conſtitution, which have been publiſhed during the preſent reign. The latter part of this publication is compiled principally from the works of Lord Coke, Mr. Selden, Lord Hale, Biſhop Nicholſon, and the other later writers who have aſſiſted the ſtudent in forming an acquaintance with the more early part of our written laws. The mention here made of thoſe ſources of information and authority which more immediately claim the attention of the modern lawyer, is chiefly collected from the report and information of the more intelligent part of the profeſſion, with whoſe communications the compiler has been favoured in the courſe of his occupation, and in particular of this undertaking; which being intended to promote and facilitate the ſtudy of the law, he expreſſes his hopes that it will meet an indulgent reception from the experienced liberality of that honourable profeſſion.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

MARCH 29.

A New Tragedy, entitled *The* REGENT, by Bertie Greatheed, Eſq. was performed at Drury-Lane.

The principal characters are as follow:

Manuel, the Regent,	Mr.	*Kemble.*
Anſaldo,	—	*Barrymore.*
Gomez,	—	*Wroughton.*
Salerno,	—	*Aickin.*
Gerbin,	—	*Packer.*
Pedro,	—	*Bates.*
Carlos,	—	*A Little Boy.*
Djanora,	—	Mrs. *Siddons.*
Paula,	—	*Ward.*

The ſcene is laid in Spain, and the incidents, of which the greater part are feigned, are ſuppoſed to have paſſed in the thirteenth century.

A Prince of ancient Catalonia leaves his dominions to the care of a friend, who orders him to be murdered on his journey, and aims at the poſſeſſion of his widow and throne. But the Prince eſcapes, returns in diſguiſe, and puniſhes the traitor.

The general moral of the play deſerves commendation. Many of the ſentiments are generous and glowing; they are however frequently borrowed from other writers, and thoſe familiar to all dramatick readers.

The play was received with great applauſe; but ſince the ſecond night the run of it has been interrupted by the illneſs of Mrs. Siddons.

The following Prologue and Epilogue, the former of which was ſpoken by Mr. Wroughton, and the latter by Mrs. Siddons, were written by Mr. Williams and Mrs. Piozzi.

PROLOGUE.

YOUR Ears, accuſtom'd to the *Grecian Lyre*,
To Spartan Virtue, and to Patriot Fire;
Some change of *Inſtrument* may now approve;
(New modulations may new paſſions move.)
And here's a *Stranger* now behind the Scene,
Who plays upon the Spaniſh MANDOLINE.
A SPANISH TALE he ſings of GOTHIC AGES,
Such as you'd hunt for in *black-letter pages*,
He's quite prepar'd—"Well—ſhall I call him in?
"Shall he ſtrike up?"—But hold—ere I begin,
'Tis fit, (ſo wills *our* Cuſtom and *his* Fears,)
That I beſpeak kind hearts, and patient ears.
You, LADIES, firſt, whoſe eyes ſo oft o'erflow
With Pity's tribute to fictitious Woe,
Once more in tears, like thoſe which Angels weep,
Our author hopes thoſe lovely cheeks to ſteep!
Moſt grave and potent CRITICS by profeſſion!
Who claim Parnaſſus for your own poſſeſſion;
Who, Lord o' th' Manor, holding here your court,
Grant or refuſe *your Licences to ſport*;
Moſt ſapient Doctors of th' Athenian ſchool!
Who *laugh by Precedent, and weep by Rule*;
Elaſtic Youths! well-girth'd above the hips,
Who hear the ſad words iſſuing from our lips,
With eyes devoutly lifted—to the *Slips!*
Oh! you that croud above—around—beneath,
To pick a quarrel, or to—pick your teeth;
Oh! you who hither come (if any come,)
To pick up—ſomething worth your taking home—
Give ear, whilſt I with ſolemn truth impart,
What much concerns your Judgment and our Art.
I've found (and where *I* found it *there* may *you*)
A Law to judge by, ſimple, plain, and true:
In NATURE'S ANCIENT CODE—Chapter—THE HEART;
Of Section—SYMPATHY—*the former part*,
'Tis written thus—"All you who ſeek the Stage,
"Your minds to model, and your cares aſſuage,
"Stare not around with imitative gaze,
"To catch the Cenſure, or to mock the Praiſe;

"I

" If you're displeas'd, first ask yourselves this question—
" *Am I quite free from spleen and indigestion?*
" If chance you're pleas'd, then lift not up your head,
" To think if SOPHOCLES *would thus have said:*
" Shall SOPHOCLES, or any other SOPH—
" Shall sage LONGINUS bid you cry, " *Off, Off?*"
" Trust your own hearts; to their free pulse appeal;
" Claim LIBERTY IN SENSE; and DARE TO FEEL!
" Let who will censure, or let who will write,
" NATURE and NOVELTY must still delight;
" Throughout the Drama, then, be *this* your cue—
" If *mov'd*—'tis NATURE; if *surpris'd*—'tis NEW!"

EPILOGUE.

THE DUKE restor'd, and the false REGENT kill'd;
Let me with care explore this well-fought field:
If yet the doubtful vict'ry we may boast;
" *Speak ye, who best can tell*"—is't won or lost?
On YONDER HILL have no fresh troops been laid?
Or in THIS VALLEY--no dark ambuscade?
BRITONS FIGHT FAIR, we know—then " who's afraid?"
Unskill'd in Modern Tactics, rule, and line—
The floating engine, and the insidious mine,
Our Bard disdains; with antiquated art,
He drives his battering ram *full at your heart.*
In no false colours trickt, we court your praise,
His rustic Muse can't breathe *in tight-lac'd Stays*;
Caverns and castles she delights to tread,
Grief swells her bosom, Fear distracts her head;
Till visionary Champions round her rise,
Who force weak barriers, and slight bonds despise!
Oh! then no more, when Freedom's Sons have plan'd
Blissful release for each far distant land;
While LIBERTY, on gelid breezes borne,
Now fans the fainting Savage, once her scorn:
Let not four Critics still heap chains on *Wit*,
And POETRY to prejudice submit.
Rather, extending wide the new Convention,
I'd have STAGE COMMERCE catch our State's attention;
Then not unmindful of Old England's Charter,
Some sterling stuff we'll find, to bring as barter!
In change for CONGREVE's Wit, let France prepare
To yield polite DES TOUCHES, and gay MOLIERE:
And think themselves too happy to have caught her,
If for their *Cid*—we truck our *Grecian Daughter.*
While SHAKESPERE's Tomb o'erlooks the plain below,
Where AVON's consecrated waters flow;
So long, so clear, BRITANNIA's *Fame* shall last,
For strength of Nature and for truth of Taste!
Warm'd, yet unscorch'd by *Phœbus'* friendly ray,
Verdant our Meads, unfading is our Bay!
Nor shall this PRIMROSE I present to-night,
Pluck'd from fair Avon's brink—though PALE WITH FRIGHT,
Be deem'd inferior to a GALLICK LAUREL,
If, Ladies, you'll assert your Country's Quarrel.

APRIL 7. Madame Mara appeared the first time on the stage of the English Theatre at Drury-Lane, for the benefit of Mr. Kelly, in Mandane, in Artaxerxes; and manifested that superiority of her vocal talents over every other performer, which has been so generally admitted.

8. *The Ton; or, Follies of Fashion*, a Comedy, by Lady Wallace, was acted the first time at Covent-Garden. The characters are as follow:

Capt. Daffodil,	-	Mr. *Lewis.*
Lord Bon Ton,	-	*Wewitzer.*
Lord Raimond,	-	*Farren.*
Lord Ormond,	-	*Pope.*
Villiers,	-	*Aickin.*
Capt. M'Pharaoh,	-	*Johnstone.*
Pink,	-	*Bernard.*
Steward,	-	*Fearon.*
Lady Bon Ton,	-	Mrs. *Mattocks.*
Lady Clairville,	-	Miss *Brunton.*
Clara,	-	Mrs. *Wells.*
Mrs. Tender,	-	Mrs. *Bernard.*
Mademoiselle,	-	Mrs. *Morton*, and
Lady Raimond,	-	Mrs. *Pope.*

This Comedy, the production of a Muse of Quality, is deficient in plot, situation, character, and business; and though supported by a party who evidently came to applaud in all events, yet met with so much opposition, as to oblige the Manager to abandon it after the third night. Lady Wallace appears, however, to possess considerable talents, though not calculated for the Theatre. In the course of the piece, there were many happy turns of wit, and some points of satire properly directed. The general intention of the play was good, and the actors, though

many

many of them ſhamefully imperfect, would very evidently have done juſtice to the performance, had it met with the approbation of the audience.

The following Prologue, written by Mr. Jekyll, was ſpoken by Mr. Farren; and the Epilogue, written by Capt. Morris and Capt. Topham, was delivered by Mrs. Wells.

PROLOGUE.

WHILE REFORMATION lifts her tardy hand,
To ſcourge at length tranſgreſſion from the land;
And dormant Statutes, rous'd by *Proclamation*,
Affright the petty Sinners of the Nation,
Who ſhall preſume the Rule of Right to draw,
For thoſe who *make*, *enforce*, and *break* the Law?
The *Country Juſtice*, with terrific frown,
May fear a diſtrict or appal a town;
May hurl dire vengeance on a guilty elf
Who dares to do--*juſt what he does himſelf*;
But who ſhall rule the JUSTICE?—Who ſhall dare
To tell his Worſhip, that HE muſt not ſwear?
Drive him to Church, prohibit his diverſions,
Or fine him well, for *Sabbath-Days excurſions*?
In London, happily our zeal's more warm:
Here live the great Examples of Reform;
With pure diſtinct'reſt each devoutly labors
To mend—if not himſelf, at leaſt his neighbours.
No ſecret canker now corrupts the State;
The name of Vice is loſt among the Great.
The *Virtues*—in St. James's-ſtreet that dwell,
Spread thro' the Square, and all along Pall-Mall,
Are ſuch!—'tis quite *impoſſible* to tell.
However, with great ſearch and ſtudious care,
A Female Bard has glean'd ſome Follies there.
Bred among thoſe, who would not fear to own 'em,
Had there been Vices there, ſhe muſt have known 'em:
Some trifling faults, perhaps, as *Drinking*, *Gaming*,
Pride, and the like, may want a little ſhaming;
'Gainſt theſe ſhe aims; in aid of Law to uſe
The ſupplemental ſanctions of the MUSE:
Aſſiſt, ye *Fair*, ſhe fights for You and Virtue:
Ye GREAT, ſupport her, for ſhe cannot hurt you;
Ye Rich—ye Poor,—above—below the Laws,
Applaud her, and promote the common cauſe:
And if there live who ſtill diſgrace the age,
Bid them revere *the Vengeance of the* STAGE.

EPILOGUE.

IS the *Storm* over? is the *Thunder* paſt?
And ſhall the EPILOGUE be heard at laſt?
'Tis our laſt word; a word, you know, of old,
That's always ready, when you rave or ſcold.
But where beſeech—where beſt beſtow my breath?

[*To the Pitt.*]

I can't preſs you, already preſſed to death—
No, there's no room your anger to bewitch;
You can't be *mov'd*, you're ſcrew'd to ſuch a pitch.
Methinks I hear ſome prompting Spirit cry,
"Look up in your diſtreſs; *Hope* lives on high!"
Shall I there find her? Sure you won't ſuppreſs
Your nobleſt power, *ye Gods!* your power to bleſs.

[*To the Boxes.*]

For you, fair Nymphs, who melt in approbation,
This Play, I truſt, you'll call, a RELAXATION;
And ſure our author's gallant thirſt of Fame
Deſerves, from poliſh'd hearts, a ſhelter'd name.
"For brave it was, thus fairly, on the Stage,
"To meet the Coxcombs' and the Gamblers' rage;
"Fearleſs in Virtue's cauſe to draw her pen;
"And prove what *Women* dare, againſt *you men*."
Now *for myſelf*, ſome pity I ſhould wake—
Unſkill'd, unpractis'd in the taſk I take:
Here, where the powers of finiſh'd Speakers ſhine,
How ſilly was it to make choice of *mine*;
Of me! a Weed; unknown to Rhet'rick's flowers;
A *ſimple* COWSLIP, in theſe fragrant bowers!
What can *I* do, but reſt my hopeleſs aims
On Imitative Arts, and borrow'd Names;
Call to your eyes delights you oft have felt,
And try with copy'd charms to pleaſe and melt?

[*Here was introduced the Imitation of the* ISABELLA.]

"Thus ſome young Artiſt, fearful of each Stricture,
"With diffidence firſt ventures on a Picture;
"More than content, if he eſcape from blame:—
"*Your* PRAISE may give the Portraiture a name,
"And fix, if juſt, its Character and Fame!

[*The Lines in the Inverted Commas were added by* CAPTAIN TOPHAM.]

14. *'Tis an Ill Wind Blows Nobody Good*; or, *The Road to Odiam*, a Farce, was acted at Drury-Lane, for the benefit of Mr. Baddeley. The actor for whom this piece was performed, very prudently availed himſelf of the preſent attention to boxing; and produced the preſent Farce, which probably anſwered his purpoſe. It had but little merit, and received as much applauſe as it deſerved.

ACCOUNT

ACCOUNT of the TRIAL of WARREN HASTINGS, Esq. (late GOVERNOR-GENERAL of BENGAL), before the HIGH COURT of PARLIAMENT, for HIGH CRIMES and MISDEMEANORS.

(*Continued from page* 207).

TWELFTH DAY.

THURSDAY, APRIL 10.

ABOUT half after twelve o'clock the Court met, and being opened with the uſual ſolemnities, and the priſoner brought to the bar,

The Lord Chancellor informed the Hon. the Managers for the Houſe of Commons, that he was directed by their Lordſhips to inform them, that "when a witneſs, produced and examined, diſclaimed all knowledge of any matter ſo interrogated, it is not competent for the Managers to purſue ſuch examination by propoſing a queſtion, containing the particulars of an anſwer ſuppoſed to have been made by ſuch witneſs in any other place, and demanding of him whether the particulars ſo ſuggeſted were not the anſwer he had made." Therefore he informed the Managers, that the laſt queſtion put to Mr. Benn was incompetent.

Mr. Fox requeſted that they might be permitted to withdraw, and accordingly the Managers withdrew for ſome time.

On their return Mr. Fox addreſſed the Court in a ſhort ſpeech, of which the following is the purport:

The Hon. Gentleman ſaid, it was with great concern that he had to inform their Lordſhips, that the Managers could not acquieſce in the reſolution which the noble and learned Lord had communicated to them, without expreſſing their direct and poſitive diſſent from the principle upon which it was made. Bound as they were to proſecute the charges exhibited againſt Warren Haſtings with vigour, they ſhould in conſequence of this reſolution have felt it their duty to return to the Houſe of Commons, and refer the deciſion to them; but that ſolicitous as they were of proſecuting the charges with diſpatch as well as vigour, they had reſolved for the time to acquieſce, but to acquieſce under a ſolemn proteſt, which he now made. In acquieſcing, however, they begged leave to ſay, that they ſhould maintain their claim to ſubmit the ſame ſort of queſtion, if in the further proſecution of the charges it ſhould be found neceſſary to the conſideration of their Lordſhips, and they ſhould alſo ſubmit it to their deliberation in another way. They felt it to be of the moſt ſerious importance, not ſo much on account of the particular queſtion on which the reſolution had been made, as it might apply equally to other queſtions of more intereſt, and they did not know but that ſuch reſtraint might ſeriouſly affect the courſe of public juſtice. It was to be obſerved, that trial by impeachment muſt neceſſarily in its nature be directed only againſt men of conſiderable rank and influence; and it was therefore to be expected that the witneſſes to be examined would be involuntary witneſſes—men who had either been accomplices in the crimes, or who owed gratitude to the priſoner, and that it would require all the powers of the Court to extract the truth, which it was the common wiſh and duty both of the proſecutors and the Court to obtain. Men of great conſideration, when under trial, would naturally poſſeſs proportionate influence—the influence both of intimidation and of hope—and, what was ſtill more likely to be the caſe, the influence of gratitude. This was particularly applicable to the preſent trial. The priſoner, by the nature of his ſituation, had neceſſarily attached to his intereſts many whom he had protected by his power, and raiſed to opulence by his favour. Many perſons were involved in the crimes with which he ſtood charged by the Houſe of Commons, and who, by their ſituations, were the beſt able to give information; and therefore, in the examination of all ſuch perſons, it became eſſential to the ends of public juſtice, that queſtions of the nature of that upon which the reſolution had been made ſhould be countenanced.—They acquieſced the more readily for the time in the deciſion, from the confidence which they had in their Lordſhips love of and zeal for juſtice, that when they came to reflect that ſuch queſtions were indiſpenſible, they would be countenanced by that High Court. They were more ready alſo to acquieſce, becauſe, though by their reſolution it might be denied to the Managers for the Commons to put ſuch queſtions, a right, however, which they would never give up, they were ſenſible that it could not poſſibly be denied to the priſoner, or to the Counſel for the priſoner, to put ſuch queſtions if they ſhould think them neceſſary; and becauſe they knew alſo, that it muſt be in the power of the Court, whoſe duty and whoſe anxious wiſh they knew it muſt be to ſearch for the truth of every part of the body of matter brought before them in the charges, to aſk ſuch queſtions as occurred to them to be neceſſary of this kind.

For theſe reaſons, and alſo from an earneſt deſire of proceeding with all poſſible diſpatch and vigour, they had reſolved to ſubmit for the moment, that the queſtion of right ſhould be waved; at the ſame time they could not help expreſſing their ſurprize, that their Lordſhips, who in the outſet had declared that in this High Court they were to be directed and governed by the forms and practice of the Courts below, ſhould in this particular inſtance think it neceſſary or expedient to depart from the known, conſtant, and uniform practice of every inferior Court of Law in the kingdom.

On this Mr. Benn was called again to the Bar, on his further examination.

Mr. BENN.

Examined by Mr. Fox.

Mr. Benn ſtated, that he had not ſeen his depoſition ſince he gave it in the Houſe of Commons; that he wiſhed to be indulged with a ſight of it, to refreſh his memory.—This was permitted to him.—He then went into comments and explanations of it. He ſaid, his communications with the Rajah were not official: that, of courſe, the Rajah never complained to him of ill-treatment. That he was only aſſiſtant to the Reſident of Benares, appointed in January 1781. That the confinement of Durbejah Sing was in two ways:—firſt, the guard was placed at the outſide of the garden; ſecondly, on the inſide, and ſome in the houſe; but that he ſuſtained no other hardſhip, than in being for two days *deprived of his hooker*, viz. *ſmoaking*. Did not know whether his confinement came from Government at large, or the Governor-General. That his papers were ſeized—his jaghire ſequeſtered. That it was generally underſtood there was a deficiency in his accounts; and that Culbully Ben, a farmer, had paid him monies, for which he had not accounted.

Mr. BURKE here took up the examination.

That the country of Benares paid as much as it could well afford to Government; that it would not "take care of itſelf," as Mr. Burke demanded, but required ſome attention. That the article of Saltpetre, in that country, was of the nature of a Royalty in this, and was generally in the hands of ſome great Zemindar. That the Opium produced about 470 cheſts in a year.

Mr. Burke attempted to deduce from his examination, that the reſources of the country were not equal to the ſum demanded annually.

Croſs-examined by Mr. LAW.

That the great reſource of the country was —ITS RELIGION: that a number of Pilgrims came there, and expended large ſums in travelling and gifts. To theſe the Saltpetre and Opium were to be added. And concluded by ſaying, that the money, 2080 lacks of rupees, awarded to Government by Aly Ebraim Cawn, was never paid. That another improvement had been propoſed by Mr. Haſtings—the cultivation of ſugar—which it was proved grew there with ſucceſs.

Mr. Adam then roſe, to produce ſome written evidence:—"Country Correſpondence, and Minutes of the Secret Committee:"—and ſecret indeed they were, as they conſiſted of one continued ſtring of Indian names, whoſe ſounds occaſionally excited the wonder of many of the ladies. They were read with great perſeverance and aſtoniſhing gravity by the Clerk.

Theſe being finiſhed, the laſt evidence in ſupport of the charge was called in.

Colonel GARDNER.

Examined by Mr. GREY.

He depoſed, that he knew the country of Benares perfectly. That property was well protected there. One only inſtance of cruelty he knew—that of a Cadet being wounded by the people of the country. That he had played at Chefs with Cheyt Sing, and walked with him in his garden, but never ſaw any violence in his temper. That he thought Mr. Haſtings might have been cut off, had the Rajah wiſhed it. That when Cheyt Sing was arreſted, the inſurrection ſeemed of the inſtant, and not premeditated. Thought that money might have been obtained from him without bloodſhed. That an indirect application had been made to Mr. Markham, who wondered "how interceſſion could be made for a murderer." Obſerved no perſonal animoſity on the part of Mr. Haſtings againſt him; but thought he was thus ſuddenly arreſted, for carrying on a Secret Correſpondence with the enemy. That arreſting was certainly an inſult, as it was in all countries; and imagined it might have been done without.

Croſs-examined by Mr. PLUMMER.

Thought much of the violence proceeded from Cheyt Sing's brother, Sujah Sing, who commanded almoſt entirely;—a man of much violence of diſpoſition.—This evidence was finiſhed by being aſked—that as he had declared his opinion of many perſons in the courſe of his evidence—What his opinion was of Mr. Haſtings? To which he replied, That a more *amiable private character* he had never known, than

that

that borne by Mr. Haſtings; and it was ſo univerſally acknowledged *.

THIRTEENTH DAY.

FRIDAY, APRIL 11.

This day the Court being aſſembled, Mr. Anſtruther began to ſum up the whole of the evidence on the firſt charge. He entered very fully, in a ſpeech of three hours and a half in length, into the hiſtory of the tranſactions between Mr. Haſtings and the Rajah of Benares; but unleſs we were at liberty to follow him through the whole of the detail, it would be impoſſible for us to convey any idea of the happineſs with which he elucidated the whole of this complicated buſineſs. From the firſt ſuppoſed PERSONAL affront offered to Mr. Haſtings by the Rajah, to the exile of that unfortunate Prince, and the confinement and death of Doorgbidjee Sing, he was highly luminous and impreſſive. In adverting to the rights of Bulwant Sing, and his ſon Cheyt Sing, as diſcriminated by the Governor-General, Mr. Anſtruther was peculiarly happy. The former was a Zemindar, according to Mr. Haſtings, becauſe he paid tribute:—this had been made by that gentleman the ſpecific diſtinction between a Zemindar, or landholder, and an Aumeel, or collector; yet when his indignation was rouſed againſt Cheyt Sing, his payment of tribute was the very reaſon aſſigned why he ſhould NOT be regarded as a Zemindar!

Mr. Anſtruther then took notice of the different arguments which had fallen from the advocates of Mr. Haſtings, in reply to the particulars of this charge. It had been urged, that the whole of his conduct in India, though repugnant, perhaps, to particular ſtatutes, was ſtrictly conſonant to the uniform practice in Aſia. "Would it have been borne," aſked Mr. Anſtruther, "in the ROMAN government, even at its moſt degenerate period, in a Provincial Governor, on his trial for oppreſſion, to have proteſted againſt that ſyſtem of juriſprudence which he had violated—to have exclaimed, "Try "me not by your mild inſtitutes—try me "not by the code of Juſtinian—for theſe "accord not with the ſyſtem I have pur"ſued;—try me, on the contrary, by the "practices of a Nero and a Caligula, and "by thoſe ſhall my journal of deſolation "be fully juſtified."—Yet this was preciſely held forth by Mr. Haſtings—"Try me not," ſaid he, "by the Britiſh laws; ſubject me not to the code of Aſiatic juſtice; but try me by the practices of Coſſim Ali Cawn and Aliverdi Cawn, for their perfidy of oppreſſion will find an ample ſtore of precedent!"

He concluded by aſſuring their Lordſhips, that no pains had been ſpared by the Committee to bring forward thoſe parts only of the evidence on this charge, which went directly to prove thoſe facts on which the charge had been originally founded.

Mr. Benn and Colonel Gardner were then called in, and aſked a few queſtions by the Earl of Suffolk, reſpecting chiefly the firſt inſults offered to the Rajah of Benares, at the time of his arreſt, and the treatment of Doorgbidjee Sing during the time of his impriſonment. To a queſtion, "Whether, according to the cuſtoms of the nation, it was not a ſevere inſult to deprive Doorgbidjee whilſt confined of his *boucca*, or tobacco-pipe?" Mr. Benn replied, "That it was not more than taking from an Engliſh gentleman his *ſnuff box*."

Mr. Burke then ſaid, that before the buſineſs was finally ſubmitted to the juſtice of their Lordſhips, he found it neceſſary to trouble their Lordſhips with a few words on the nature of the evidence which had been produced. It was to be recollected, that ſome of thoſe men who had been called to their bar had been the inſtruments of that tyranny which was now arraigned. Thoſe who were deputed to oppreſs, were therefore to be treated with caution, when they ſpoke of the meaſure of the oppreſſion. It was eaſily to be ſeen, that thoſe who had inflicted the injuſtice, would not uſe the harſheſt terms when ſpeaking of its meaſure and its rate. Of this nature appeared to be the evidence of that perſon who had ſpoken of the privation of the *boucca*, during the impriſonment of Doorgbidjee Sing. To ſome of their Lordſhips, happy in large fortunes, and nurſed in the lap of indolence, ſuch circumſtances might appear trifling; but to the wretched priſoner, deprived of every comfort, the ſmalleſt alleviation of his miſery was of importance, and left a *vacuum* in the forlorn reſidue of his enjoyments. It was equal in that caſe what the object might be

* In the courſe of the day various Lords put different queſtions—Lords Fitzwilliam, Derby, Kinnaird, Stanhope, Portcheſter, Coventry, and others.

The Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Dukes of Glouceſter and Cumberland, were all preſent.

The Commons were few in number indeed—leſs than on any former occaſion; and the audience leſſened ſo continually from time to time, that at laſt ſcarcely any hearers but thoſe who were obliged to hear were left in the Court.

—even a ſnuff-box or a tobacco-box became matters of moment. Their Lordſhips might have heard of a priſoner in the Baſtile, whoſe ſolitude and miſery found a reſpite in the play of a *ſpider*, which he had trained in ſome degree of familiarity. In that ſingle enjoyment he bore his ſorrows without repining; but the circumſtance being diſcovered by his keeper, that inhumanity which cruſhed the *ſpider*, plunged the other victim into a deſpair which terminated his exiſtence.

With reſpect to the treatment of Cheyt Sing, on his arreſt, it was only neceſſary, Mr. Burke obſerved, to caſt a brief retroſpect to the circumſtances. The Rajah had been oppreſſed, until he could find no refuge, and degraded in the eyes of his people, beyond the reach of human conſolation.—He had returned to his cloſet, to addreſs himſelf to the Divinity—the Common Father of All. He was there ſuffered to be inſulted by a *Chubdar*, a wretch of the meaneſt claſs. Thoſe who had permitted this deed, had forgotten the maxim, *Quod res eſt ſacra miſer.*—If they had not remembered the reverence due to a Prince and Prieſt, they ſhould have known that there was a ſacredneſs in miſery, and have reſpected his wretchedneſs, even when they overlooked his rank. In revenging this inſult, his ſubjects had merely done their duty. They had done what every Britiſh ſubject, it was to be hoped, would do, if they ſaw their Sovereign ſo degraded. To ſay the Rajah, who was a Commander, a Prince, ſhould not be diſgraced, from being arreſted by one who had formerly been his ſervant, and at the hour of his devotions, was ridiculous. And for what reaſon? Why, becauſe he was not a *Bramin*—or a Prieſt. A very admirable reaſon indeed!—"Suppoſe, (ſaid the orator, and with an audacity that was felicitous)—ſuppoſe a Lord Chancellor himſelf—*ſhould be found at his devotions*, the keeper of his Majeſty's conſcience—and great as he muſt be—ſuppoſe he ſhould be thus taken away, would it remove the indignity that he was not a *Biſhop*? No:—the Lord Chancellor would know, and feel the diſgrace: He would think of the devotion he had loſt, and he would not care whether he was a Biſhop or no."

The whole Court was in a roar of laughter at this novel ſlight. The Lord Chancellor, however, kept his gravity.

This laſt ſpeech more than compenſated for the *tædium* of the day, which certainly had been—"*carbone notandus*," amongſt the dulleſt.

The Hall had but a thin attendance.

The Court broke up at half paſt four o'clock.

FOURTEENTH DAY.

TUESDAY, APRIL 15.

SECOND CHARGE;

RELATIVE TO

The BEGUMS, or PRINCESSES of OUDE

The Court being ſeated,

Mr. Adam informed their Lordſhips, that he was commanded by the Commons to lay before them the particulars of the ſecond article of impeachment preſented againſt Warren Haſtings, Eſq. Conſcious as he was of his want of abilities to diſcharge ſo arduous a taſk, he had not preſumed to ſolicit it; it was aſſigned to him by thoſe whoſe commands it was his duty to obey; and though ſo ſplendid a diſplay of talents had been made elſewhere upon the ſame ſubject, as might frighten any man from purſuing it, yet relying upon the indulgence of the Court, he would venture, in obedience to his orders, to enter upon the ſubject, in treating of which he had the goodneſs of his cauſe and his zeal only to ſupport him.

The various articles of the ſecond charge might be reduced under nine or ten heads, containing as many general poſitions, and the grounds of allegations of guilt againſt the priſoner—Firſt, that Oude was a great, rich, and flouriſhing country—that the Begums, the mother and grandmother of the reigning Nabob of Oude, were ladies of high birth and quality—that they were legally in poſſeſſion of great eſtates, both real and perſonal—that the property of them was legally veſted in theſe Princeſſes—that the Eaſt-India Company had guaranteed the poſſeſſion of them—that it was the bounden duty of Mr. Haſtings to maintain the Princeſſes in the undiſturbed poſſeſſion of their property ſo guaranteed—that, on the contrary, he had invaded it, and even compelled their own neareſt relation to ſpoil them of it—that, with his knowledge, the Princeſſes and their families were treated with the greateſt indignity, and reduced to the greateſt diſtreſs—that, for the purpoſe of giving a colour to his own unwarrantable proceedings, he had, by means of affidavits taken by the Chief Judge of India, Sir Elijah Impey, to the great diſcredit of juſtice, and of his ſituation, ſlandered the Begums, as the abettors of the rebellion of Cheyt Sing, &c.—and finally, his motives in the whole of the proceedings relative to the country of Oude, were founded in avarice and corruption.

Upon theſe different heads, he begged leave to ſtate to their Lordſhips the different obſervations that occurred to him, and which, he truſted, would place the guilt of the priſoner in ſuch a point of view, that

judges

judges of infinitely leſs diſcernment than their Lordſhips poſſeſſed could not but be ſtruck with it.

That Oude was a country of conſiderable extent, would appear from this fact, with which their Lordſhips were well acquainted; that it was in length 360 miles, and in breadth 180; ſo that it was nearly as long as England, and as broad as this kingdom, from the iſle of Angleſea to the mouth of the Humber: it exceeded Ireland in length by 70 miles, and was rather broader than any part of that iſland. It was wealthy, becauſe it produced in ſome parts various articles for trade and manufactures, which were carried on to a very conſiderable extent; and in other parts it was rich in tillage. Before its connexion with the Eaſt-India Company, it was able to defray the expences of all its eſtabliſhments, without letting any run into arrear; and the ſize of thoſe eſtabliſhments might be collected from this, that when a reduction in the army took place in Oude, the number of men ſtill kept in pay amounted to 36,000 rank and file.

Thus was the country rich and flouriſhing, while the Provinces were fewer in number than they afterwards became by the acceſſion of Douab, and the conqueſt of Rohilcund, or the country of the Rohillas; but this increaſe of dominion did not bring increaſe of wealth to the Nabob of Oude; on the contrary, his finances fell into diſorder, he became aſtoniſhingly embarraſſed, and his country was ruined.

The origin of his connexion with the Engliſh was the Rohilla war. That war the Houſe of Commons in its wiſdom had not thought proper to make the ground of a charge againſt the priſoner, and therefore he would not urge it againſt him as ſuch: but he muſt make mention of it, for the purpoſe of ſhewing the origin of our connexion with the Nabob Vizier. When Sujah ul Dowlah formed the deſign of adding Rohilcund to his dominion, he entered into a treaty with Mr. Haſtings for the avowed purpoſe of *exterminating* the Rohillas; and the price of our aſſiſtance was ſtipulated at 40 lacks of rupees, or 400,000l. The ſun that ſaw the beginning and completion of this infamous bargain had riſen in *avarice*; its meridian was in *cruelty*, and its ſetting in *blood*. From ſuch a connexion nothing good could be expected; and, accordingly, from that day forward the Vizier began to run into debts, which daily increaſed, but were never ſuffered to diminiſh. His embarraſſments diſabled him from fulfilling his pecuniary engagements with the Engliſh, and gave them a pretence for meddling with the internal government of his country, and reducing him, as it were, to a cypher. Such was the actual ſtate of that Prince and his territory.

The Princeſſes of Oude, as he had ſtated before, were ladies of high birth and quality. The Elder Begum, or grandmother of the reigning Prince, was the daughter of a perſon of ancient and illuſtrious lineage, who was of ſufficient power and conſequence to be able to diſpute the high office of Vizier of the Mogul empire with the Nizam of the Carnatic, and was at laſt honoured by the Great Mogul with the title and office of *Captain General of the Empire*. Her father gave her in marriage to Sufter Jung, a man of very noble birth, who left to his ſon Sujah ul Dowlah the dignity of Vizier, and from him it deſcended to Aſoph ul Dowlah, Sujah's ſon, who now reigns over the territories of Oude. The younger Begum, or Princeſs's mother, was not of birth ſo illuſtrious as the former, but ſtill ſhe was nobly born, and became the wife of Sujah ul Dowlah, and bore to him the reigning Nabob Vizier.—From this ſhort hiſtory it appeared, that theſe ladies were of high rank, and intitled to great reſpect, and to great eſtabliſhments. They accordingly enjoyed both.—That the eſtates which they poſſeſſed belonged to them in *propriety*, and were not held by them in truſt, ſhould, Mr. Adam ſaid, be proved to the entire ſatisfaction of their Lordſhips. The bare *poſſeſſion* of the perſonal eſtates or treaſures which they had in their palaces, was a proof of the propriety; for as thoſe treaſures were depoſited in the Zenana, or palace ſacred to the reſidence of the ladies of the Court, it was impoſſible that, according to the law of the country, any human creature of the *male* kind, except a huſband, ſon, or brother, could ſet his foot within the gates of it: No compulſory proceſs, therefore, could be ſerved or executed in the Zenana, and no one could enter it to take away the treaſure. Would not, then, their Lordſhips admit, that the treaſure which no one could take from them was really the property of the Princeſſes? But the proof of the property did not reſt upon theſe points only, ſtrong as it was. By the laws of the Koran, the Nabob was not reſtrained from giving eſtates, both real and perſonal, in full property, to his mother and grandmother; and what one Nabob had given, another was pleaſed to confirm.—The younger Princeſs had lent her ſon 26 lacks of rupees, for which he gave her his bonds: here was EVIDENTIA REI that the money ſo lent was not the property of the borrower, but of the lender; for no man borrows his own money, and binds himſelf to repay it. The Nabob's affairs growing ſtill more and more embarraſſed, that Prince was ſtill preſſing his mother for money, and

laying

laying claim to part of her treasures, as the property of the crown, which his deceased father could not will away. His mother, to relieve his distresses, and to secure to herself the peaceable enjoyment of a part, at least, of her fortune, entered into a treaty with her son, to which the English were parties and guarantees; for without their guarantee she would conclude nothing. By this treaty she agreed to cancel her son's bond for the 26 lacks she had already lent, and further, to pay 30 lacks more, or 300,000l. making in the whole 560,000l. sterling. In consideration of this immense sum given to the Nabob, that Prince released all claim to the landed and remaining part of the personal estates, left by his father, Sujah ul Dowlah, to the Princess his widow. The full enjoyment and possession of the estates so confirmed to the Begum, by the Nabob her son, were guaranteed to her by Mr. Hastings. Whatever therefore might have been her title to this property before, her right under this treaty and this guarantee became as legal, as strong, and as binding, as the laws of India and the laws of nations could possibly make it.—The property of the elder Begum, or Princess, grandmother to the Nabob, stood exactly in a similar predicament, and on a similar foundation. She enjoyed her estates under a solemn treaty, and a solemn guarantee on the part of the English Government. But nothing legal, nothing sacred, could resist the lawless rapacity of Mr. Hastings, as these Princesses soon experienced.

As the representative of the government that had guaranteed the treaties which secured to these ladies their property, it was his duty to interpose his authority and influence in their behalf, if any attempt was made to spoil them of their fortune, in violation of the treaties: as a man, he was bound by every obligation of friendship and generosity to be the declared protector of the younger Princess: that lady, in a letter which she wrote to him, and which would not discredit the genius of an Elizabeth, or the abilities of a Cecil, stated, that when Sujah ul Dowlah was in his last moments, she approached his bed, and lamenting the misfortunes which were likely to befal her and his young children, who were going to be deprived of their only support, he bid her not to afflict herself so much for his loss; he would leave her a generous and firm friend and supporter in the person of Mr. Hastings, who would be a father to his children. This letter was written at a time when her son Asoph ul Dowlah was endeavouring to spoil her and his grand-mother of their property. Mr. Hastings was moved at the perusal of it, and wrote to the Nabob in behalf of his parents. In this letter he was clear and explicit upon the obligation that children were under to honour and respect their parents, and the duty which nature itself dictated to all relations, to love and assist one another: that duty, he said, was enjoined, not merely by the laws of this or of that country, but by those of all nations; it was proclaimed by the voice of nature itself. Here Mr. Adam observed, that when Mr. Hastings was speaking the language of nature, no man could speak it more forcibly, or deliver it more intelligibly; but when he was endeavouring to palliate actions of his own, which the laws neither of God nor man could warrant, his style was ambiguous and his language obscure, setting all fair construction at defiance, under the shew of splendid high-sounding but unmeaning diction. When the prisoner wrote that letter, had he changed his nature? or could the man who afterwards compelled the son to become his instrument to rob his parents, have dictated so humane a letter? Pards bred pards, tygers begat tygers, and the dove never was hatched under the vulture's wing: nature might sleep for a while, but must be nature still: and therefore, tho' the prisoner had for a time put on the semblance, and adopted the language, of humanity, it was only for a time; he soon threw off the mask, and displayed the same horrid disposition that dictated the treaty for the extermination of the Rohillas, and the same barbarity that marked the progress of that abominable war.

Mr. Hastings expected that the country of Oude, exhausted as it was by the immense fortunes that had found their way from it into Great-Britain, by the extravagant military establishments that were kept up in it, and by the subsidies paid to the Company, should be as full of wealth and resources as it was before its connection with the English, when its revenue, exclusive of that of the Doaab and Rohilcund, exceeded three crores, or THREE MILLIONS STERLING, a-year. That revenue, when the Nabob's dominions were less extensive, defrayed all the expences of government, and the state was not a rupee in debt: but such had been the drain of wealth from Oude after its connection with the Company, that though the produce of the Doaab and of Rohilcund was by the conquest of those countries added to the revenue of Oude, the whole was insufficient to the charge of its establishments, and the Nabob was plunged in debt, from which he saw no resource of extricating himself: but Mr. Hastings, more quick-sighted, or less scrupulous than the Prince, saw a

great

great reſource in the real and perſonal eſtates of the Begums, and inſinuated to him, that if he would ſeize them, he would be able to relieve himſelf from his embarraſſments, and pay off a conſiderable part of his debt to the Company. The Nabob was ſhocked at the inſinuation; as a son, he felt a degree of horror at the idea of becoming the plunderer of his parents; and as a MAN OF HONOUR, he could not bring himſelf to violate a treaty which he himſelf had made, and confirmed with an oath, and for which the Princeſſes had given a valuable conſideration. The ſentiments of that Prince on the occaſion were very ſtrongly expreſſed by Mr. Middleton, the Engliſh Reſident at his Court, in theſe words, in a letter from Lucknow, dated the 6th of December, 1781; in another, dated the following day; and in a third, dated the 9th of the ſame month:—

"Finding the Nabob wavering in his determination about the reſumption of the "jaghires (the landed eſtates of his parents), "I this day in preſence of, and with the "Miniſter's concurrence, ordered the neceſſary perwannahs to be written to the "ſeveral Aumeels for that purpoſe; and it "was my firm reſolution to have diſpatched "them this evening, with proper people to "ſee them punctually and IMPLICITLY "carried into execution: but before they "were all tranſcribed, I received a meſſage "from the Nabob, who had been informed "by the Miniſter of the reſolution I had "taken, entreating that I would withhold "the perwannahs until to-morrow morning, "when he would attend me, and afford me "ſatisfaction on this point. As the loſs of "a few hours in the diſpatch of the perwannahs appeared of little moment, and "as it is poſſible the Nabob, ſeeing that the "buſineſs will at ALL EVENTS BE DONE, "may make it an act of his own, I have "conſented to indulge him in his requeſts; "but be the reſult of our interview whatever it may, nothing ſhall prevent the orders being iſſued to-morrow, either by him "or myſelf, with the concurrence of the "Miniſters. Your pleaſure with reſpect to "the Begums I have learned from Sir Elijah "Impey; and the meaſure heretofore propoſed will ſoon follow the reſumption of "the jaghires. From both, or indeed from "the former alone, I have no doubt of the "complete liquidation of the Company's "balance."

Dec. 7, 1781.—"I had the honour to "addreſs you yeſterday, informing you of "the ſteps I had taken in regard to the reſumption of the jaghires. This morning "the Vizier came to me, according to his "agreement, but ſeemingly without any "intention or deſire to yield me ſatisfaction "on the ſubject under deciſion; for after a "great deal of converſation, conſiſting on "his part of trifling evaſion, and puerile "excuſes for withholding his aſſent to the "meaſure, though at the ſame time profeſſing the moſt implicit ſubmiſſion to your "wiſhes, I found myſelf without any other "reſource than the one of employing that "exclusive authority with which I conſider "your inſtructions to veſt me: I therefore "declared to the Nabob, in preſence of the "Miniſter and Mr. Johnſon, who I deſired "might bear witneſs of the converſation, "that I conſtrued his rejection of the meaſure propoſed as a breach of his ſolemn "promiſe to you, and an unwillingneſs to "yield that aſſiſtance which was evidently "in his power, towards liquidating his "heavy accumulating debt to the Company; "and that I muſt, in conſequence, determine, in my own juſtification, to iſſue "immediately the perwannahs, which had "only been withheld in the ſanguine hope "that he would be prevailed upon to make "that his own act, which nothing but the "moſt urgent neceſſity could force me to "make mine. He left me without any reply; but afterwards ſent for his Miniſter, "and authorized him to give me hopes that "my requiſition would be complied with; "on which I expreſſed my ſatisfaction, but "declared that I could admit of no further "delays; and unleſs I received his Excellency's formal acquieſcence before the "evening, I ſhould then moſt aſſuredly iſſue "my perwannahs; which I have accordingly done, not having had any aſſurances "from his Excellency that could juſtify a "further ſuſpenſion. I ſhall, as ſoon as "poſſible, inform you of the effect of the "perwannahs, which, in many parts, I am "apprehenſive it will be found neceſſary to "enforce with military aid. I am not, "however, entirely without hopes, that the "Nabob, when he ſees the inefficacy of "further oppoſition, may alter his conduct, "and prevent the confuſion and diſagreeable "conſequences which would be too likely to "reſult from the proſecution of a meaſure "of ſuch importance without his concurrence. His Excellency talks of going to "Fyzabad (the reſidence of his mother and "grandmother) for the purpoſe heretofore "mentioned, in three or four days. I wiſh "he may be ſerious in his intention, and "you may reſt aſſured I ſhall ſpare no pains "to keep him to it."

Dec. 9, 1781.—"I had the honour to "addreſs you on the 7th inſt. informing you "of the converſation which had paſſed be-"tween the Nabob and me, on the ſubject

"of

" of refuming the jaghires, and the ſteps I " had taken in conſequence. His Excellen- " cy appeared to be very much hurt and " incenſed at the meaſure, and loudly com- " plains of the treachery of his Miniſters; " firſt, in giving you any hopes that ſuch a " meaſure would be adopted; and, ſecondly, " in their promiſing me their whole ſupport " in carrying it through: but, as I appre- " hended, rather than ſuffer it to appear that " the point had been carried in oppoſition to " his will, he at length yielded a *nominal* " acquieſcence, and has this day iſſued his " own perwannahs to that effect; declaring, " at the ſame time, both to me and his " Miniſters, that it is AN ACT OF COM- " PULSION."

Thus their Lordſhips would ſee, that though this Prince had a regard for his character as a ſon, a man, and a Prince, and felt a horror at the idea of violating an oath, Mr. Haſtings was above all ſuch TRIFLES of conſideration, and was not ſatisfied till he FORCED this unfortunate Prince to break through all the ties of nature and religion, and rob thoſe of the means of ſupporting life from whom he derived his exiſtence.

In the remaining part of Mr. Adam's ſpeech he ſtated the hardſhips and diſtreſs which the other children and wives of his father were made to endure by the Nabob. Such was their want of food, the Princeſſes who had hitherto ſupported them being plundered, that the brothers of the Nabob begged that they might be ſuffered to go forth into the world, to earn their bread by their daily labour; and the women, who in India think the ſight of a man, not their huſband or near relation, a downright pollution, expiable only by death, were become ſo outrageous for food, that they forced their way out of the Zenana, but were beat back with bludgeons by the ſepoys.

He could not ſay that all theſe cruelties were committed by the expreſs order of Mr. Haſtings; but they were perpetrated by the order of the Engliſh Reſident, who was the mere creature of Mr. Haſtings, who acted under his authority, and who, with the knowledge of the Governor-General, had engroſſed the adminiſtration of every department in the ſtate of Oude, civil, military, judicial, and of finance, and left the Nabob but a ſhadow of power: he knew alſo, that when all theſe particulars were afterwards communicated to Mr. Haſtings, he did not take one ſingle ſtep towards puniſhing thoſe who had acted with ſo much barbarity.

In the narrative which Mr. Haſtings drew of this whole tranſaction he had FALSIFIED dates, in order to impute guilt to the Begums, which could not be imputed to them if the true dates were ſet down.

While the latter aſſertion was made by Mr. Adam, that temper which had marked, and ſo meritoriouſly marked, the deportment of Mr. Haſtings, left him for a moment, and acroſs his box, to a gentleman in it, he whiſpered, " that the aſſertion was falſe!"

At theſe words Mr. Adam grew more impetuous.

" What, ſaid he, ſhall I hear, my Lords, " and bear, that my aſſertion ſhall be con- " tradicted? Shall I, who ſtand here as " the delegated Manager of the Commons, " be told that I am advancing what is un- " true? In the ſituation in which I ſtand— " and from that degraded man at your bar, " loaded with crimes, and groaning under " his enormities—I will not bear it.—To " your Lordſhips I appeal for PROTEC- " TION!"—[Here various perſons in the Court roſe up—and a brother Manager touching Mr. Adam, he recovered himſelf, and went on more calmly.]—" No, my " Lords, my aſſertions will prove to be true: " I will trace the guilt of Mr. Haſtings— " from the firſt attempts at expedience— " from the trial of a meaſure, and the fear " of its failure, to the joy at its execution, " and the triumph at its ſucceſs:—I will " ſhew him to you, falſifying his truſt— " defrauding the Eaſt-India Company:—I " will prove him guilty of FORGERY and " MURDER!"——Mr. Haſtings no longer ſhewed any emotion.

After various quotations from Latin Authors, by which Mr. Adam attempted to enforce his ſpeech, and which he quoted and intermixed ſo rapidly with Engliſh, that it was almoſt impoſſible to diſtinguiſh the " dead from the living," he proceeded to that part of the Begum Charge which brought in the name of Sir Elijah Impey.

" If I reſpect the Law, ſaid Mr. Adam, " of which I am a Member; if I revere its " doctrines, or am proud of the profeſſion " —how muſt I, and how muſt every lover " of the Laws or Conſtitution, around me, " feel, when we reflect upon ſuch a man— " ſuch a lawyer, and ſuch a being in the " character of a Judge, as is Sir Elijah Im- " pey! throwing aſide the unſullied er- " mine, and the ſacred dignity of his pro- " feſſion, to go on the common errands of a " Commiſſioner; to take the affidavit of " every man who would make one; and " thus, on *ex parte* evidence, ſworn with " ſuch ſpeed as left truth out of the queſ- " tion—and given in a corner—in the houſe " of Mr. Middleton, where every thing that " can create ſuſpicion, might expected to be " found—thus to deſtroy theſe wretched " Begums!"

After ſpeaking three hours and a quarter —Mr. Adam drew towards the concluſion, which he pointed as follows:

"If what once drew attention at this Bar, "in the perſon of Lord Lovat: if then—the "ſame ſummary mode of proceeding which "Mr. Haſtings choſe in India, had been "adopted—what would your Lordſhips "have thought—or, what would future "times have ſaid of our memories?—If that "Lord Lovat, inſtead of being brought to "a fair and honourable trial, had been in-"ſtantly deſtroyed by his conqueror—the "great Duke of Cumberland—would not "your Lordſhips, with one voice, have pro-"nounced it unneceſſary and inhuman de-"ſtruction? No: leſs ſo was the conduct of "Mr. Haſtings againſt the Princeſſes of "Oude:—unfortunate in having no Law "but the Will of their Conqueror:—and "whoſe Will had no Feeling for its "guide!"

"At the cloſe of his own written De-"fence," ſaid Mr. Adam, "Mr. Haſtings "has taken up an addreſs ſimilar to that of "the Earl of Strafford:—He tells you, that "he was ſent young to India, and almoſt "unacquainted with its nature and its man-"ners:—that in the moſt trying ſituations, "he was forced to be his own guide; his "own Politician; his own General; his "own Divine; and his own Judge! "That in duties ſo numerous and ſo com-"plicated, the beſt abilities might err: his "talents have not that boaſt; and therefore "ſhould his errors, if ſuch were found, "meet the pardon of his country?

"If a plea ſimilar to the Earl of Strafford "be taken up by Mr. Haſtings—then will I "adopt the anſwer of one of the greateſt "men this nation has ever had to boaſt—I "mean Mr. Pym.—He ſays—and with "juſtice he urges it—We aſk not for pre-"ternatural abilities, nor expect them: but "here, there is tranſgreſſion againſt every "rule: The light of Nature: The light of "Reaſon: The light of common Huma-"nity: all might have led him into a better "path; but wilfully, he choſe to ſtray from "the ſafe road, and if danger ſhould await "him, it is his own ſeeking."

Mr. Adam then addreſſed himſelf to the Lords, and adjured them, in the different capacities of Judges, Fathers, Sons, Peers, Engliſhmen and Men, to find Mr. Haſtings guilty *.

Mr. Pelham would now have continued the Charge; but the Court finding that it was four o'clock, adjourned.

[*To be continued.*]

JOURNAL of the PROCEEDINGS of the FIFTH SESSION of the SIXTEENTH PARLIAMENT of GREAT BRITAIN.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MARCH 17.

THERE was nothing of conſequence to take up the attention of the Houſe, excepting hearing counſel upon the Exeter poor bill, after which the Houſe adjourned.

MARCH 18.

Sir John Sinclair roſe, to make his promiſed motion reſpecting the parliamentary repreſentation of the counties of North Britain. So much difference of opinion prevailed on the conſtruction of the ſeveral Acts of Parliament for the regulation of the Scotch elections, that it had been deemed adviſeable to apply to the Houſe on the occaſion. The deciſions of the Courts of Law in Scotland, on conteſted points relative to elections, had been various and contradictory. He was, therefore, juſtified in the motion he would now make, that a ſpecial Committee be appointed to take into conſideration the laws now in being for regulating the elections for the Scotch counties; and that they make a report of their proceedings to the Houſe.

Sir William Cunnynghame ſaid, that he would defer his remarks on the ſubject till after the report of the propoſed Committee ſhould have been be received.

Sir John's motion was then unanimouſly agreed to.

Mr. Baſtard roſe to move for the production of certain papers. He ſaid, he ſhould poſtpone till a future day, the bringing up of a petition from ſuch Captains in the Royal Navy as had been ſuperſeded in the late promotions.

His firſt motion was, that there be laid before the Houſe, a copy of the appointment of thoſe Captains in his Majeſty's Navy, ſeniors to Captain Richard Braithwaite, who were included in, or affected by, the late promotion of Flag-officers.

His ſecond was, that copies be laid before

* Mr. Adam was up three hours and an half, and was heard with great attention. In many parts he deſerved it. In parts there was a violence liberal men do not love.

The Commons were more numerous than uſual. The female part of the audience were in greater numbers than have lately been ſeen.

the Houſe of all ſentences of Courts Martial, or other cenſures (if any ſuch there be) reflecting on the conduct of the Captains Blane, Laforey, Balfour, &c. Theſe motions after a ſhort converſation were agreed to.

The third motion was, that a copy be laid before the Houſe of the order of Council relating to naval promotions.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer thought, that before the queſtion was put on this motion, it would be proper to move for the production of a copy of the Memorial of the Admiralty in March 1746, reſpecting the ſuperannuation of the officers of the navy.

The motion for this Memorial was agreed to; as was alſo the motion concerning the order of Council.

MARCH 19.

Sir Charles Bampfylde preſented a petition from the inhabitants of Exeter againſt the Slave Trade.

Mr. Rolle moved for leave to bring in a bill to explain, amend, and to reduce into one act all the laws now in force relating to the exportation of wool. Granted.

MARCH 20.

Paſſed the Declaratory and other bills, from the Lords.

Black Rod then ſummoned the Houſe to attend in the Houſe of Peers, for the purpoſe of hearing his Majeſty's Commiſſion read, for giving the Royal Aſſent to the bills agreed to by both Houſes.

The Speaker attended by a few Members, went up, and at his return read the titles of the bills agreed to, after which the Houſe adjourned for the holidays.

APRIL 3.

This day the Speaker took the chair between three and four o'clock, for the firſt time after the Eaſter receſs, and after tranſacting ſome private buſineſs, the Houſe adjourned.

Accounts were laid before the Houſe of the produce of the taxes in the years 1786 and 1787 *.

* An ACCOUNT of the NET PRODUCE of all the TAXES, from the 5th of January 1786, to the 5th of January 1787; and from the 5th of January 1787, to the 5th of January 1788.

	1787. £.	s.	d.	1788. £.	s.	d.
CUSTOMS —	4,063,314	7	2½	3,714,477	2	6
EXCISE —	5,531,114	6	10½	6,225,627	11	3
STAMPS —	1,181,464	11	10¼	1,182,060	16	—
INCIDENTS.	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Salt, 5th April 1759 —	241,853	4	10½	80,461	10	5
Additional Ditto, 10th May 1780	60,463	3	7½	21,615	7	3
Ditto 22d June 1782 —	62,954	0	6	22,183	13	9
700l. per week letter money, 1ſt June 1711	36,400	0	0	13,300	0	0
2,300l. per week ditto — 1784	119,600	0	0	43,700	0	0
Seizures, Anno 1760 —	4,442	14	7	5,429	13	9
Proffers, ditto —	635	16	11	661	9	2
Fines of Leaſes, ditto —	6,073	15	4	6,676	6	4
Alum Mines, ditto —	960	0	0	960	0	0
Compoſitions, ditto —	2	10	0	2	13	4
Alienation Duty, ditto —	1,351	15	4	2,413	15	4
Fines and Forfeitures, ditto —	105	0	0	1,400	0	0
Rent of a Light Houſe, ditto —	6	13	4	156	13	4
Rent of Savoy Lands, ditto —						
Letter money, ditto —	95,000	0	0	93,000	0	0
6d. per Lib. on Penſioners, 24 June 1721	53,300	0	0	41,100	0	0
1s. Deduct. on Salaries, 5th April 1758	29,410	16	6½	32,102	6	3
Houſe and Windows, 10th October 1766	414,050	13	2¾	411,021	19	2¾
Houſes, 5th April 1778 —	125,470	0	10¼	140,081	5	11¼
Hawkers and Pedlars, 5th July 1710	1 925	0	0	1,554	7	10½
Hackney Coaches, 1ſt Auguſt 1711	9,324	8	11	13,219	15	4
Ditto — 1784	11,979	0	0	14,269	0	0
Hawkers and Pedlars, 5th July 1785	2,070	13	11	1,488	13	11½
Firſt Fruits of the Clergy —	6,413	9	3	5,164	2	10
Salt, 1ſt Auguſt 1785 —	12,000	0	0	3,000	0	0
Tenths of the Clergy —	9,903	14	10	9,893	16	4
Male Servants, Anno 1785 —	64,586	18	6½	97,912	0	6¼

Female

APRIL 4.

The Houſe did not ſit half an hour this day, and conſequently did very little buſineſs.

APRIL 7.

The Marquis of Worceſter was ſworn, and took his ſeat for the town of Monmouth

A petition was preſented againſt the Slave Trade from the Preſbytery of Aberdeen.

General Burgoyne moved, That the copies of the reports made by the officers who reviewed the regiments for India, as alſo of the embarkation returns, be laid before the Houſe. Ordered.—He then moved, That copies of his Majeſty's inſtructions relative to the brevet rank of officers in India be laid before the Houſe.

Mr. Pitt ſaid, on a ſubject of ſo delicate a nature he ſhould oppoſe the motion, unleſs ſome ſufficient reaſon was given for the production of the papers moved for.

The queſtion being put, was negatived without a diviſion.

The Houſe went into a committee of ſupply, and without any debate voted the extraordinaries of the army to a very conſiderable amount. One of the ſums voted on this occaſion exceeded 400,000l. The Houſe, on being reſumed, adjourned immediately.

APRIL 8.

Petitions from Kirkudbright and Aldborough, againſt the Slave Trade, were preſented, read, and ordered to lie on the table.

On the motion for agreeing to the reſolution of granting 173,823l. 1s. 9d. for the in and out-penſioners of Chelſea Hoſpital,

Sir James Johnſtone roſe, not, he ſaid, to oppoſe the motion, but to draw the attention of the Houſe to the ſum voted, and the number of perſons to receive the ſame. He ſtated, that, according to the preſent mode of paying the penſioners, every in penſioner coſt government near 60l. per ann. and every out penſioner above 30l. He conceived ſome more œconomical mode might be deviſed, which at the ſame time would be by no means injurious to the penſioners.

On the motion to agree with the reſolution of granting 480,581l. 3s. 4d. for defraying the expences of the land forces,

Sir Grey Cooper ſaid, that before he agreed to that reſolution, he begged leave to ſay a few words to the Right Hon. the Secretary at War. He obſerved, that the future probable expence of victualling, and of the contingent and extraordinary expences of the army at home and abroad for one year, is eſtimated, in the total, at the ſum of 261,365l. The account of the extraordinaries of the army for 1787 amounts to 480,000l. He wiſhed to be informed what events have happened that have traverſed and diſturbed theſe calculations, which (till they are fully explained, and their errors accounted for) bear the appearance of an intention to delude the public by the falſe lights of plans of œconomy, which thoſe who held them out knew could not be carried into execution and effect.

The Secretary at War and Mr. Steele defended the eſtimate, the exceſs of which had been occaſioned by temporary circumſtances, and by the great quantities of proviſions which the iſlands had been forced to be ſupplied with by commiſſion, on account of the failure of the proviſion contract.

APRIL 9.

The Houſe, in a committee of ſupply, came to ſeveral reſolutions for granting various ſums of money to his Majeſty for defraying the eſtabliſhments of his Majeſty's plantations in America and the Weſt-Indies; alſo to a reſolution of granting a ſum of money to his Majeſty for defraying the extraordinary expence of the Mint for the year 1787; and to a reſolution for granting to his

	1787.			1788.		
Female Servants, Anno 1785 ——	£. 19,061	19	0¾	£. 33,994	6	8
4 Wheel Carriages, ditto —	86,347	14	1	134,512	13	10½
2 Wheel, ditto —	18,595	16	8½	30,046	19	10½
Horſes, ditto —— —	72,448	0	6½	110,885	1	9½
Waggons, ditto — —	8,446	18	2½	18,530	15	2
Carts, ditto — —	4,887	0	0½	11,191	12	7½
Shops, ditto —	32,796	6	7¾	64,265	1	1
Houſes and Windows, Anno 1727	773	10	3	82	0	9½
Male Servants, Anno 1777, arrears	20	19	0	2	17	4
Conſol. Letter Money, Anno 1787				99,000	0	0
Ditto——Salt Ditto ——				235,669	7	2½
	1,613,661	15	2	1,800,969	7	5¼
Total of Cuſtoms, Exciſe, Stamps, and Incidents —	12,389,555	1	1¼	12,923,134	17	2½

Exchequer, the 3d of April, 1788.

JOHN HUGHSON.

Majeſty

Majeſty a ſum for defraying the expences incurred by the proſecution of offenders againſt the coinage laws.—Adjourned.

APRIL 10.

Mr. Steele reported the following reſolutions from the committee of ſupply, viz. That it is the opinion of this committee, that a ſum not exceeding 5845l. 6s. be granted to his Majeſty for defraying the charge of the civil eſtabliſhment of Nowa-Scotia.—4300l. for defraying the ſame charge for New-Brunſwick.—1900l. for defraying the charge of the civil eſtabliſhment for St. John.—And 11821. 10s. for defraying the charge of the ſalaries of the Governor of the Bahama Iſlands. The ſame were read and agreed to.

APRIL 11.

Deferred the committee of ways and means, and ſupply, till Monday, and adjourned till then.

APRIL 14.

A writ was ordered for the election of a burgeſs for Eaſt Loo, in the room of Mr. Damer, who has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.

The bill for diſſolving the marriage of Mr. Errington was committed, and the allegations of it were proved by evidence at the bar, which was of a nature not fit for the public eye.—The bill was afterwards read a third time and paſſed.

APRIL 15.

The Houſe having returned from the Hall, upon the order of the day being read for going into the wool bill, the Speaker obſerved the propriety there would be of fixing on Mondays and Fridays for thoſe bills that required any evidence being gone into, as theſe were the only days when the attendance of the members might be expected on account of the trial. Upon this idea, therefore, it was propoſed to poſtpone the preſent bill to Friday ſe'nnight, the intervening days being already full. The queſtion being put, produced a diviſion: Ayes 30——Noes 15.——Majority 15.

Mr. Mainwaring moved for leave to bring in a petition from the proprietors of the Royalty Theatre, praying to be included with Sadler's Wells in the bill before the Houſe.

This was ſupported by Mr. Taylor, and ſhortly but warmly oppoſed by Mr. Fox and Mr. Anſtruther.

On a diviſion leave was refuſed, there appearing, Ayes 18—Noes 31.

APRIL 16.

Sir Gilbert Elliott gave notice that he would on Friday ſe'nnight take the ſenſe of the Houſe on the firſt article of the charge againſt Sir Elijah Impey.

The Houſe then went into a committee to hear evidence upon the ſaid charge.

Mr. Francis then offered to the committee, in writing, the account he had drawn up, founded on the inſinuations thrown out againſt him by Sir Elijah Impey in his defence at the bar. That gentleman, he ſaid, had been ſaid to have acted prudently in not having given in a *written* defence, and Mr. Haſtings had been taxed with imprudence, becauſe he had committed his defence to writing: however, he would, he ſaid, follow the unwiſe example, and deliver this his written defence to the committee.

Upon this a converſation took place, in which it appeared to be the ſenſe of the committee, that it were better to take oral evidence from Mr. Francis, than this written one, becauſe in the latter there might be much extraneous matter, quite foreign to the ſubject; but if a queſtion tending to ſuch matter ſhould be put to a witneſs giving parole evidence, it might be ſtopped. It was agreed therefore on this ground, with many compliments, however, on account of his manly openneſs, that the paper tendered by Mr. Francis ſhould not be received. That gentleman then underwent a long examination relative to Nunducomar; and when it was concluded, the Houſe was reſumed, and then adjourned.

APRIL 17.

The order of the day for the ſecond reading of Mr. Gilbert's bill, for the better ſupport and government of the parochial poor, being read,

Mr. Gilbert moved the reading of it immediately a ſecond time.

Mr. Young, Mr. Drake, and Mr. Beaufoy oppoſed this motion; all however paying many handſome compliments to the framer of it, for his humanity and good intentions; but a bill which in every pariſh would ſubſtitute a ſet of trading Juſtices in the room of reſpectable County Magiſtrates, which would multiply officers, and by the erection of buildings, committee-rooms, &c. convert into a job what was meant as a publick good, which would create a new national debt by the powers to be veſted in Commiſſioners for mortgaging the Poor's rates for four years, and which would probably raiſe thoſe rates in half a century to near 12,000,000l. ought, they ſaid, not to be ſent to a committee; as no modification could make that good, which was ſo objectionable in principle.

Mr. Gilbert ſtill preſſed that the bill might not be haſtily rejected, but ſuffered to go to a committee, where alterations might be made, that would remove the objections.

Mr. Young, however, moved, that it be put off to that day three months.

On putting the queſtion for Mr. Gilbert's motion, there appeared, Ayes 10—Noes 44—Majority 34.

The amendment propoſed by Mr. Young was then carried without a diviſion: thus the bill is loſt for this ſeſſion.

To

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

THE recent death of the Pretender* makes the following paper intereſting. It was given to me by a reſpectable perſon, who told me he had reaſon to believe it genuine. Whatever doubts are entertained on this head, it is always in the power of the friends of the noble lord, whoſe name is mentioned towards the cloſe of it, to aſcertain the fact.—What is related at the commencement of the letter, is known to many.

The accounts collected by an eminent *hiſtorian*, reſpecting a pretender to the throne, will neceſſarily appear valuable, if authentic; and I muſt obſerve, that it is no ſufficient derogation from their authenticity, ſhould the narrative contained in this letter not be found warranted in every particular; as Mr. Hume is to be conſidered here merely as a reporter. I am, Sir, your's, &c. W.

COPY *of a* LETTER *from the late* DAVID HUME, *Eſq. to the late Sir* JOHN PRINGLE, M. D.

MY DEAR SIR, *St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, Feb.* 10, 1773.

THAT the preſent Pretender was in London in the year 1753, I know with the greateſt certainty, becauſe I had it from Lord Marechal, who ſaid it conſiſted with his certain knowledge.—Two or three days after his lordſhip gave me this information, he told me that the evening before, he had learned ſeveral curious particulars from a lady, (who I imagined to be Lady Primroſe), though my lord refuſed to name her. The Pretender came to her houſe in the evening, without giving her any preparatory information, and entered the room, when ſhe had a pretty large company with her, and was herſelf playing at cards. He was announced by the ſervant under another name: ſhe thought the cards would have dropped from her hands on ſeeing him; but ſhe had preſence enough of mind to call him by the name he aſſumed, to aſk him when he came to England, and how long he intended to ſtay there. After he and all the company went away, the ſervants remarked how wonderfully like the ſtrange gentleman was to the prince's picture which hung on the chimney-piece, in the very room in which he entered.—My lord added, (I think from the authority of the ſame lady) that he uſed ſo little precaution, that he went abroad openly in day-light in his own dreſs, only laying aſide his blue ribband and ſtar; walked once through St. James's, and took a turn in the Mall.

About five years ago, I told this ſtory to Lord Holderneſs, who was ſecretary of ſtate in the year 1753; and I added, that I ſuppoſed this piece of intelligence had at that time eſcaped his lordſhip. By no means, ſaid he; and who do you think firſt told it me? It was the king himſelf, who ſubjoined, "And what do you think, "my lord, I ſhould do with him?" Lord Holderneſs owned that he was puzzled how to reply, for if he declared his real ſentiments, they might ſavour of indifference to the royal family. The king perceived his embarraſſment, and extricated him from it, by adding, "My lord, "I ſhall juſt do nothing at all; and "when he is tired of England he will go "abroad again."—I think this ſtory, for the honour of the late king, ought to be more generally known.

But what will ſurpriſe you more, Lord

* He died at Rome on the 3d of March, 1788. Since the death of his father, in 1765, he had aſſumed the title of King of Great Britain, but on the continent was commonly known by the name of the Chevalier St. George, and in England by that of the Pretender. He was juſt ſixty-ſeven years and two months old, being born on the 30th of November, 1720. His mother was the greateſt fortune in Europe; ſhe was the Princeſs Maria Clementina Sobieſki, grand-daughter of the famous John Sobieſki, King of Poland, who beat the Turks near Vienna. She died January 18, 1735. N. S. Accounts of the Pretender's narrow eſcape from Scotland, in the year 1745, are to be found in our Magazines for October and November 1785, Vol. VIII. p. 266 and 329. He married ſome years ago a Princeſs of Stolberg, in Germany; but by her, who is ſtill living, he has left no iſſue. Every claim, therefore, which might be thought to belong to him, devolves to his brother the Cardinal York, who is now in the ſixty-third year of his age. The Pretender has left a natural daughter, who, by his aſſumed royal power, he lately created Ducheſs of Albany, and to whom he has bequeathed all the property he had in the French funds, which was very conſiderable. She is about twenty-five years of age.

Marechal, a few days after the coronation of the preſent king, told me that he believed the young Pretender was at that time in London, or at leaſt had been ſo very lately, and had come over to ſee the ſhew of the coronation, and had actually ſeen it. I aſked my lord the reaſon for this ſtrange fact. Why, ſays he, a gentleman told me ſo that ſaw him there, and that he even ſpoke to him, and whiſpered in his ears theſe words: "Your "royal highneſs is the laſt of all mor- "tals whom I ſhould expect to ſee here." "It was curioſity that led me," ſaid the other; "but I aſſure you," added he, "that the perſon who is the object of all "this pomp and magnificence, is the man "I envy the leaſt." You ſee this ſtory is ſo near traced from the fountain head, as to wear a great face of probability. Query, what if the Pretender had taken up Dymock's gauntlet?

I find that the Pretender's viſit in England in the year 1753, was known to all the Jacobites; and ſome of them have aſſured me, that he took the opportunity of formally renouncing the Roman catholic religion, under his own name of Charles Stuart, in the New Church in the Strand; and that this is the reaſon of the bad treatment he met with at the court of Rome. I own that I am a ſceptic with regard to the laſt particulars.

Lord Marechal had a very bad opinion of this unfortunate prince, and thought there was no vice ſo mean or atrocious of which he was not capable; of which he gave me ſeveral inſtances.—My lord, though a man of great honour, may be thought a diſcontented courtier; but what quite confirmed me in that idea of that prince, was a converſation I had with Helvetius at Paris, which I believe I have told you. In caſe I have not, I ſhall mention a few particulars. That gentleman told me that he had no acquaintance with the Pretender; but ſome time after that prince was chaced out of France, a letter, ſaid he, was brought me from him, in which he told me that the neceſſity of his affairs obliged him to be at Paris, and as he knew me by character to be a man of the greateſt probity and honour in France, he would truſt himſelf to me, if I would promiſe to conceal and protect him. I own, added Helvetius to me, although I knew the danger to be greater of harbouring him at Paris than at London; and although I thought the family of Hanover not only the lawful ſovereigns in England, but the only lawful ſovereigns in Europe, as having the full and free conſent of the people; yet was I ſuch a dupe to his flattery, that I invited him to my houſe, concealed him there going and coming near two years, had all his correſpondence paſs through my hands, met with his partizans upon Pont Neuf, and found at laſt that I had incurred all this danger and trouble for the moſt unworthy of all mortals; inſomuch that I have been aſſured, when he went down to Nantz to embark on his expedition to Scotland, he took fright, and refuſed to go on board; and his attendants, thinking the matter gone too far, and that they would be affronted for his cowardice, carried him in the night-time into the ſhip, *pieds et mains liés*. I aſked him, if he meant literally. Yes, ſaid he, literally: they tied him, and carried him by main force. What think you now of this hero and conqueror?

Both Lord Marechal and Helvetius agree, that with all this ſtrange character, he was no bigot, but rather had learned from the philoſophers at Paris to affect a contempt of all religion. You muſt know that both theſe perſons thought they were aſcribing to him an excellent quality. Indeed both of them uſed to laugh at me for my narrow way of thinking in theſe particulars. However, my dear Sir John, I hope you will do me the juſtice to acquit me.

I doubt not but theſe circumſtances will appear curious to Lord Hardwick, to whom you will pleaſe to preſent my reſpects. I ſuppoſe his lordſhip will think this unaccountable mixture of temerity and timidity in the ſame character, not a little ſingular. I am your's, very ſincerely, DAVID HUME.

ADVICE TO A NEW-MARRIED MAN.

By Mrs. THRALE (now Mrs. PIOZZI.)

I RECEIVED the news of your marriage with infinite delight, and hope that the ſincerity with which I wiſh your happineſs, may excuſe the liberty I take in giving you a few rules whereby more certainly to obtain it. I ſee you ſmile at my wrong-headed kindneſs, and reflecting on the charms of your bride, cry out in a rapture, that you are happy enough without my rules. I know you are; but after one of the forty years, which I hope you will paſs pleaſingly together, are over, this letter may come in

turn,

turn, and rules for felicity may not be found unneceſſary, however ſome of them may appear impracticable.

Could that kind of love be kept alive through the marriage ſtate, which makes the charm of a ſingle one, the ſovereign good would no longer be ſought for; in the union of two faithful lovers it would be found: but reaſon ſhews us that this is impoſſible, and experience informs us that it never was ſo; we muſt preſerve it as long, and ſupply it as happily as we can.

When your preſent violence of paſſion ſubſides, however, and a more cool and tranquil affection takes its place, be not haſty to cenſure yourſelf as indifferent, or to lament yourſelf as unhappy; you have loſt that only which it was impoſſible to retain, and it were graceleſs amid the pleaſures of a proſperous ſummer to regret the bloſſoms of a tranſient ſpring. Neither unwarily condemn your bride's inſipidity till you have recollected that no object however ſublime, no ſounds however charming, can continue to tranſport us with delight when they no longer ſtrike us with novelty. The ſkill to renovate the powers of pleaſing are ſaid indeed to be poſſeſſed by ſome women in an eminent degree, but the artifices of maturity are ſeldom ſeen to adorn the innocence of youth; you have made your choice, and ought to approve it.

Satiety follows quickly upon the heels of poſſeſſion; and to be happy, we muſt always have ſomething in view. The perſon of your lady is already all your own, and will not grow more pleaſing in your eyes I doubt, though the reſt of your ſex will think her handſomer for theſe dozen years. Turn therefore all your attention to her mind, which will daily grow brighter by poliſhing. Study ſome eaſy ſcience together, and acquire a ſimilarity of taſtes while you enjoy a community of pleaſures. You will by this means have many images in common, and be freed from the neceſſity of ſeparating to find amuſement. Nothing is ſo dangerous to wedded love as the poſſibility of either being happy out of the company of the other; endeavour therefore to cement the preſent intimacy on every ſide; let your wife never be kept ignorant of your income, your expences, your friendſhips, or averſions; let her know your very faults, but make them amiable by your virtues; conſider all concealment as a breach of fidelity; let her never have any thing to find out in your character, and remember, that from the moment one of the partners turns ſpy upon the other, they have commenced a ſtate of hoſtility.

Seek not for happineſs in ſingularity; and dread a refinement of wiſdom as a deviation into folly. Liſten not to thoſe ſages who adviſe you always to ſcorn the counſel of a woman, and if you comply with her requeſts pronounce you to be wife-ridden. Think not any privation, except of poſitive evil, an excellence, and do not congratulate yourſelf that your wife is not a learned lady, that ſhe never touches a card, or is wholly ignorant how to make a pudding. Cards, cookery, and learning, are all good in their places, and may all be uſed with advantage.

With regard to expence, I can only obſerve, that the money laid out in the purchaſe of diſtinction is ſeldom or ever profitably employed. We live in an age when ſplendid furniture and glittering equipage are grown too common to catch the notice of the meaneſt ſpectator, and for the greater ones, they only regard our waſteful folly with ſilent contempt, or open indignation. ——This may perhaps be a diſpleaſing reflection, but the following conſideration ought to make amends. The age we live in, pays, I think, peculiar attention to the higher diſtinctions of wit, knowledge, and virtue, to which we may more ſafely, more cheaply, and more honourably aſpire. The giddy flirt of quality frets at the reſpect ſhe ſees paid to Lady Edgecumbe, and the gay dunce ſits pining for a partner, while Jones the orientaliſt leads up the ball.

I ſaid that the perſon of your lady would not grow more pleaſing to you, but pray let her never ſuſpect that it grows leſs ſo: that a woman will pardon an affront to her underſtanding much ſooner than one to her perſon is well known; nor will any of us contradict the aſſertion. All our attainments, all our arts, are employed to gain and keep the heart of man; and what mortification can exceed the diſappointment, if the end be not obtained? There is no reproof however pointed, no puniſhment however ſevere, that a woman of ſpirit will not prefer to neglect; and if ſhe can endure it without complaint, it only proves that ſhe means to make herſelf amends by the attention of others for the ſlights of her huſband. For this, and for every reaſon, it behoves a married man not to let his politeneſs fail, though his ardour may abate, but to retain at leaſt that general civility towards his own lady which he is ſo willing to pay to every other, and not ſhew a wife of eighteen or twenty years old, that every man in company can treat her with more complaiſance than he, who ſo often vowed to her eternal fondneſs.

It is not my opinion that a young woman ſhould be indulged in every wild wiſh of her gay heart or giddy head, but contradiction may be ſoftened by domeſtic kindneſs, and quiet pleaſures ſubſtituted in the place of noiſy

ones. Public amuſements are not indeed ſo expenſive as is ſometimes imagined, but they tend to alienate the minds of married people from each other. A well choſen ſociety of friends and acquaintance, more eminent for virtue and good ſenſe than for gaiety and ſplendour, where the converſation of the day may afford comment for the evening, ſeems the moſt rational pleaſure this great town can afford; and to this, a game at cards now and then gives an additional reliſh.

That your own ſuperiority ſhould always be ſeen, but never felt, ſeems an excellent general rule. A wife ſhould outſhine her huſband in nothing, not even in her dreſs.—If ſhe happens to have a taſte for the trifling diſtinction that finery can confer, ſuffer her not for a moment to fancy, when ſhe appears in public, that Sir Edward or the Colonel are finer gentlemen than her huſband. The bane of married happineſs among the city men in general has been, that finding themſelves unfit for polite life, they transferred their vanity to their ladies, dreſſed them up gaily, and ſent them out a gallanting, while the good man was to regale with port wine or rum punch, perhaps among mean companions, after the compting-houſe was ſhut: this practice produced the ridicule thrown on them in all our comedies and novels ſince commerce began to proſper. But now that I am ſo near the ſubject, a word or two on jealouſy may not be amiſs; for though not a failing of the preſent age's growth, yet the ſeeds of it are too certainly ſown in every warm boſom for us to neglect it as a fault of no conſequence. If you are ever tempted to be jealous, watch your wife narrowly—but never teize her; tell her your jealouſy, but conceal your ſuſpicion; let her, in ſhort, be ſatisfied that it is only your odd temper, and even troubleſome attachment, that makes you follow her; but let her not dream that you ever doubted ſeriouſly of her virtue even for a moment. If ſhe is diſpoſed towards jealouſy of you, let me beſeech you to be always explicit with her and never myſterious: be above delighting in her pain of all things,—nor do your buſineſs nor pay your viſits with an air of concealment, when all you are doing might as well be proclaimed perhaps in the pariſh veſtry. But I will hope better than this of your tenderneſs and of your virtue, and will releaſe you from a lecture you have ſo little need of, unleſs your extreme youth and my uncommon regard will excuſe it. And now farewell; make my kindeſt compliments to your wife, and be happy in proportion as happineſs is wiſhed you by,

Dear Sir, &c.

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

YOU lately favoured the public with a well-written account of the celebrated Athenian STUART *, which has given great ſatisfaction to his numerous friends and acquaintance; but there are a few miſtakes in it that ought to be corrected, to prevent future Biographers from being led aſtray, ſhould they happen to conſult, as they probably will, the account given by your Correſpondent.

Your Correſpondent ſets out with informing us, that Mr. Stuart was the ſon of a mariner, but he does not tell us what country, nor what year, gave birth to this ingenious man. I, who became acquainted with him ſoon after his return from Greece, have often heard him mention that he was born in London, in the year 1713; that his parents lived in Creed-lane, Ludgate-ſtreet; that his father was of Scotland, and his mother from Wales. Though poor, they were honeſt and worthy people, and gave their ſon the beſt education in their power.

Your Correſpondent mentions, that Mr. S. made himſelf known to Meſſrs. Dawkins and Bouverie at Rome; but I believe this is a miſtake. Mr. Stuart told me that he firſt met with thoſe gentlemen at Athens; and I believe it was there that he received the firſt proofs of regard from the generous and enterpriſing Dawkins, who was glad to encourage a brother in ſcientifick inveſtigation, who poſſeſſed equal ardour with himſelf, but with very unequal means for proſecuting thoſe inquiries, in which both were engaged with ſo much ſimilarity of diſpoſition, and eagerneſs of purſuit.

Your Correſpondent, I think, makes no mention of Mr. Revett, who was Mr. Stuart's companion at Athens, and who was jointly concerned with him in compiling and publiſhing that great work, "The Antiquities, &c." of which the firſt volume only has yet made its appearance. I am happy, however, in this opportunity of confirming to you the report, that the ſecond volume has been left by Mr. S. in a ſtate nearly ready for publication, and that the Dilettante Society propoſe to give it to the public very ſoon; under better auſpices it could not appear.

Mr. Revett was, by profeſſion, an architect; and it was from him that Mr. Stuart firſt caught his ideas of that ſcience, in which (quitting the painter's art) he afterwards made ſo conſpicuous a figure. It was at

* See Page 58 of this Volume.

Rome

Rome that Meſſrs. Stuart and Revett firſt became acquainted, and from whence they travelled together to Athens, for the purpoſe of inveſtigating the remains of ancient grandeur, ſtill to be found in the ruins of that celebrated metropolis of the moſt poliſhed of the Grecian States.

Your Correſpondent makes Mr. Stuart conſiderably older than he was at the time of his death: he appears likewiſe to have been very ill informed with reſpect to the circumſtances of his matrimonial engagements; for he was twice married, though H. A. mentions only one engagement of that kind. It was (as nearly as I can recollect) about the year 1760 Mr. S. was firſt married. His choice then fell upon his houſe-keeper, a very good woman, by whom he had a ſon, who died at the age of four or five years — His ſecond wife, now his widow, was a Miſs Blackſtone, whoſe father was a farmer in Kent; and to this very young lady, he was united when he was about the age of ſixty-ſeven. By her he had four children; one of whom, a boy, was the very "image and ſuperſcription" of himſelf, both in body and mind: he manifeſted a moſt aſtoniſhing turn for *drawing*, even before he was three years old; and would imitate with pen or pencil every thing he ſaw lying on his father's table. This child (his father's darling) died of the ſmall-pox, towards the latter end of the year 1787; and poor Mr. Stuart's health was obſerved to decline very rapidly from that time.

Mr. Stuart's eldeſt ſon is ſtill living; a fine boy, about ſeven years old, and is at Mrs. Burney's boarding ſchool, at Hammerſmith. In the ſame village alſo are placed at Miſs Scott's, Mr. Stuart's two daughters; the eldeſt of whom is about eight years of age. It is happy for theſe, that they are ſo properly ſituated; and it is ſtill more happy for them, that they are alſo under the careful eye of a prudent and affectionate mother; to whom this farther teſtimony of reſpect is due, that notwithſtanding the diſparity of years between her and Mr. Stuart, ſhe made his latter days as comfortable and happy, as the aſſiduity and tenderneſs of an affectionate wife can poſſibly render thoſe of a fond and truly domeſticated huſband.

Thus you ſee, Mr. Editor, that the hero of our tale was not ſo far advanced in years as he is made to have been by the account of your Correſpondent. According to H. A. he muſt have been 81 or 82; but as a collateral proof of the account which I have now given, I can refer any enquirer to the plate on his coffin, which I ſaw depoſited in the vault of the church of St. Martin's in the Fields, on which he is ſaid to have died Feb 2, 1788, in the 76th year of his age.

And now, Sir, with your good leave, a word or two, in concluſion, concerning an illiberal paragraph which lately appeared in one of the Papers, reflecting, very unjuſtly, on the ingenious and learned Athenian, for ſpending much of his time in alehouſes with low company, &c. The perſon who wrote that paragraph was not in the ſecret of Mr. S's. true character. He was a great humouriſt, in the moſt agreeable ſenſe of the word; an attentive obſerver of men and manners; and having learned that there were clubs of artiſts, &c. held at certain porter-houſes in his neighbourhood, belonging to which were ſome odd geniuſes, men of an original turn of thinking and converſation, he would, occaſionally, when his evenings were not otherwiſe engaged, reſort for variety to ſuch places, in order to ſmoke his darling pipe, and liſten to their curious debates, &c. At theſe places he was received with much reſpect by the company, who thought themſelves highly honoured by his preſence; and often, on the next day, would he entertain his friends of the *higher orders* with his pleaſant details of what uſually paſſed at ſuch droll aſſemblies. And where, Mr. Editor, was the harm of all this? Dean Swift, and Hogarth, often did the ſame; and to the ideas which they acquired on ſuch occaſions, the world is indebted for many of thoſe admirable ſtrokes of humour, for which the world remains indebted to the *pen* of the one, and the pencil of the other.

I remain, Sir,

Your conſtant Reader,

A. H.

An ACCOUNT of the Late MR. JAMES COLLINGS.

IT is not uncommon to hear perſons who have no particular occupation, as well as men of buſineſs, lament a neglected education: for the time of life uſually allotted to improvement being paſſed, the former figures to himſelf inſurmountable difficulties in the way to learning; and it is deemed a ſufficient argument by the latter, that his time is too much engroſſed to allow him leiſure to retrieve his deficiency. It is not only for the advantage of perſons under the above deſcriptions, but alſo, in hopes of exciting a

ſtill

ſtill more general emulation, we inſert the following account of Mr. JAMES COLLINGS, who died at Bath in February laſt; and for its authenticity the Editors have permiſſion to refer to many reſpectable characters, who were the friends of that gentleman.

Mr. Collings early in life engaged with Mr. Cox in his ſtock-office under the Royal Exchange; which buſineſs of courſe led his attention to calculation; wherein he was not content with obtaining a ſuperficial knowledge, but ſought the foundation of the rules of that ſcience, by ſtudying the moſt approved algebraical as well as arithmetical authors, and by theſe means he progreſſively became acquainted with the various other branches of mathematical philoſophy. He had ſtudied the French language prior to this time; and had alſo found leiſure to attain a conſiderable proficiency in Ethicks. With theſe advantages, Mr. Collings was no unworthy member of a little club, which conſiſted of Dr. Franklin the American, Mr. John Barton, Dr. Price, and a few other literary characters. It was their cuſtom to meet once a fortnight; and whenever the diſcuſſions related either to natural or moral philoſophy, Mr. Collings bore a conſiderable ſhare in the converſation; but his want of claſſical knowledge frequently deprived him of a great part of the pleaſure he would otherwiſe have enjoyed in a ſociety, where, it is to be ſuppoſed, the Greek and Roman authors would oftentimes be a ſubject of diſcourſe.

Mr. Collings was at this period forty years of age, had ſucceeded Mr. Cox in the office above-mentioned, and paid conſtant attention to the buſineſs of it, riding daily nine or ten miles to town from his houſe at Colney-hatch; therefore his only leiſure-time was of an evening after his return home. Theſe obſtacles, however, did not deter him from forming the reſolution of vigorouſly applying himſelf to the ſtudy of the Latin and Greek languages. He had a ſhort time before learnt Italian by the help of Engliſh tranſlations; and he purſued the ſame method to learn Latin, beginning with an eaſy proſe author; and in about one year and a half he did not require any aid from tranſlations to conſtrue not only Cicero but Salluſt and Livy with great eaſe. He alſo learned the principles of Proſody, but it was not 'till after he was able to conſtrue Ovid, Virgil, and Horace. His next application was to Greek, the Latin tranſlations ſerving him on this occaſion as the Engliſh had done on a former.

By ſteadily, and attentively, purſuing theſe ſteps, Mr. Collings became ſo well acquainted with all the celebrated Greek and Latin authors, both in proſe and verſe, that a learned member of the club was heard to ſay, "Mr. Collings has read more Claſſics, and underſtands them better than any of us, who were regularly bred at ſchool to conſtrue them."—It may be proper, however, to obſerve, that he was always ſhy of repeating quotations, feeling himſelf rather defective in pronunciation; for although he underſtood the poetical metre, yet not having been trained to make verſes, nor practiſed in ſcanning and capping, he would ſometimes pronounce a word with a wrong quantity. This circumſtance might perhaps be one cauſe which led him to obſerve, that were he to renew the taſk, he would commence with the ſtudy of the Rudiments, and drudgery of Declenſions and Conjugations.

Mr. Collings was under fifty when he retired from buſineſs, with an handſome fortune and unblemiſhed reputation. It was now in his power to enjoy without reſtraint thoſe pains which he uſed frequently to declare, even whilſt he was labouring at the Claſſics, gave him more pleaſure than any other purſuit he had ever engaged in; and he accordingly divided his time between his books and the ſociety of his learned friends, who did not eſteem him more for his improving and entertaining converſation, than they loved him for the ſerene chearfulneſs of his ſocial temper. He had naturally a very delicate conſtitution; however, by great temperance and care, he protracted his life beyond the ſixty-ſeventh year: latterly his ſight failed him; but he experienced the greateſt alleviation ſuch a misfortune is capable of receiving, in the unremitted attention of a faithful and amiable wife, who not only accuſtomed herſelf to read Latin to him, but had learnt the Greek characters, ſo as to be able to entertain him with the books in that language.——Contraſt ſuch a character with the inſipidity and peeviſhneſs of an old age incapable of intellectual employment; and no ſtronger inducement, it is to be hoped, is neceſſary to prevail upon perſons, for whom it was at firſt obſerved the above particulars were principally ſelected, to do all in their power to avoid ſinking into the pitiable ſituation of the latter.

It may not be improper farther to remark, that ſuppoſing a ſufficient reſolution ſhould be wanting to undertake the dead or even the modern foreign languages, yet every kind of uſeful knowledge is to be acquired by the ſtudy of Engliſh books; care being taken to procure, from ſome judicious and well-informed friend, a definitive plan for application.

ACCOUNT

ACCOUNT of the LIFE of BARON TRENK.

[EXTRACTED from the GERMAN MEMOIRS, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

BARON FREDERICK TRENK was born of honourable parents in the year 1726. Till the 13th year of his age he was privately educated at his father's houſe. His ready capacity, and lively turn of mind, drew upon him the admiration and affection of his parents, who, in conſequence, allowed him great indulgences, whereby he acquired very early, a high degree of forwardneſs and ſelf-ſufficiency, which afterwards grew up into a ſpirit of preſumption and reſiſtance; two qualities which he allows to have been the ſources of many of thoſe difficulties and misfortunes that are related in the hiſtory of his life.

By the time that he was thirteen, he had made ſo much progreſs in his ſtudies, that he was deemed qualified for going to the Univerſity, where he was accordingly ſent. After he had remained here about three years, during which time he had applied himſelf to his purſuits with his former ſucceſs, he was taken away by a relation (for his father had died while he was at college), an officer in the Pruſſian ſervice, to Potſdam, and was there preſented to the late King. "Some pertinent anſwers," ſays he, "to Frederick's enlightened queſtions, my remarkable growth, and my totally free and undiſconcerted manner, pleaſed his Majeſty, and I immediately received the uniform of the body-guard, as cadet, with aſſurances of my future fortune according to the manner in which I ſhould conduct myſelf."

Scarcely had he been cadet three weeks, before the monarch was ſo well pleaſed with his conduct that he promoted him to the rank of a cornet, and, as a further mark of his approbation and favour, preſented him with a coſtly equipage. Frederick at the ſame time introduced him to his literary ſociety; in conſequence of which he became acquainted and formed a friendſhip with Maupertuis, and ſeveral other philoſophical and ſcientifick characters.

In the autumn of 1744, when a rupture took place between Auſtria and Pruſſia, he accompanied Frederick to Prague; after raiſing the ſiege of which, Trenk, in conſequence of a duel, and abſence from the parade at the appointed time, was put under arreſt, and remained ſo till the opening of the next campaign in the ſpring of 1745, when the Pruſſian army marched into Sileſia, and beat the Imperial forces at Strigau; an action in which Trenk was wounded. In a ſecond engagement at Sorow, the Pruſſians were again victorious. It was a few days after this laſt mentioned battle, that Trenk received a letter ſigned with the name of his Hungarian relation Francis Trenk, an officer in the Auſtrian ſervice. In this letter he was invited to come over to the ſide of his relation, under promiſe of being made heir to his Hungarian eſtates. This letter Frederick Trenk, who declares it to have been forged, had no ſooner read, than he ſhewed it to his Commander, who, it ſeems, was a favourite of the King, and jealous of Trenk's riſing. Be that as it may, Trenk was ſuſpected of treaſon, arreſted and conveyed to the fort of Glatz, from whence, after an impriſonment of many months, he contrived to make his eſcape along with one of the garriſon officers, named Schell. In this attempt they were obliged to jump over the ramparts, in doing which his companion diſlocated his ankle-joint. Schell being thus diſabled, he was obliged to put him on his back, and carry him and himſelf off as well as he could. In this manner did he paſs a river, which was only partly frozen (for it was in the month of December) and walk through ſnow the greateſt part of the night. The next morning, however, they found means to get a couple of horſes, rode away, and reached the Bohemian boundaries, where they had no longer any thing to fear from their purſuers.

After they had remained here about three weeks, in order to have the diſlocated ankle cured, they ſet off on foot, on the 18th of January, 1747, from Brunau to Billitz, in Poland, provided with paſſports as common Pruſſian deſerters, and with only a few ſhillings in their pockets. It may be eaſily imagined what hardſhips and dangers they muſt have encountered in ſuch a journey, undertaken at ſuch a ſeaſon, and under ſuch circumſtances.

On the 27th of February they arrived at the houſe of his ſiſter, who was married to a Pruſſian officer. Here they promiſed themſelves thoſe comforts which are at all times, but more eſpecially in ſuch a ſituation as theirs, naturally expected by one relation from another. But how great was their aſtoniſhment, their diſtreſs, and indignation, when they were told that the huſband with held his ſiſter from joining him, and threatened, if they did not immediately quit the houſe, to have them arreſted. Thus, inſtead of having a hoſpitable reception in his brother's houſe, they were obliged to paſs the night in a foreſt,

proceeding

proceeding the next day, as the only remaining ſource of hopes, on their way to his mother, who, having heard of his ſituation, with true parental tenderneſs met him on the road, about the middle of the following month, March; and after having furniſhed him with money and other neceſſaries, took leave of him, recommending him to go to Vienna, as the beſt place to ſeek his fortune.

Following his mother's advice, he went to Vienna. Here having involved himſelf in ſome difficulties on account of his relation of Hungary, he thought it prudent to retire, and accordingly quitted this capital towards the end of the ſummer 1748, with the intention of going to Holland, and from thence to the Indies: but having fallen in with ſome Ruſſian troops in the way, that were commanded by one of his mother's relations, he, on being offered a Captaincy, entered into the Ruſſian ſervice. Some time after this his Commander ſent him with a party of Invalids to Dantzick, from whence he was to tranſport them to Riga, where he landed, after having been expoſed to a violent ſtorm, and from thence proceeded to Moſcow. The Ruſſian Court was held there at that time, and he had the good fortune to meet with every kind of friendſhip and aſſiſtance from the Britiſh and Imperial Envoys, Lord Hyndford and Count Bernes. The Court afterwards removed to Peterſburgh, and Trenk went along with the ſame; for he had now, by the intereſt of his two juſt named patrons, gotten a poſt under Count Beſtucheff, firſt Miniſter of the then reigning Empreſs Elizabeth.

While he now ſeemed to be in the direct road to make his fortune, an accident happened which ſhewed him that the King of Pruſſia was reſolved to oppoſe his ſucceſs at Peterſburgh. This circumſtance, together with the news of his relation Francis Trenk's death, whereby he became heir to ſome Hungarian eſtates, made him leave Ruſſia, and return to Vienna. In his way he paſſed by Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Amſterdam, and from thence by the Hague to Vienna, where he arrived in 1750, after an abſence of about two years.

No ſooner was he here, than he became engaged in a law-ſuit for the recovery of the eſtates bequeathed to him; of which, however, after a long and expenſive proceſs, he loſt almoſt all. To divert his mind under this diſappointment, he made a tour into Italy, viſiting Venice, Florence, and Rome. On his return, he received a commiſſion in one of the regiments which was garriſoned in Hungary, where he went to join it.

His mother's death requiring him to go to Dantzick, he made another journey thither in 1754, having obtained for that purpoſe ſix months leave of abſence. Here, after he had arranged his family affairs, he fell once again into the King of Pruſſia's power. Having been ſeized upon in his bed, he was conveyed under a ſtrong eſcort to Berlin, and from thence to Magdeburgh. With the hiſtory of his impriſonment at this fort, begins the ſecond volume.

At Magdeburgh he remained, dungeoned and fettered with heavy chains, nearly ten years; during which period he experienced all the miſeries attendant on confinement, ſuch as bodily and mental diſtraction, hunger, and diſeaſe, in the bitterſt degree. On occaſions, however, by force of money, he could procure himſelf ſome means of comfort, ſuch as better nouriſhment (for his preſcribed diet conſiſted only of bread and water) light, fire, paper, and books. With theſe laſt he diverted his mind from too much reflection on the horrors of his ſituation. He even compoſed a collection of poems, ſuch as fables, tales, and ſatires, of which many had a reference to his own ſufferings, or to thoſe concerned in them. It is remarkable, that he wrote them, not with ink, but with his own blood. Another occupation, not very different from this, ſerved to paſs away his time, and amuſe his fancy: this was etching or engraving, which, though executed with a miſerable inſtrument, and upon tin, was yet, by his great application, brought to conſiderable perfection. The prints from theſe were generally allegorical, and ſerved, as he thinks, as a help to his deliverance.

Amidſt all theſe endeavours to conſole himſelf during the continuance of his impriſonment, he did not leave untried others to put a ſtop to its continuance, by procuring his eſcape. And here it is truly wonderful what artifices he deviſed, what labours he endured, for the attainment of this end. It is hardly conceivable, how a perſon loaded as he was with ſo many irons, could find means to looſen them from him. Not only, however, did he effectuate this (having been furniſhed with a file) but he afterwards undertook, and nearly completed, the undermining of his gaol; and was twice on the point of getting out by this method, had he not been overheard the firſt time by the ſentinel without, under whoſe feet he was working; and had he not the laſt time confeſſed his project himſelf, in the hopes of working there-

by

by on the King's generoſity, and ſo obtaining an honourable enlargement. In this, however, he was diſappointed; and it was not till a conſiderable time after the concluſion of the ſeven years war between Auſtria and Pruſſia that the Queen of the Great Frederick, whom ſhe perceived to be one day in a remarkable good humour, hinted to the Imperial Envoy, that it was the proper moment for ſpeaking in Trenk's behalf. This was immediately done, and the monarch pronounced his "Yes."

[*To be Concluded.*]

The following ALLEGORY lately made its Appearance in a PHILADELPHIA NEWS-PAPER; and is ſaid to come from the Pen of the celebrated DOCTOR FRANKLIN.

IN a dream I thought myſelf in a ſolitary temple. I ſaw a kind of phantom coming towards me, but as he drew near, his form expanded and became more than human; his robe hung majeſtically down to his feet; ſix wings whiter than ſnow, whoſe extremities were edged with gold, covered a part of his body: then I ſaw him quit his material ſubſtance, which he had put on not to terrify me; his body was of all the colours in the rainbow. He took me by the hair, and I was ſenſible I was travelling in the ætherial plains without any dread, with the rapidity of an arrow ſent from a bow drawn by a ſupple and nervous arm.

A thouſand glowing orbs rolled beneath me: but I could only caſt a rapid glance on all thoſe globes diſtinguiſhed by the ſtriking colours with which they were diverſified.

I now ſuddenly perceived ſo beautiful, ſo flouriſhing, ſo fertile a country, that I conceived a ſtrong deſire to alight upon it. My wiſhes were inſtantly gratified; I felt myſelf gently landed on its ſurface, where I was ſurrounded by a balmy atmoſphere. I found myſelf repoſed at the dawn, on the ſoft verdant graſs. I ſtretched out my arms, in token of gratitude, to my celeſtial guide, who pointed to a reſplendent ſun, towards which ſwiftly riſing, he diſappeared in the luminous body.

I roſe, and imagined myſelf to be tranſported into the garden of Eden. Every thing inſpired my ſoul with ſoft tranquility. The moſt profound peace covered this new globe; nature was raviſhing and incorruptible here, and a delicious freſhneſs expanded my ſenſe to extacy; a ſweet odour accompanied the air I breathed; my heart, which beat with an unuſual power, was immerged in a ſea of rapture; while pleaſure, like a pure and immortal light, penetrated the inmoſt receſſes of my ſoul.

The inhabitants of this happy country came to meet me; and after ſaluting me they took me by the hand. Their noble countenances inſpired confidence and reſpect; innocence and happineſs were depicted in their looks; they often lifted their eyes towards Heaven, and as often uttered a name which I afterwards knew to be that of the Eternal, while their cheeks were moiſtened with the tears of gratitude.

I experienced great emotion while I converſed with thoſe ſublime beings. They poured out their hearts with the moſt ſincere tenderneſs; and the voice of reaſon, moſt majeſtic, and no leſs melting, was, at the ſame time, conveyed to my enraptured ear.

I ſoon perceived this abode was totally different from that which I had left. A divine impulſe made me fly into their arms;—I bowed my knees to them; but being raiſed up in the moſt endearing manner, I was preſſed to the boſoms that encloſed ſuch excellent hearts, and I conceived a preſentiment of celeſtial amity, of that amity which united their ſouls, and formed the greateſt portion of their felicity.

The Angel of darkneſs, with all his artifice, was never able to diſcover the entrance into this world!—Notwithſtanding his overwatchful malice, he never found out the means to ſpread his poiſon over this happy globe. Anger, envy, and pride, were there unknown; the happineſs of one appeared the happineſs of all! an extatic tranſport inceſſantly elevating their ſouls at the ſight of the magnificent and bountiful Hand that collected over their heads the moſt aſtoniſhing prodigies of the creation.

The lovely morning, with her humid ſaffron wings, diſtilled the pearly dew from the ſhrubs and flowers, and the rays of the riſing ſun multiplied the moſt enchanting colours, when I perceived a wood embelliſhed by the opening dawn.

The youth of both ſexes there ſent forth hymns of adoration towards Heaven, and were filled at the ſame time with the grandeur and majeſty of God, which rolled almoſt viſibly over their heads; for in this world of innocence, he vouchſafed to manifeſt himſelf by means unknown to our weak underſtandings.

All things announced his auguſt preſence; the ſerenity of the air, the dies of the flowers, the brilliancy of the inſects, a kind of univerſal ſenſibility ſpread over all beings, and which vivified bodies that ſeemed the leaſt ſuſceptible of it, every thing bore the appearance of ſentiment; and the birds ſtop-

ped in the midſt of their flight, as if attentive to the affecting modulations of their voices.

But no pencil can expreſs the raviſhing countenance of the young beauties whoſe boſoms breathed love. Who can deſcribe that love of which we have not any idea, that love for which we have no name, that love, the lot of pure intelligent beings, Divine love, which they only can conceive and feel? The tongue of man, incapable, muſt be ſilent!—The remembrance of this enchanting place ſuſpends at this moment all the faculties of my ſoul.

The ſun was riſing—the pencil falls from my hand.—Oh, Thomſon, never did your Muſe view ſuch a ſun!—What a world, and what magnificent order! I trod, with regret, on the flowery plants, endued, like that which we call ſenſitive, with a quick and lively feeling; they bent under my foot, only to riſe with more brilliancy: the fruit gently dropped, on the firſt touch, from the complying branch, and had ſcarcely gratified the palate when the delicious ſenſation of its juices were felt glowing in every vein: the eye, more piercing, ſparkled with uncommon luſtre; the ear was more lively; the heart, which expanded itſelf all over nature, ſeemed to poſſeſs and enjoy its fertile extent: the univerſal enjoyment did not diſturb any individual; for union multiplied their delights, and they eſteemed themſelves leſs happy in their own fruition than in the happineſs of others.

This ſun did not reſemble the comparative paleneſs and weakneſs which illuminates our gloomy, terreſtrial priſon; yet the eye could bear to gaze on it, and, in a manner, plunge itſelf in a kind of ecſtacy in its mild and pure light: it enlivened at once the ſight and the underſtanding, and even penetrated the ſoul. The bodies of thoſe fortunate perſons became, as it were, tranſparent; while each read in his brother's heart the ſentiments of affability and tenderneſs with which himſelf was affected.

There darted from the leaves of all the ſhrubs that the planet enlightened, a luminous matter which reſembled, at a diſtance, all the colours of the rainbow; its orb, which was never eclipſed, was crowned with ſparkling rays that the daring priſm of Newton could not divide.—When this planet ſet, ſix brilliant moons floated in the atmoſphere; their progreſſion, in different orbits, each night formed a new exhibition. The multitude of ſtars, which ſeem to us as if ſcattered by chance, were here ſeen in their true point of view, and the order of the univerſe appeared in all its pomp and ſplendor.

In this happy country, when a man gave way to ſleep, his body, which had none of the properties of terreſtrial elements, gave no oppoſition to the ſoul, but contemplated in a viſion, bordering on reality, the lucid region, the throne of the Eternal, to which it was ſoon to be elevated. Men awaked from a light ſlumber without perturbation or uneaſineſs; enjoying futurity by a forcible ſentiment of immortality, being intoxicated with the image of an approaching felicity, exceeding that which they already enjoyed.

Grief, the fatal reſult of the imperfect ſenſibility of our rude frames, was unknown to theſe innocent men; a light ſenſation warned them of the objects that could hurt them; and nature removed them from the danger, as a tender mother would gently draw her child by the hand from a pitfal.

I breathed more freely in this habitation of joy and concord; my exiſtence became moſt valuable to me: but in proportion as the charms which ſurrounded me were lively, the greater was my ſorrow when my ideas returned to the globe I had quitted. All the calamities of the human race united as in one point to overwhelm my heart, and I exclaimed piteouſly—"Alas! the world I inhabited formerly reſembled yours; but peace, innocence, chaſte pleaſures ſoon vaniſhed.—Why was I not born among you? What a contraſt! The earth that was my ſorrowful abode is inceſſantly filled with tears and ſighs: there the ſmaller number oppreſs the greater; the dæmon of property infects what he touches, and what he covets. Gold is there a god, and they ſacrifice on his altar, love, humanity, and the moſt valuable virtues.

"Shudder, you that hear me! The greateſt enemy man has is *man*; his chiefs are his tyrants; they make all things bend under the yoke of their pride or their caprice; the chains of oppreſſion are in a manner extended from pole to pole: a monſter who aſſumes the maſque of glory, makes lawful whatever is moſt horrible, violence and murder. Since the fatal invention of an inflammable powder, no mortal can ſay, To-morrow I ſhall repoſe in peace;—to-morrow the arm of deſpotiſm will not cruſh my head;—to-morrow dreadful ſorrow will not grind my bones;—to-morrow the wailings of an uſeleſs deſpair, proceeding from a diſtreſſed heart, will not eſcape my lips, and tyranny bury me alive as in a ſtone coffin!

"Oh, my brethren! weep, weep over

us!

us! We are not only ſurrounded with chains and executioners, but are moreover dependant on the ſeaſons, the elements, and the meaneſt inſects. All nature rebels againſt us; and even if we ſubdue her, ſhe makes us pay dearly for the benefits our labour forces from her. The bread we eat is earned by our tears and the ſweat of our brow; then greedy men come and plunder us, to ſquander it on their idle favourites.

"Weep, weep with me, my brethren! Hatred purſues us; revenge ſharpens its poniard in the dark; calumny brands us, and even deprives us of the power of making our defence; the object of friendſhip betrays our confidence, and forces us to curſe this otherwiſe conſolatory ſentiment. We muſt live in the midſt of all the ſtrokes of wickedneſs, error, pride, and folly."

Whilſt my heart gave a free courſe to my complaints, I ſaw a band of ſhining ſeraphs deſcending from Heaven; on which ſhouts of joy were immediately ſent forth from the whole race of theſe fortunate beings. As I gazed with aſtoniſhment, I was accoſted by an old man, who ſaid, "Farewel, my friend! the moment of our death draws near; or rather, that of a new life. The miniſters of the God of clemency are come to take us from this earth; we are going to dwell in a world of ſtill greater perfection."—"Why, father," ſaid I, "are you, then, ſtrangers to the agonies of death, the anguiſh, the pain, the dread, which accompany us in our laſt moments?"—

"Yes, my child," he replied, "theſe angels of the Higheſt come at ſtated periods, and carry us all away, opening to us the road to a new world, of which we have an idea by the undoubted conviction of the unlimited bounty and magnificence of the Creator."

A chearful glow was immediately ſpred over their countenances; their brows already ſeemed crowned with immortal ſplendor; they ſprang lightly from the earth in my ſight; I preſſed the ſacred hand of each for the laſt time, while with a ſmile they held out the other to the ſeraph, who had ſpread his wings to carry them to heaven.

They aſcended all at once, like a flock of beautiful ſwans, that taking flight raiſe themſelves with majeſtic rapidity over the tops of our higheſt palaces. I gazed with ſadneſs; my eye followed them in the air, until their venerable heads were loſt in the ſilver clouds, and I remained alone on this magnificent deſerted land.

I perceived I was not yet fitted to dwell in it, and wiſhed to return to this unfortunate world of expiation: thus the animal eſcaped from his keeper returns, following the track of his chain, with a mild aſpect, and enters his priſon. Awaking, the illuſion was diſpelled, which it is beyond the power of my weak tongue or pen to deſcribe in its full ſplendor: but this illuſion I ſhall for ever cheriſh; and, ſupported by the foundation of hope, I will preſerve it until death in the inmoſt receſſes of my ſoul.

THE STREATHAM ALBUM: OR, MINISTERIAL AMUSEMENTS.

(Continued from Page 44.)

No. VII.

THE performance of the *Palinode* by Lord *Weſtcote* and Mr. *Minchin*, was received with as awful a ſilence as the reception of the noble and honourable poets was marked with diſtant and ceremonious reſpect. Lord *Weſtcote* having approached Lord *Mulgrave* for the purpoſe of holding ſome *confidential* chat, the *urſine* countenance of the latter,—though ſome may doubt the fact,—actually took a more repulſive form! and the trembling convert bowed and retreated with precipitation. Mr. *Minchin* drew near Lord *Sydney* with a ſimilar intent, but his Lordſhip's countenance—like *ſpectres* extending themſelves before they *diſappear*—grew in an inſtant ſo enormouſly long, that though a Colonel of Militia, Mr. *Minchin* was ſtruck with terror!—In vain they addreſſed themſelves to all around. Mr. *Arden* turned up his noſe in contempt; and Mr. *Mc Donald* cloſed his *penetrating* eyes, as if overtaken by an untimely ſlumber. They could not obtain a glance from the *all-ſurveying Jack Wilkes*, nor a ſyllable even from the *garrulity* of Sir *George Howard*. They were therefore compelled with much reluctance to retire, and were attended to their carriage only by the hoſpitable owner of the manſion.

As ſoon as the Premier was informed of their departure, he re-entered the drawing-room, and the converſation took its wonted turn.—The *Attorney-general* was called on for his poetic contribution, which he at firſt declined, as being without a *Precedent*; yet being afterwards prevailed on, he penned with much facility ſome dozen *Hudibraſtic* lines; but as the introductory part conſiſted merely of compliments to his aſſociates, *who*

are beyond all praiſe, we have ſelected the following lines from the concluſion:

In flowing verſe for me t' exhibit,
Would aſk an high poetic gibbet;
To legal *fictions* ſtill devoted,
Nought elſe of mine ſhall e'er be quoted.
Convinc'd I ſhould, till I were weary,
The muſes call by—*Certiorari*;
Nor would *Nine* writs of *Fieri facias*
Make the coy nymphs a whit more gracious.
— As ſoon ſhall *Kenyon* give good cheer,
Or Sir *John Miller* charm each ear:
As ſoon ſhall *Wilkes* not look aſkance,
Or father * *Bootle* hornpipes dance:
As ſoon ſhall *Pitt* grow fond of Woman,
Or *Beaufoy* ſpeak in accents human;
Sooner ſhall *Stanhope* ceaſe his din,
Or raven *Watſon* learn to ſing,
Than I, forgetting briefs and fees,
In poetry ſhall aim to pleaſe;
Or quitting more ſubſtantial fare,
Liſt with the muſe, and live—on air.

Though the *modeſty* of this learned gentleman thus declined the toils and honours of Parnaſſus, we are certain that from the above ſpecimen, many of our readers will be found to regret his determination, and to exclaim nearly in the language applied to a noble Lord of the ſame profeſſion,

How ſmart a Poet was in *Pepper* loſt!

The next application was made with more ſucceſs to Major *Scott*, whoſe excellence at puff, pamphlet, or paragraph,—epigram or eſſay,—ſonnet or ſatire, we[illegible] too well known to admit of any excuſe;— Major pleaded however his lowneſs of ſpirits, the ſituation of his friend Mr. *Haſtings*, and the anxiety which he had ſo long felt on that occaſion; adding in the language of the poet,

"What mourner ever felt poetic fires?"

But being reminded that elegy or epigram were equally acceptable, and that each perſon was at liberty to indulge either the mirthful mood, or the emotions of his ſenſibility, the Major ſat down, and with his uſual fluency produced the following

STANZAS.

Great *Haſtings!* for whom *Britain* now prepares
To praiſe thy conduct or condemn thy wars;
Thou! who on *Coromandel's* ſwarthy coaſt,
Of Rajahs humbled at thy feet could boaſt;
Of kneeling Nabobs—then neglected things!
Of proſtrate Viziers—tributary Kings!
Is there an hapleſs hour reſerved for me,
To ſing thy lot in ſtrains unworthy thee?
—In phraſes like thine own could I relate
The various turns of unexpected fate!
The world th' unſullied Governor in thee,
The perfect poet ſhould behold in me.
Yet 'round thy with'ring honors let me twine;
To thee my riſe was due,—my griefs be alſo thine.

II.

Thou Orient Eagle! aided by whoſe flight,
Scott—wren obſcure—firſt ſaw the realms of light; [rays
Star of the Morning, whoſe wide-ſpreading
Bad *Aſia's* fallow tribes with terror gaze;
Whoſe luſtrous beams o'er ſecret treaſures pour'd,
Affrighted Nizams, or on Begums lour'd;
Shorn of thoſe beams—in gloomy eclipſe caſt,
"Are all thine honors come to this at laſt?"
Where now the crouded ſuitors at thy gate,
The Salams † paid to oriental ſtate?
Thy ‡ *Vakeels*, § *Hircarrahs*, ‖ *Huccabadors*,
And all the luxuries of diſtant ſhores?
All, all are fled!--thee now no pomps await,
No eager ſuitors throng thy opening gate.
Yet round thy with'ring honors ſhall I twine;
To thee my riſe was due,—my griefs be alſo thine.

III.

I view'd thee late—how fatal was the view!
Kneel at the bar, and ſcarce could think 'twas you!
I ſaw the crouded rows in ſolemn ſtate,
And awful judgment, fit on *Haſtings'* fate.
Tho' Beauty, in each form ſhe could aſſume,
Smil'd o'er the ſcene, and half diſpell'd its gloom;
Yet no relief to me could Beauty give,
No kind conſolement could my heart receive.
At each harangue, I ſaw thine alter'd eye,
And my breaſt ſtruggled with the full reply;
But, ah! my friend—no Manager was I!
For *Impey* tho' the tear mine eye ſtill pours,
Our uſeful *Impey!*—prior claims are yours.
Then round thy with'ring honors ſtill I'll twine; [thine.
To thee my riſe was due—my griefs be alſo

* *Wilbraham Bootle*, Eſq. M. P. who has the honour of calling the learned writer ſon-in-law, weighs about 25 ſtone.

† The eaſtern ſalutation.

‡ Steward or Agents.

§ Palanquin-bearers.

‖ Perſons who ſupply and manage the enormous tobacco-pipes uſed in India.

Thou!

IV.

But, ah! my ſympathy can nought avail,
Whilſt rig'rous ſtatutes "purge the general weal."
Adjur'd by eloquence thy victims riſe,
And bleeding ſtand confeſs'd to Britiſh eyes:
Their dark foul wrongs the ſorrowing Begums ſpeak,
And blanch the rubies of each beauteous cheek.
—Then ſay, one ray of hope doſt thou retain,
And think'ſt thou theſe appeals can all prove vain? [revile,
Yes! Though whole nations ſhall thy deeds
Still ſhalt thou find relief in ******'s ſmile!
Perchance with him in *gloomy triumph* ſhare,
And ſee their prayers for juſtice—loſt in air!
So ſhalt thou ſtill on iv'ry beds repoſe,
And hidden bulſes long-loſt rays diſcloſe.
Then round thy leafy honors ſhall I twine;
To thee my riſe was due—my joys ſhall then be thine.

The beauties of theſe Stanzas are ſufficiently obvious;—the *orientaliſm* of ſome paſſages, the *pathos* of the whole, and above all, the *gratitude* of the honorable writer, muſt be of themſelves too impreſſive to require any comment or elucidation.

POETRY.

"——— *Does calm Indifference dwell*
"*On the low mead, or mountain ſwell?*
"*Oh tell me where,*
"*For thou ſhalt find me there.*"

To DELLA CRUSCA.

YES, on the mountain's haughty ſwell,
And in the proſtrate dell,
And where the Dryades fling their ſhades—
There may'ſt thou meet the maid ſerene,
Or trace her on the zephyr'd green,
Whilſt day's carnation gently fades.
Doth Nature make the proſpect vaſt,
With rocks o'erhung, and rivers caſt,
Tumbling headlong to their baſe?
Do ſeas ſtretch out their foamy plains,
Compelling with their cryſtal chains
Wide continents t' embrace?
All theſe attract the ſmooth-brow'd fair.—
Or where can Art evince her powers,
Where, Science ſhew immortal flowers,
And gay Indifference—haſte not there?
Whilſt PASSION narrows up the heart,
TASTE can no rayot bliſs impart;
One ſtrong idea graſps the mind—
Extends itſelf through all the ſoul,
Thro' every vein its furies roll,
And tears with fangs unkind.

When NEWTON trod the ſtarry roads,
And view'd the dwellings of the Gods,
And meaſur'd every orb——
Did *ſilly Love* his ſteps attend,
His mighty purpoſes ſuſpend,
Or his grand mind abſorb?
When intellectual LOCKE explor'd
The ſoul's ſad vacuum, where no hoard
Of budding young ideas lay—
Oh tell, thus rob'd in Wiſdom's ſtole,
Did Love's coarſe torch his view controul,
Or light him in the darkſome way?
Ha! DELLA CRUSCA, ceaſe to feign,
Thy cheek with red repentance ſtain,
For having feign'd ſo long;
Quick ſeize thy lyre, ſweep each bold ſtring,
O'er every chord thy muſic fling—
To calm INDIFFERENCE raiſe the ſong!

Propitiate firſt, then with her haſte
O'er the globe's peopled, motley waſte;
Watch CHARACTAR where'er it runs;
Drink newer air, ſee fiercer ſuns;
Seek the bland realms where firſt the morn
Pours dawn-light from her beamy horn;—
Pours ſcent and colours o'er the vale,
And wakes its ſong, and wakes its tale.
Mark how CONFUCIUS' feeble race
(Whoſe records *vaſt* fail not to trace)
To imitation ſtill confine
Their powers, nor deviate from its line.
Their fourteen thouſand glowing ſprings
Paſſing thro' their yearly rings,
Not one ſuggeſtion left behind,
No Art, nor Virtue more refin'd;
Philoſophy no inroads made,
But mute, within its awful ſhade,
Its thoughts occult arrang'd——
Whilſt Learning, blindfold in its pen,
This coſtly precept gave to men,—
"BE WISE, *but be unchang'd.*"

Haſte!—leave th' inſipid herd—away!
Where EGYPT's *ſons imbrown the day*,
For there primeval Wiſdom form'd her wreath,
And Science firſt was taught to breathe.
Oh linger here! the claſſic clime
Demands, and will reward thy time.
Here ſhalt thou ſeek th' immortal dome
Where *Pleaſure* triumph'd over ROME;
And tread where CLEOPATRA trod,
And moiſten with thy tear the ſod
Where Taſte and Love their banners wav'd,
Snatching from the grave Old Time—
Whoſe life faſt-fading rapture ſav'd,
And phœnix-like renew'd its prime.

Then

Then find the myrtled tomb,
The now unenvied lover's home.
But leſt thy penſive ſteps ſhould ſtray,
To guide thee in the unknown way,
The moon her bright looks quick unſhrouds,
Her veil of goſſamour-thin clouds
Diſſolves to air, and her ſoft eye
Thro' the palm-grove's haughty ſhade,
And the lofty aloed glade,
Shall guide thee where thy long-ow'd ſigh,
Breath'd o'er the mingling lovers' duſt,
Shall gratify their hov'ring ſouls
Beyond *an* EMPIRE's *votive buſt*.
Is a ſoft willow bending near,
Whoſe drooping leaves ſpeak grief ſincere?
Its drooping leaves, ah! gently ſeize,
The happy violence will pleaſe—
Bend its tender flaccid boughs
(Mutt'ring ſoft myſterious vows)
Into garlands—leave them there,
OFFERINGS to the love-loſt pair.
  Theſe duties paid, with ling'ring look,
With heart by ſilent Sorrow ſhook,
The marbled deſart next explore,
Where Beauty's glance, and Learning's lore,
Ages long paſt the ſoul beguil'd.—
Oh think! in that unletter'd wild
LONGINUS wrote, ZENOBIA ſmil'd!
Where now a humbled column lies,
Stream'd radiance from impaſſion'd eyes;
The roof where odious night-birds reſt,
Once ſhelter'd Wit, once echo'd Jeſt;
Where peaſants' cumbrous oxen ſtall,
TERPSICHORE ſwam thro' the ball;
Serpents convolve where muſic thrill'd,
And loſt *Palmyra*'s fate's fulfill'd.
  Doth ſplendid ſcenes thy light heart prize?
Fly to Italia's downy ſkies!
Where Fancy's richeſt ſtrokes abound,
Where Nature's happieſt points are found.
The Pleaſures here—a roſy band!
Link'd to her car with flow'ry chains,
Bear their rapt goddeſs o'er the plains,
And ſtrew their glories o'er her land.
The dulcet groves burſt with rich notes,
Caught by a thouſand trembling throats;
The wavy rivers as they fly,
Their ſoft embroider'd bounds between,
Whoſe glowing tints be-gem the green,
Bear on their curls th' extatic ſigh;—
The breeze detain'd reſts its pure wing,
To hear bleſt Love its triumphs ſing.
And ah! be Italy ne'er nam'd,
Without a pauſe to thoſe ſo fam'd—
The glorious MEDICIS!
  Oh SCULPTURE, lift thy pillar high,
And grave the name amidſt the ſky!
Its baſe, let marble Sorrow ſend,
And chiſſel'd Woes in high relief
Look their unutterable grief,
And mute Deſpair its treſſes rend.
Bleſt Poetry, compel thy lyre
To ſound the loud immortal praiſe
Of thoſe who cheriſh'd thy proud bays,
And fed thy near-extinguiſh'd fire!
Thy pencil, PAINTING, dip in ſhades,
To laſt till Europe's glory fades—
Thy trophy'd canvas ſhall be fame
To thoſe who nurs'd thy infant art,
And bear to mightier ſhores the name!
  Swiftly, my DELLA CRUSCA, turn
To where the Medicean urn
The once proud city hallows ſtill.
There thy fine taſte may drink its fill.
O rather fly—
For ever ſhun her tempting ſkies,
For there, if right I ween, the maid INDIFFERENCE dies!

ANNA MATILDA.

FRAGMENTS,

IMITATED FROM THE GREEK,

By R. CUMBERLAND, Eſq.

From EUBULUS.

THREE cups of wine a prudent man may take;
The firſt of theſe for Conſtitution's ſake;
The ſecond to the girl he loves the beſt;
The third and laſt to lull him to his reſt,
Then home to bed! But if a fourth he pours,
That is the cup of folly, and not ours;
Loud noiſy talking on the fifth attends;
The ſixth breeds feuds and falling-out of friends;
Seven beget blows and faces ſtain'd with gore;
Eight, and the watch-patrole breaks ope the door;
Mad with the ninth, another cup goes round,
And the ſwill'd ſot drops ſenſeleſs to the ground.

From THEOPHILUS.

IF love be folly, as the Schools would prove,
The man muſt loſe his wits who falls in love;
Deny him love, you doom the wretch to death,
And then it follows he muſt loſe his breath.
Good ſooth! there is a young and dainty maid
I dearly love, a minſtrel ſhe by trade;
What then? Muſt I defere to pedant rule,
And own that love transforms me to a fool?
Not I? ſo help me! By the Gods I ſwear,
The nymph I love is faireſt of the fair;
Wiſe, witty, dearer to her poet's ſight,
Than piles of money on an author's night.
Muſt I not love her then? Let the dull ſot,
Who made the law, obey it! I will not.

[*To be Continued.*]

The MORALS of CHESS.

A MIND, Maria, ſuch as thine,
Where wit and judgment always ſhine,
From every object can extract
Its moral faithful and exact.
Endu'd with Fancy to purſue
And bring each ſhining thought to view;
And ſeconded by all, we know,
That graceful language can beſtow;
E'en trifles from thy wit and ſenſe
Are inſtantly of conſequence.—
Not long ago,—the hour was late,
That we in ſober tete-a tete,
With various good and ill ſucceſs,
Purſu'd our wonted Game of Cheſs!
As I, long meditating, ſtrove
To make one great deciſive move;
Whoſe powerful influence ſhould ſubdue
Whate'er my gentle Foe could do;—
My head, reclin'd my hand upon,
Maturely weighing pro and con,—
And all my ſoul (tho' cloſe by you)
With *Cheſs*, and only *Cheſs*, in view;—
By lucky chance diſturb'd, I found
You too, in ſerious thought profound.
Full on the motley *Board*, intent,
Your animated eye was bent,
And (as its language oft I ſeek,)
Methought it ſpoke, or ſeem'd to ſpeak,
A mind that rang'd a wider field,
Than the mere Game itſelf could yield.
Long time, unmark'd by you, I view'd,
And ſtrictly all their courſe purſu'd,
As o'er your faithful features ſtole
The ſecret workings of your ſoul.
If Love's ſoft union can impart
A mutual pow'r to read the heart;
Or if its beſt and pureſt fire
Can kindred ſentiments inſpire;
Maria will not be ſurpriz'd,
To hear 'twas thus ſhe moraliz'd:—

" How well yon *chequered board* (where *light*
" And *ſhade* alternate meet the ſight)
" By juſt compariſon declares
" This mortal ſtate of *joys* and *cares*:
" More ſtriking yet the *leſſon* grows,
" When long and well obſerv'd, it ſhows,
" *That 'tis by the ſurrounding ſhade*
" *The ſpot of light is wholly made*;
" And *that* remov'd, in vain the eye
" Would ſeek the *other* to deſcry.
" Thus *pain not felt, but juſt in ſight*,
" Gives birth to pleaſure and delight;
" And wanting *it*, this life would be
" A ſcene of dull vacuity.—
" Yet many a wiſe and wholeſome law
" Th' attentive mind from *Cheſs* might draw.
" The *men* in order due diſpos'd,
" Of many a various rank compos'd—
" The *powerful Queen*, the *humble Pawn*,—
" The *Biſhop*, tho' not ſleev'd in lawn;—
" The *puzzling Knight*, the *Caſtle ſtrong*,—
" To *each* their ſeveral moves belong:
" *Which rightly kept to* will enſure
" Succeſs, or Fame at leaſt procure.
" Alike to life this rule applies,
" And well obſerv'd is to be wiſe;
" *For ſhame and juſt contempt ſucceeds*
" *Whenever headſtrong Folly treads*,
" *Bewilder'd, in a different rout*
" *To that which Nature pointed out.*
" Here rathneſs oft ſeverely check'd,
" Makes enterprize be circumſpect:
" For if we fail each point to weigh
" With due preciſion ere we *play*;—
" If in our minds be not purſu'd
" Whate'er the future may include;
" Diſgrace ſucceeds, and certain loſs
" Will the moſt flattering proſpect croſs;
" *Whilſt cool reſolve and prudent care*,
" *Above or raſhneſs or deſpair*,
" *Will oft the hopeleſs game retrieve*,
" *And Victory's well-earn'd palm receive.*
" Here Pride miſjudging well may learn
" The *worth beneath it* to diſcern;
" Whene'er a *Piece* is force'd to own
" Its ſafety to a *Pawn* alone;
" Or further to enhance the ſhame,
" A *Pawn* perhaps ſecures the *Game*.
" *Here* no rude boiſt'rous ſounds are heard,
" Of mirth indulg'd, or vows preferr'd:—
" *Here* decent ſilence reigns alone"—
But here, alas! the clock ſtruck One—
The magic of that ſingle ſtroke
Your train of deep reflection broke;
And ſtifled many a thought refin'd,
That ſtill was ruſhing to your mind.
The game deferr'd—retir'd to reſt,
The muſe my conſcious ſlumbers bleſs'd;
And then inſpir'd this humble Lay,
Cheſs and *Maria* to diſplay. G. C.

To ————.

By Miſs KEMBLE.

CAN it be fancy all—ah no!
The beating heart, the cheek's high glow,
Declare, alas! too plain,
That no ideal pain
Throbs in each pulſe, and from my breaſt
Steals its content, its wonted reſt.

Say, does Imagination guide,
And over all my thoughts preſide?
Does Fancy prompt the ſigh,
Does ſhe inſtruct the eye,
Ardent to gaze when thou art near,
Abſent to drop the tender tear?

Tho' frequent borne upon her wing,
Of groves and ſylvan ſhades I ſing,
I own not now her ſway;
Alas! to Love a prey,
My ſoul acknowledges his chain,
Of real torments I complain.

She o'er my dreams indeed is Queen,
And as she pleases paints the scene,
She not affects the heart;
She points no love-barb'd dart:
The Morning drives her from her throne,
And Reason must her spells disown.

But let me not disclaim her power,
Her potent smile may sooth the hour,
When far from me and love,
In other climes you rove,
Her airy wand may care impart,
And sooth my agonizing heart.

On the FIRST of APRIL.

NOW dawns the day to Folly ever dear,
And deem'd by her the fairest of the year;
April's first morn, distinguish'd for her birth,
To Sloth she gives the day, the night to Mirth;
Comes when the hooting Owls begin their flight,
For Folly keeps *her* holy-*day* at night.

WRITTEN at one of the HERMITAGES at MONSERRATE in SPAIN.

By T. CLIO RICKMAN, in 1785.

HERE rais'd 'bove earth, and all that earth can give,
"The world forgetting, by the world forgot;"
Sequester'd from the haunts of men you live,
And Angels guard, and bless your sacred lot.

With pitying eye you view the scenes below,
The while remembrance wakes the gushing tear;
Ah! 'tis indeed a world of pain and woe,
And Heav'n was kind to guide your footsteps here.

The pageantry of grandeur, state, and wealth,
And all the idle bustle of the throng;
Commerce impure, and prostituted health,
Ah! none of these to your retreat belong.

Here, with yourselves conversing day by day,
A bleeding Saviour ever in your sight;
Your souls from this blest mansion soar away,
And towards their native regions take their flight.

To this Heaven-sculptur'd rock, and ye good men,
Reluctantly the bard's adieu is given;
With heavy heart he joins the world again,
For *Monserrate* is but one step from *Heaven*.

From the SPANISH of CHRISTORAL DE CASTILLIO.

By JOHN GIFFORD, Esq.

OH! hapless mortals! born to woe!
Destin'd from Infancy to prove
The complicated ills that flow
From fortune and from love.

Submitted to their tyrant sway,
On earth we roam by Jove's decree,
—A woman and a child obey,
Who nor can reason nor can see.

Urg'd by caprice, alike they change,
—As Fancy wills—their face and mind.
Under such masters doom'd to range,
What bliss can mortals hope to find?

To CHLOE.

By the SAME.

REASON in vain condemns my choice,
And strives to quench my amorous flame;
Th' harmonious sounds of thy sweet voice
Prove Love and Reason are the same.

In vain may Reason's piercing eye
Seek for some fault to disapprove,
Thine—far more dazzling—her's outvie,
And prove that Reason's blind as Love.

VERSES from a CURATE to Lord NUGENT.

I ENVY not thy spacious seat,
Beyond my hopes and wishes great;
Nor do thy woods, thy lawns, and lake,
My unambitious quiet shake.
But chearfulness which never fails,
And wit humane which never rails;
Bounty which bids the wretched live,
Nor waits their pray'r to feel and give;
All these my envious bosom sting;
These fit the Curate and the King.

A NOSEGAY.

THE Violet is modesty,
For it conceals itself;
The Rose is likewise modesty,
Though it reveals itself;
For it a blush betrays.

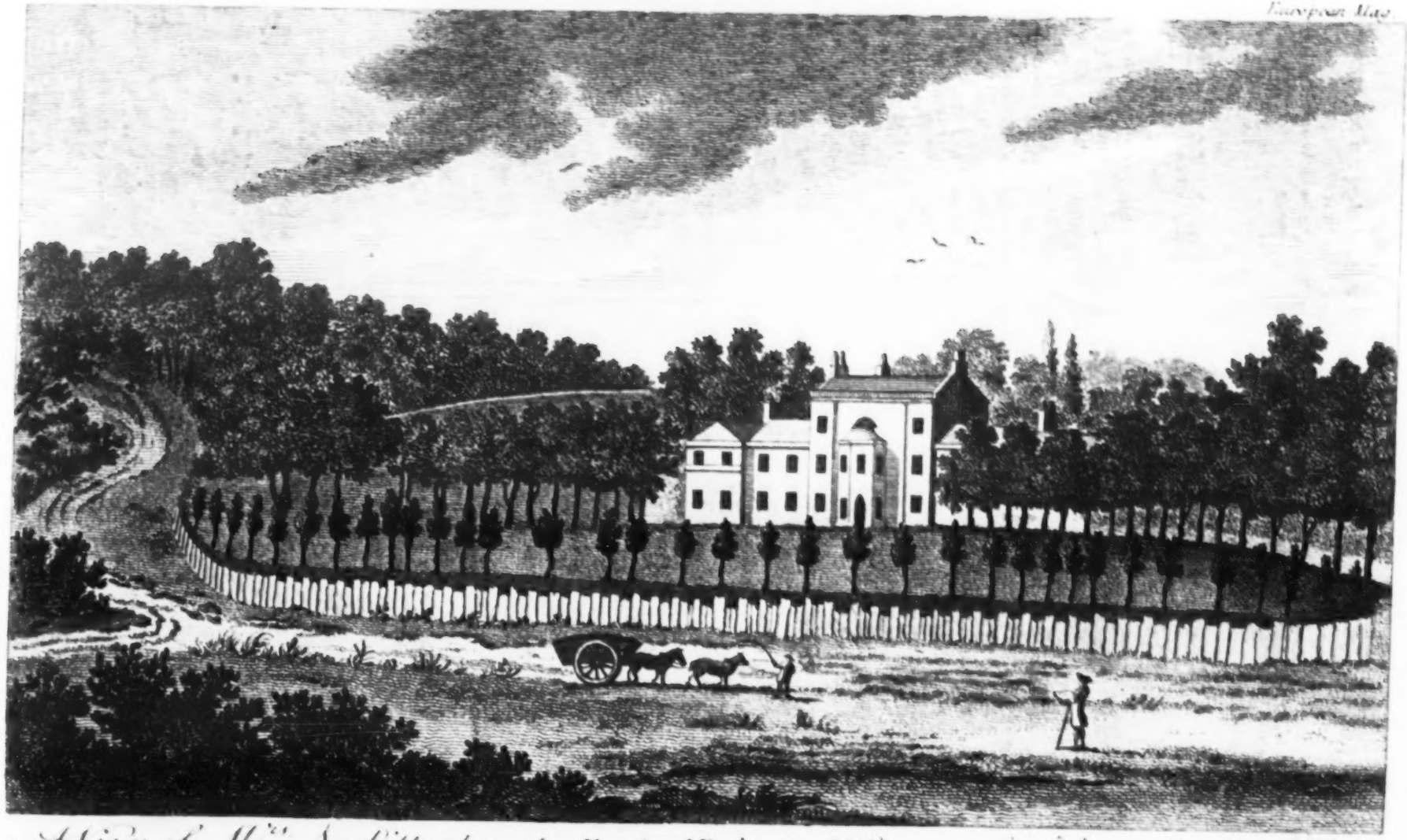
The Jasmin shews us innocence,
So chaste and pure its hue;
The Hyacinth sweet diffidence,
Which bends to shun our view;
'Tis fancy thus pourtrays.

The Honeysuckle, sympathy,
Distilling dewy tears,
The Passion flower, brevity,
Scarce blown, it disappears.

The Tulip is variety,
That changes with the hour;
The Primrose is simplicity,
And Flora's favourite flower.

Thus in each plant some lesson we may find,
Which fervest' improve while it corrects the mind;
And flowers and weeds are an exhaustless store
Of pleasure, profit, and intrinsic—lore:
In short, each object to a grateful heart,
However humble, must delight impart.

VIOLA.



A View of Mrs. Nesbitts (late the Earl of Bristol's) Villa, near the Horns in Norwood.

Published by I. Sewell, in Cornhill, 1786.

Mrs. NESBITT's VILLA, NORWOOD.

[With a PLATE.]

THIS villa is pleafantly fituated near the Horns at Norwood, and is poffeffed by Mrs. Neſbitt, a lady not unknown in the political world. At this place it is reported frequent miniſterial congreſſes have been held; and here many meaſures of great importance have been diſcuſſed and adopted. The owner of it is the widow of Mr. Neſbitt, formerly a merchant.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Although Memorials, Petitions, and Remonſtrances, have been lately ſo common in France, we cannot help preſenting our readers, with the following REMONSTRANCE of the PARLIAMENT of PARIS on the old ſubject, the Lettres de Cacher, and the exile of the Duke of Orleans and Meſſrs. Freteau and Sabatier.

"MAY it pleaſe your Majeſty to conſider that it is the duty of your Parliament to watch over the people's wants, and the rights of the Sovereign: the people may be miſled by factious men, and Kings are too much expoſed to dangerous ſurpriſes. Parliament, Sire, will ſpeak to Monarchs reſpecting liberty, and recommend to ſubjects ſubmiſſion.—They render that ſubmiſſion honourable by their example, and that authority ſolid by their principles. In ſhort, the moſt eſſential function of your Majeſty's Parliament is to ſummon the Royal power to the ſtandard of juſtice, and public liberty to the oath of allegiance. Such, Sire, have been in the moſt hard and turbulent times their patriot views, and the object of their unremitted zeal.

"Still animated by the ſame ſentiments, and ever jealous to deſerve the good will of our gracious Monarch, and inſure the liberty of our fellow citizens, we come to point out at the feet of the Throne the moſt fatal error that could ſeduce the heart of a Sovereign; we come to invoke your Majeſty's juſtice, wiſdom, and humanity, againſt the pernicious practice of uſing *Lettres de Cachet*. At this terrible word all hearts ſhudder, all ideas are clouded with horror. The individuals, ſeized with theſe dreadful ſymptoms, look with amazement at one another, and afraid of explaining themſelves, remain in a ſtate of inaction: the people in ſilence ſcarce dare to lift their thoughts to that inconceivable power which diſpoſes of men without hearing or judging them; that plunges and keeps them, at pleaſure, in total darkneſs, whither the chearful light of day never enters, no more than the reviving aſpect of the law, the cry of nature, or the voice of friendſhip; to that power that for exiſtence depends on myſtery, and derives its title from force alone; to a power exerciſed with impunity by the Miniſters of State, their deputies, and the agents of the Police; to a power, in ſhort, which, from the head Miniſter to the very inferior officers of the Police, lays over our heads an endleſs chain of formidable oppreſſors, before whom remain ſilent and inactive the ſacred laws of nature, and thoſe of the conſtitution. No, Sire, the laws of nature, and the laws of the conſtitution, ſhall never reproach your Parliament (the living law at the feet of the Throne) with having ſtood ſhamefully inactive, and with having preſerved a guilty ſilence.

"Man was born free, and his happineſs depends on juſtice. Liberty is an impreſcriptible right. It conſiſts in the power of living ſuitably to the tenor of the laws; juſtice is an univerſal duty, and this duty is anterior to the laws themſelves, that acknowledge it and ought to guide it, but never diſpenſe with it in the Monarch or the ſubject. JUSTICE and LIBERTY—This, Sire, is the principle and end of all ſociety, the ſtable and unmoveable foundation of all power: and ſuch is, for the happineſs of mankind, the wonderful connection of theſe two ineſtimable bleſſings, that no reaſonable authority, or ſolid obedience, can ever ſubſiſt without them. The practice of *Lettres de Cachet* overturns all this ſyſtem. Juſtice, thereby, becomes meer illuſion, and liberty retains but the name.

"All lawful ſubmiſſion is voluntary in its principle. The people's conſent to the power of uſing *Lettres de Cachet* is incompatible with the uſe of reaſon; reaſon is the natural ſtate of man, as well as of ſociety: the practice, therefore, of ſuch letters is repugnant to the nature of man, both as a rational and a ſociable being. Will they ſay, that this practice is founded on the nature of Monarchical power? The anſwer could eaſily be found. Kings reign either in virtue of conqueſt, or by law. If the conqueror abuſes his conqueſt; if he ſtrikes at the rights of man; if the conqueſt is not changed into a capitulation; force, that diſpoſes of the fate

of victory, does not retain ſubjects at the conqueror's feet, but ſlaves. Whatever reaſon forbids the people to conſent to, Kings have it not in their power to ordain.—It is evident that juſtice muſt equally hold the ſcales between the poor and the rich; and it is evident that ſhame and puniſhment are due to the guilty, and to them alone.

"It is a maxim in our monarchy, that no citizen can become a priſoner without an order from the judge. All the Kings of the two firſt races have acknowledged it. Hugues Capet found it at his acceſſion to the throne. All orders and decrees iſſued under the third race have confirmed it. It is this maxim that became the foundation of the only diſtinction we find in our laws between the priſoners for crimes and thoſe for debts; and the clauſe in the edict of 1670, agreeable, in this point, to all the preceding ones, has ſtamped it with the ſeal of validity, by requiring, that priſoners for crimes ſhould be examined within four and twenty hours after impriſonment: but how ineffectual ſuch a wiſe diſpoſition; how ridiculous ſuch a precaution, as long as the practice of *Lettres de Cachet* ſhall ſubſiſt!

"Thus the rights of mankind, the fundamental principles of ſociety, the moſt brilliant lights of reaſon, the deareſt intereſts of lawful power, the elementary maxims of morality, the laws of the conſtitution—all, in ſhort, unanimouſly riſe againſt the practice of *Lettres de Cachet*. By what fatality, Sire, has it been introduced and continued in your dominions? We are not aſtoniſhed to ſee that men, jealous of a tranſitory, but perſonal power, and greedy ambitious courtiers, regardleſs of time to come, ſhould colour this practice with the ſpecious motives of public ſafety, or of the tranquillity and honour of many families. The ſervile mind follows the train of ambition with avidity: but that there ſhould be citizens, blind enough not to ſee, in every letter they ſolicit or acquieſce in, the dreadful danger that awaits them, fills us really with the greateſt aſtoniſhment, and cauſes in our breaſts the deepeſt affliction. It is time to combat an error ſet off with the appearance of diſintereſtedneſs; it might make an impreſſion on the mind and heart of your Majeſty.

"Where no perſonal ſecurity exiſts, public ſafety is but an imaginary bliſs; and where the practice of *Lettres de Cachet* ſubſiſts, perſonal ſecurity cannot ſubſiſt. Public ſafety is then but an imaginary bliſs, where the practice of *Lettres de Cachet* ſubſiſts. If there are circumſtances, Sire, that require the ſudden exerciſe of your authority, there are none that can authorize the ſecret detention of a priſoner who ſolicits his trial—there are none that can prevent his claims to juſtice; neither his ſilence itſelf, nor even his formal conſent to the loſs of his liberty, could be ſufficient to do it.

"Your Majeſty's anſwer in 1777 has given an indelible ſanction to theſe national maxims. You declare, Sire, that you will never ſuffer any attacks on the liberty of your ſubjects; but that there are circumſtances in which public ſafety requires that your authority ſhould appear in ſupport of juſtice, to prevent a culprit's evaſion. How remarkable and how conforming were theſe words for the cauſe of juſtice! They conciliated liberty with power, and it is thus that your Majeſty has fixed upon this point, and with your own words, the principle, the object, and the limits of your power.

"The honour and tranquility of a family* is the laſt objection to the aboliſhing the practice of *Lettres de Cachet*; but they do not recollect that this objection, the grand battery of partiſans for arbitrary power, owes all its pretended conſequence to the letters themſelves, the practice of which once admitted deceives honour itſelf, and arms it againſt liberty.

"Many facts, pretty well known, can prove to your Majeſty, that the nation, more ſenſible of their true intereſt, even in the moſt elevated ſpheres, are diſpoſed to receive from your hands the greateſt bleſſing a Monarch can beſtow on his ſubjects, the gift of liberty: It is a bleſſing that renders authority more firm, and the laws more endearing. It is this bleſſing which nobly rewards virtue, encourages the aſpiring genius, and puts a bridle on turbulent licentiouſneſs; this your Parliament come to reclaim, Sire, in the name of a generous and faithful nation. They moſt reſpectfully intreat you to aboliſh for ever the uſe of *Lettres de Cachet*. They conjure you effectually to reject all ambitious counſels, and frivolous motives, and that perfidious intelligence, which is as much diſowned by reaſon, as it is refuted by facts. How cruel, that your Majeſty cannot enter into the minute details of ſuch intelligence, generally made up by ſubaltern officers, on ſome pretenſions always kept ſecret, or on informations always clandeſtine! Oh, Sire, could you but interrogate thoſe victims of arbitrary power, confined, abandoned, and forgotten, in thoſe impenetrable dungeons, where ſilence and injuſtice ever dwell, how many of them would you find who never threatened to diſturb the tranquility of the ſtate, or ever meant to diſhonour the reſpectable name of their family! Unhappy victims! ſoon would your Majeſty be convinced, that intrigue, avidity, aim at power, thirſt of revenge the dread or hate of juſtice, au-

* A Lettre de Cachet, for inſtance, can ſcreen a ſubject from a corporal or capital puniſhment.

mour,

mour, caprice, and the meer whim of a man of credit, preſide by turns at the diſtribution of *Lettres de Cachet*. You would then know to what torments is condemned the wretch for whom the ſun riſes without any hopes, and the night returns without any repoſe for him. Terrible uncertainty! deſpondency worſe than death! And all theſe horrors in the name of Majeſty! Yes, Sire, were you but to behold the dreadful manſions of ſorrow, you would ſtand aghaſt at the cruel fate of your ſubjects; you would ſhudder at the condition of Princes themſelves, and you would haſten to deſtroy thoſe inviſible arrows that ſtrike at juſtice, both when aiming at the innocent and guilty.

"Animated by this hope, and founded on theſe principles, your Parliament, Sire, after having ſued for the liberty of the nation, cannot help ſoliciting once more for that of the three citizens. We have authority to believe, that the Duke of Orleans and Meſſrs. Freteau and Sabbatier are not guilty. Were they ſo, the right of judging them is reſerved to your Parliament; and the charming prerogative of pardoning, to your Majeſty.

"Liberty is by no means a privilege, but a right. It is the duty of all Governments to reſpect that right. The ſame force that deprives a deliberating aſſembly of their members, affects the whole body. Some are arreſted, the others are threatened, none are free. A deliberating aſſembly deprived of their freedom, threatened by force, if they ſtill continue to deliberate, and riſe above fear, can be ſupported only by their fidelity.

"This virtue, Sire, has not forſaken your Parliament.—They will not ceaſe to ſolicit, in a very reſpectful manner, the bleſſing of public liberty, by the abolition of *Lettres de Cachet*, and the perſonal liberty of that auguſt Prince, the firſt of the Blood Royal, and of the two exiled magiſtrates. But it is no longer a Prince of your Blood, nor two magiſtrates, that your Parliament claims now in the name of the laws, and of reaſon; it is three French individuals—three men.

His Majeſty's Anſwer to the Remonſtrance of his Parliament, March 16, 1788.

"I had forbidden you, Gentlemen, to continue your repreſentations after the 9th of January; and it is not by diſobeying my orders, that you will ever obtain the return of the magiſtrates I have thought proper to puniſh. I have nothing to add to my former anſwer: I have told you, that my ſubjects liberty is as dear to me as to themſelves; but I ſhall never ſuffer my Parliament to oppoſe the exerciſe of a power, which families have been indebted to for the preſervation of their honour, and the ſtate for its tranquility. My Parliament, with due reſpect and ſilence, muſt confide in my own wiſdom. I forbid you to have, or publiſh, any farther deliberations on the ſubject."

Conſtantinople, Feb. 22. The Grand Divan which was aſſembled here on the 11th inſtant came to the reſolution of releaſing Monſ. de Bulgakow, the Ruſſian Miniſter, and the Ruſſian ſubjects, detained in the Seven Towers. Monſ. de Bulgakow is preparing to depart by ſea, and has given orders to freight ſhips for himſelf, his Dragoman, and their families, for Leghorn.

Baron d'Herbert, the Imperial Internuncio, and his interpreter, with all their families, departed from Conſtantinople the 15th inſtant, on board two French merchantmen, bound for Leghorn.

Madrid, April 4. The inundations have made dreadful ravages in all our provinces, eſpecially that of Valladolid, where they were in fear for ſome hours of that beautiful city's being entirely carried away by the floods: Beſides which many ſtrong ſhocks of earthquakes have thrown down a number of public buildings and houſes in Toloſa and Biſcay.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

THE following is a conciſe ſtatement of the arrangement which his Majeſty has been graciouſly pleaſed to make for adjuſting the claims of rank between the King's and the Company's officers, and ſettling them on a firm and laſting footing; and, we are happy to add, it has given general ſatisfaction. Much praiſe is juſtly due to the Court of Directors and the Committee, for their ſteady and vigorous conduct in this arduous buſineſs.

"Firſt, That from the day when hoſtilities ceaſed at Cuddalore, the officers in his Majeſty's and the Company's ſervice ſhould rank indiſcriminately from the dates of their commiſſions.

"Secondly, That if it ſhould happen that two commiſſions, now or hereafter, ſhould be dated on the ſame day, the King's officer is to have the precedence.

"Thirdly, That ſuch king's officers as hold commiſſions dated prior to the ceſſation of hoſtilities at Cuddalore, ſhould command all the Company's officers of the ſame rank.

"Fourthly, That brevets ſhould be granted by his Majeſty's authority to the Compa-

ny's officers, dated from the ceſſation of hoſtilities.

"Fifthly, That in all future promotions the Company's officers ſhall receive brevet commiſſions from his Majeſty.

"Sixthly, That no officer poſſeſſing brevet local rank in India ſhall remain there, unleſs he chuſes to ſerve with his actual rank in the King's army.

"Seventhly, That a period of eighteen months ſhould be allowed for the exchange of thoſe officers who now hold local rank in India."

March 19. This day, at a half-yearly court of the Proprietors of the Bank Stock, the Governor acquainted the Proprietors that as this was the time when the dividends are uſually declared, it was the unanimous opinion of the Directors, that the next half-yearly dividend, ending the 25th inſtant, ſhould be three pounds ten ſhillings, which makes the increaſe of the dividend of that ſtock at the rate of one per cent.

24. This night's Gazette contains a proclamation by the King, for recalling and prohibiting ſeamen from ſerving foreign Princes and States.

28. There is to be a reduction of the houſhold troops, and thus ſettled: The Officers of the Horſe-Grenadiers are to have their pay for life: The privates to form two troops of Life-Guards, under the preſent officers of the Horſe-Guards, who are to remain as at preſent: The privates of the Horſe-Guards are to have their money returned, and to be reduced entirely: A number ſufficient to make the two troops of Life-Guards, conſiſting of 240 men each, are to be added; the addition to their pay 6d. a day. The name of Horſe-Guards to ſink entirely, and that of Life-Guards to continue.

30. Between the hours of nine and eleven at night, a moſt ſhocking murder was committed on the body of Mr. M'intoſh, who kept a ſhoe warehouſe at Herm tage Bridge, Wapping. The watchman, on crying the hour of eleven, obſerving the ſtreet-door open, alarmed the neighbours, when, upon going into the ſhop, they found him on the floor, with his throat cut, and many mortal ſtabs about his body; his watch, buckles, and every thing the murderers could carry off, were taken. It is impoſſible to aſcertain what the deceaſed has been robbed of, from the circumſtance of his never having any perſon to live with him in the houſe, and always dreſt his own victuals.—No diſcovery is yet made of the murderer or murderers.

April 3. A moſt dreadful fire broke out at Foxton, about eight miles from Cambridge, on the 1ſt inſtant, which burnt with ſuch fury, as not to be got under till the whole of the village was nearly deſtroyed, ſuppoſed about 200 houſes. How this melancholy affair happened is not known. A poor unfortunate lunatic, who was confined in a barn, fell a victim to the fury of the flames; this unhappy man was unluckily forgot in the confuſion. This is the only life loſt that we hear of at preſent.

5. The following melancholy accident happened:—As Mr. Brown, of the Comptroller's Office, Horſe Guards, in company with two other gentlemen, were riding in a chaiſe on a party of pleaſure, they had the curioſity to ſtop at a village called Marten in Surrey, to ſee a large mill for flatting copper, when in going round to view the different works, one of the wheels ſuddenly caught hold of Mr. Brown, carried him under water, and he was taken up a ſhocking ſpectacle, almoſt every bone in his ſkin being broken.

Another melancholy accident happened near Croydon, on the ſame day. Mr. Smith, in the meal trade, near Croydon, having been to Croydon market, juſt as he had mounted his horſe, about three o'clock, to come away, the animal immediately rearing up, fell down, and falling on Mr. Smith, killed him on the ſpot.

8. Came on the election of Governor and Deputy Governor of the Bank of England for the year enſuing, when Edward Darrell, eſq. was choſen Governor, and Mark Weyland, eſq. Deputy Governor. And the next day came on the election of 24 Directors, when the following gentlemen were choſen: Samuel Beachcroft, Daniel Booth, Thomas Boddington, Roger Boehm, Samuel Boſanquet, Thomas Dea, William Ewer, Peter Gauſſen, John Harriſon, Beeſton Long, Job Mathew, Richard Neave, Joſeph Nutt, Iſaac Oſborne, Edward Payne, George Peters, Chriſtopher Puller, Thomas Raikes, William Snell, Peter Iſaac Theluſſon, Samuel Thornton, eſqrs. Brook Watſon, eſq. and Alderman, Benjamin Winthrop, and Moſes Yeldham, eſqrs.

This evening's Gazette contains an account of the inveſtiture of the Dukes of Dorſet and Northumberland with the order and inſignia of the Garter.

9. Came on the ballot for ſix Directors of the Eaſt India Company, in the room of thoſe who go out annually by rotation. About a quarter after eleven o'clock in the evening the ſcrutineers declared the numbers to be, for Abraham Roberts, eſq. 1045; John Michie, eſq. 1021; George Tatem, eſq. 978; Thomas Parry, eſq. 856; John Woodhouſe, eſq. 830; Charles Mills, eſq. 793; David Scott, eſq. 729. The firſt ſix Gentlemen, who are duly elected, were upon the Proprietors liſt. David Scott, eſq. was the only new candidate.

11. His Majeſty, attended by one equerry and two ſervants on horſeback, paſſed through the Strand to Somerſet Place, at eleven o'clock, and inſpected the Military Hoſpital, which was erected for the purpoſe on the Terrace, on the front towards the Thames; —and was graciouſly pleaſed to expreſs his admiration of the general conſtruction.

The Hoſpital is 84 feet by 22, the height at the ſide is 8 feet, at the top 11; there are about 300 pieces, from 670 to 690 ſcrews —there are on each ſide nine openings of about three feet and a half in length, and two feet wide, which occaſionally puſh up, and have the effect of a Venetian window, in order to admit the air. On each ſide are twenty windows, of one ſmall pane of thick glaſs—the top beams go on hinges—the top is coppered.

The inventor is Mr. Wyatt. The Hoſpital may be removed in two waggons, and the preſent one is intended for the Weſt Indies.

The King viewed the apparatus from the Navy Office Hall, and inſpected none of the Public Offices, except the Stamp Office Board Room. The building was taken entirely to pieces in 14 minutes, and put up again in 40, ſo that it was taken down and put up within 6 minutes of an hour.

19. Yeſterday afternoon Francis James Jackſon, Eſq. arrived at the office of the Marquis of Carmarthen, his Majeſty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, with the treaty of Defenſive Alliance between his Majeſty and the States General of the United Provinces, which was ſigned at the Hague on the 15th inſtant, by his Excellency Sir James Harris, Knight of the Bath, his Majeſty's Ambaſſador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to their High Mightineſſes, and by the Deputies of the States General duly authorized for that purpoſe.

Extract of a letter from Dublin, April 19.

"Yeſterday his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, eſcorted in the manner uſual on State occaſions, proceeded to the Houſe of Peers, whither the Commons being ſummoned, his Excellency delivered the following ſpeech from the throne:

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"The very conſtant and zealous attention which you have given to the diſpatch of public buſineſs, enables me at this early period of the year to cloſe the Seſſion of Parliament. And I feel the higheſt gratification in expreſſing to you his Majeſty's entire ſatisfaction in the temper and wiſdom which have uniformly diſtinguiſhed your deliberations.

"*Gentlemen of the Houſe of Commons,*

"I am commanded by his Majeſty particularly to thank you for the warm attention which you have ſhewn to the honour and intereſt of his crown, and for the liberality with which you have provided for the ſeveral branches of the public ſervice.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"No object is nearer to his Majeſty's heart than the proſperity of his faithful ſubjects of Ireland. And I reflect with pleaſure that your example and influence in your ſeveral counties cannot fail to advance that proſperity, by encouraging habits of induſtry in the people, and impreſſing upon their minds a due reſpect for the laws. I am happy that the national tranquility and ſecurity enable you to attend to thoſe important objects with peculiar advantage.

"I truſt that it is unneceſſary to repeat my acknowledgments for the confidence which you have ſo kindly repoſed in me, and to aſſure you that the livelieſt emotions of gratitude and affection will excite my utmoſt exertions for the welfare and happineſs of this kingdom."

After which the Lord Chancellor, by his Excellency's command, ſaid,

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"It is his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant's pleaſure that this Parliament be prorogued to Tueſday the 15th day of June next, to be then here holden; and this Parliament is accordingly prorogued to Tueſday the 17th day of June next."

22. They write from the Cape of Good Hope, that Commodore Philips, with the Botany Bay fleet, arrived there the 13th of October, the paſſage from Rio de Janeiro having been very favourable, in five weeks and four days. Two perſons died, one of a fever, the other fell over-board and was drowned.

25. Mr. Palmer returned to his employment at Drury-lane Theatre this evening, and was received with the warm welcome which an Engliſh audience always gives to a favourite. The Royalty Theatre is ſaid to have been hired or purchaſed by the Eaſt-India Company to be converted into a warehouſe.

The Court of King's Bench have this week determined that a woman was competent to ſerve the offices of Commiſſioner of Sewers and Overſeer of the Poor. Mr. Juſtice Aſhhurſt obſerved, that the ſtatute of Elizabeth mentioned ſubſtantial houſekeepers as the perſons who were eligible, which comprehended women as well as men; and he inſtanced a pariſh in which a woman was elected and ſerved the office of conſtable.

28. A letter from Paris, dated April 21, ſays, "The recalling the Duke of Orleans, who has been here ſince laſt Wedneſday, diffuſed an undeſcribable joy among every claſs of individuals. His firſt viſit after his return was to his Majeſty at Verſailles. Not the leaſt diſturbance in the ſtreets adjacent to the Palais Royal has happened.

PREFERMENTS.

SIR Hyde Parker, late captain of the Orion, to the command of the Royal Charlotte yacht at Deptford.

War-Office. 15th reg. Light Dragoons, Lieut. Samuel Wright is appointed captain of a troop, by purchase, vice Lord Gray.

31ſt reg. foot, Major William Cotton, Lieutenant Colonel, by purchaſe.

Brevet-Major Charles Green, Major by purchaſe.

Lieut. Robert Arbuthnott, Captain of a company, by purchaſe.

Gabriel Stewart, eſq. to be Governor of Portland Caſtle.

Hale Young Wortham, eſq. to be Gentleman Uſher Daily Waiter, in Ordinary, to his Majeſty, in the room of Sir William Fitzherbert, bart. reſigned.

Richard Byron, eſq. to be Groom of his Majeſty's Privy Chamber, in Ordinary.

The Right Reverend Doctor Edward Smallwell, now Biſhop of St. David's, to be Biſhop of Oxford, vice Dr. Butler, tranſlated.

Edward Codd, gent. to be Common Clerk of Kingſton upon Hull.

1ſt reg. of dragoons, General John Howard, to be Colonel, vice Benj. Carpenter, dec.

Captain Charles Lyons, fort-major of Halifax, to be fort-major and barrack-maſter of St. John's iſland, vice John Macdonald, reſigned.

Capt. Lieut. John Hodgſon, of the 4th foot, to be fort-major at Halifax.

The Lord Biſhop of Carliſle, to be Dean of Windſor, in the room of Dr. Harley.

The Rev. Dr. Farmer, Maſter of Emanuel College, Cambridge, to be one of the Canons Reſidentiary of St. Paul's cathedral.

Henry Charles Selwyn, eſq; to be Lieutenant-Governor of Montſerrat, in the room of General Carpenter.

Edward Lord Biſhop of Oxford, to hold *in commendam* with his biſhopric, a canonry of Chriſt Church, Oxford, with the rectory of Batſford, in Glouceſterſhire.

The Rev. James Burton, M. A. to be reader and preacher to his Majeſty's houſehold at Hampton-court.

Capt. Hill, of the guards, to be Fort-Major of the Tower of London.

The Rev. Samuel Weſton, M. A. to a prebend in Canterbury Cathedral, void by reſignation of the Rev. Dr. Farmer.

The Rev. Charles Fynes, B. L. to a prebend of Weſtminſter, void by the death of the Rev. John Taylor.

The Rev. Samuel Horſley, D. L. to the See of St. David's, void by the Tranſlation of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Edward Smallwell to the Biſhopric of Oxford.

The Rev. Tho. Hughes, M. A. to be Canon of Worceſter, void by the death of the Rev. William Jennings.

Thomas Kirkman, eſq; to be Deputy Fort-Major of Duncannon Fort.

Jeremy Pemberton, eſq; to be his Majeſty's Chief Juſtice of the province of Nova Scotia, vice Bryan Finucan, eſq; deceaſed

Thomas Walpole, eſq; his Majeſty's Miniſter Plenipotentiary to the Elector Palatine, to be his Envoy Extraordinary to his Serene Highneſs.

MARRIAGES.

AT Llanowrin, in Montgomeryſhire, Howel Gedorhir, eſq. of Llyn Balog, to Miſs Anllad, of Pant y-Cachdu.

Mr. Morgan, of Chigwell in Eſſex, to Miſs Jane Jenour, of the ſame place.

George Taylor, eſq, brother to Clement Taylor, eſq. member for Maidſtone, to Miſs Allen, daughter of the late Captain Allen.

The Rev. William Blunt, of Springfield-Place, in Suſſex, to Miſs Glanville, of Catchfrench, Cornwall.

At Axbridge, the Rev. Mr. John Boak, to Miſs Mary Rawlins.

John Dickſon, of Stockwell-Place, eſq. to Miſs Toulmin, of Walbrook.

The Rev. Mr. Scraggs, Maſter of a Grammar School at Bridgewater, to Miſs Bowering.

Mr. Knight, of the Theatre-Royal in Bath, to Miſs P. Farren, ſiſter to Miſs Farren, of Drury-lane Theatre.

George Harriſon, eſq. Norroy King of Arms, to Mrs. Biſhop, widow of George Biſhop, eſq. late of Sydenham.

David Denne, eſq. of Lydd, in Kent, to Miſs Cobb, only daughter of Robert Cobb, eſq.

Mr James Morgan, of Uſk, aged 69, to Mrs. Mary Phillips, of Mamilad, aged 72.

Thomas Chaplin, eſq. to Miſs Webſter, only daughter of the late Sir Godfrey Webſter, bart. of Battle-Abbey, Suſſex.

John Pugh, eſq. of Dolgelly, in Merionethſhire, to Miſs Caroline Tomlinſon, daughter and coheireſs of the late Alexander Tomlinſon, eſq. of Langdon-hall, in Cumberland.

At Haverfordweſt, John Inge, eſq. of Lower Brook-ſtreet, to Miſs Lucy Jennings,

youngeſt daughter of the late Robert Jennings, eſq. of Weſtminſter.

The Rev. D. Williams, of Wroughton, Wilts, to Miſs Matthews, ſiſter of J. D. Matthews, eſq. of Broadgate, near Barnſtaple.

The Hon. Mr. Juſtice Wilſon, to Miſs Adair, only daughter of Mr. Serjeant Adair.

Mr. Herbert Rogers, to Miſs Mathers, only daughter of William Mathers, eſq. Alderman of Worceſter.

John Shuckburgh, eſq. to Miſs Venour, daughter of the late John Venour, eſq.

Lambert Theodore Walpole, eſq. nephew to Lord Walpole, to the Hon. Miſs Margaretta Clive, youngeſt ſiſter of Lord Clive.

The Rev. Mr. Sutton, Vicar of Hales-Owen, to Miſs S. Clarke, of Bridgenorth.

The Rev. Richard Pritchett, Rector of Leyham, to Mrs. Newcome.

The Earl of Dundonald, to Mrs. Mayne.

Charles Sturt, eſq. member for Bridport, to the Right Hon. Lady Mary Anne Aſhley, only daughter of the late Earl of Shaftſbury.

The Rev. Mr. Shilito, to Miſs Mayhew, ſiſter of the late William Mayhew, eſq. recorder of Colcheſter.

At Clapham, Samuel Shore, eſq. of Meerſbrook, near Sheffield, to Miſs Flower, daughter of Freeman Flower, eſq. of Clapham.

In London, Henry Calverley Cotton, eſq. brother to Sir Robert Salusbury Cotton, bart. to Miſs Lockwood, only daughter of the late John Lockwood, eſq.

At Mary-le-bone church, Captain Gambier, of the Royal Navy, to Miſs Louiſa Matthews, daughter of the late Daniel Matthews, eſq. of Felix-hall, Eſſex.

Francis Love Beckford, eſq. of Baſing-Park, Hampſhire, to Mrs. Lloyd, widow of Richard Bennet Lloyd, eſq.

MONTHLY OBITUARY for APRIL 1788.

JULY 15, 1787.

AT Calcutta, Lieut. Col. Wedderburne, of the Eaſt-India Company's ſervice.

Auguſt 1, 1787. At Bombay, John Blakeman, eſq. Phyſician General.

March 12, 1788. Mr. W. Palmer, at Bradford, aged 84; formerly a Surgeon and Apothecary there.

19. Captain Hughes, New King-ſtreet, Bath.

20. The lady of the Hon. Mr. Wenman, being the ſecond time he has become a widower in the ſpace of thirteen weeks.

The Rev. Richard Owen, Rector of Rhoſcolin in Angleſea.

21. Dundas Charles Grant, ſon of Sir James Grant.

22. George Cornelius Swann, eſq. at York.

At Blandford Park, the ſeat of the Duke of Beaufort, aged 21, William Evelyn, eſq. only ſon of William Evelyn, eſq. Member for Hythe. His death was occaſioned by the hurt he received in conſequence of a fall from his horſe as he was hunting a few weeks ago. He afterwards appeared tolerably recovered, but by overheating himſelf with riding, a pain in his head was brought on; he was trepanned, and died in two days.

John Kelvington, eſq. Red-lion Square.

The Rev. Charles Biſhop, Rector of Elkſtone and Rudford.

23. Captain Edward Collier, commanding an invalid company at Cheſter.

Francis Throckmorton, eſq. at Liſbon.

24. Mr. Samuel Houſe, only ſon of the celebrated Samuel Houſe, of Wardour-ſtreet, Soho.

The Rev. Mr. James Dalton, at Stanmore, aged 74.

Lately at Caius College, Mr. Thomas Cobbold, Student of Trinity College.

25 At Bromley, Mrs. De Briſſac, aged 81.

William Cuming, M. D. F. S. A. at Dorcheſter, one of the Senior Fellows of the Royal College of Phyſicians at Edinburgh.

Lately at Calais, James Tekell, of the Inner Temple, eſq.

26. Mr. Stephen Cazalet, of Auſtin-Friars.

At his ſeat at Bramling, aged 81, Admiral Sir Charles Knowles. He was appointed a Captain in 1745, and ſuperannuated on Rear Admiral's half pay in 1770.

At Callercoate in Northumberland, James Mills. He was a fiſherman in 1715 at Bamborough when Lance Earington took Holy Iſland Caſtle, and was in company with the country people raiſed in ſearch of him; at the age of 82 he married a widow, and by her had three children.

Mr. Halliday, ſugar-refiner at St. Paul's Wharf.

Lately at Paris, Julith de Ligonier, in the hundredth year of her age. She was firſt couſin to the late Lord Ligonier.

27. James Mellar, M. D. of North Cadbury in Somerſetſhire.

At Portſmouth, Mr. William Tatham, aged 95.

Lately at Oxford, Dr. Thomas Chapman, Rector of Naveſtock in Eſſex, and formerly of Trinity College in that Univerſity.

28. In Granby-Row, Dublin, the Hon. Baroneſs Dillon.

The Rev. Mr. Wright, Rector of Birkin in Yorkſhire, aged 72.

At Eltham, Mr. Joſeph Middleditch, formerly a grocer in Budge row.

The Rev. Charles Weſley, brother to the celebrated John Weſley.

Mr. William Lyon, one of the Yeomen of the Guards.

The Rev. Jonathan Shutt, Rector of North Witham in Lincolnſhire.

29. Fran Mowat, Lieutenant in the Navy.

At Cheſhunt, the Rev. Thomas Griffin, A. M. Senior Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, and one of the Preachers at Whitehall.

Lately, Mrs. Baſkerville, widow of the celebrated Mr. Baſkerville of Birmingham.

30. Miſs Saxby, only daughter of Mr. Saxby, Water-Bailiff.

Lately, at Much Haddam, Hertfordſhire, Sir Richard Chaſe, Knight.

31. The Right Hon. Lady Viſcounteſs Vane. Thoſe who may be curious after anecdotes of this lady, may receive ample ſatisfaction from the novel of Peregrine Pickle, where her hiſtory, written either by herſelf or by her direction, is to be found.

At Weſton, in Hertfordſhire, the Rev. Joſeph Reed, near 57 years Vicar of that place. His immediate predeceſſor held it 64 years.

April 1. Mr. Thomas Kent, late Druggiſt in Alderſgate-ſtreet.

2. Mrs. Prudence Rowe, formerly of Leigh, in the county of Somerſet.

4. Ralph Aldus, eſq. Member of the Corporation of Curſitors.

Mr. John Clark, ſon of Mr. Thomas Clark, coal merchant, New Brentford.

At Framlingham in Suffolk, Mrs. Ann Butler, a maiden lady, aged 107 years. She was formerly Maid of Honour to Queen Anne, and a relation of the Duke of Ormond's, on whoſe diſgrace ſhe retired to the above town.

5. Miſs Worlidge, daughter of the late Edward Worlidge of Millbank.

Mrs. Bell, aged 87, relict of William Bell, Eſq. of Greenwich.

Mr. John Bland, ſon of Mr. Bland of Mincing-lane, aged 16.

6. Mrs. Catharine Roland, aged 74, formerly one of the moſt eminent dancers on the Engliſh ſtage.

The Rev. Mr. Daviſon, a Diſſenting Miniſter, at Bocking in Eſſex, aged 85.

Lately, Mr. Cain Adams, Attorney, Dean-ſtreet, Soho.

Lately, Thomas Walford, eſq. at Sibford Farm in Oxfordſhire.

8. At Bath, Richard Rigby, eſq. Member for Taviſtock, and Maſter of the Rolls in Ireland.

Lately, Mr. Thomas Noxen, Schoolmaſter, at Coventry, formerly Sheriff there.

Lately, in the Temple, William Hammett, eſq. late Captain of the Ponſonby East Indiaman.

9. Mr. William Tweedie, ſon of Robert Tweedie, eſq. of Antigua-ſtreet, Edinburgh.

Mrs. Catharine Beck, laſt ſurviving ſiſter and co-heireſs of Sir Juſtinian Beck, bart. in the 77th year of her age.

10. At Ruſhall, Wiltſhire, aged 73, Edward Poore, eſq.

The Counteſs Dowager of Hopetoun.

Mr. Blunt, linen-draper, Charing-croſs.

Lately, Mr. Thomas Coe, of Newgate-ſtreet.

11. Alexander Ramſay, eſq. of Burnrig, Scotland.

13. Mr. Thomas Preſton, late wire-worker, New Surrey-ſtreet.

Mr. Palmer, of Bath, father of Mr. Palmer of the Poſt-office.

14. At Hinton St. George, Devonſhire, Earl Powlet, Lord Lieutenant and Cuſtos Rotulorum of the county of Devon.

Miſs Nickleſs, niece to Mr. Clements, St. Paul's Church-yard.

At Elvetham, in the county of Southampton, Sir Henry Calthorpe, ſenior Knight of the Bath, aged 71.

15. Mrs. Dykes, wife of Mr. Dykes, Attorney, Shadwell.

Sir Philip Jennings Clerke.

16. Mrs. Delany, aged 88, widow of Dr. Delany, Dean of Down, and niece to George Granville, Lord Lanſdowne.

Thomas Chowne, eſq. of Suſſex.

Mr. Thomas Rogers, jun. Banker, at Newington-green.

17. The Rev. John Boys, Vicar of Redbourn in Hertfordſhire, aged 74.

18. Mr. John Blake, Fenchurch-ſtreet.

19. Lord Viſcount Kilcoumſie, ſon of the Earl of Cavan.

20. Mrs. Herdsfield, at Bakewell in Derbyſhire, aged 73.

Mr. George Colebatch, bricklayer, Minories.

Richard Colville, eſq. Wiſbech-hall, Cambridgeſhire.

22. Mr. John Hill, Deputy Marſhal of the King's Bench, and Tipſtaff to Earl of Mansfield.

23. Capt. Edward Speke, after a ſhort illneſs, occaſioned by a fall he had down ſtairs.

24. John Medows Theobald, of Henley, Eſq. He ſerved the office of High Sheriff for Suffolk in 1787.

25 Capt. James Brown, late Commander of the Alfred East-Indiaman.